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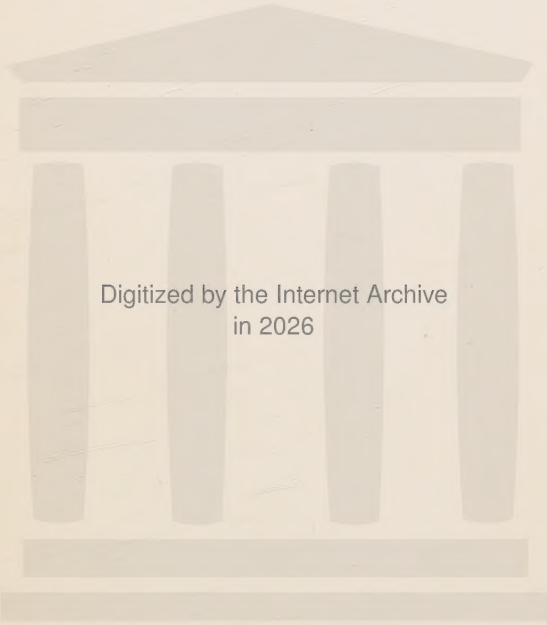
LONGFELLOW'S
Tales of a
Wayside Inn

Houghton Mifflin Co.

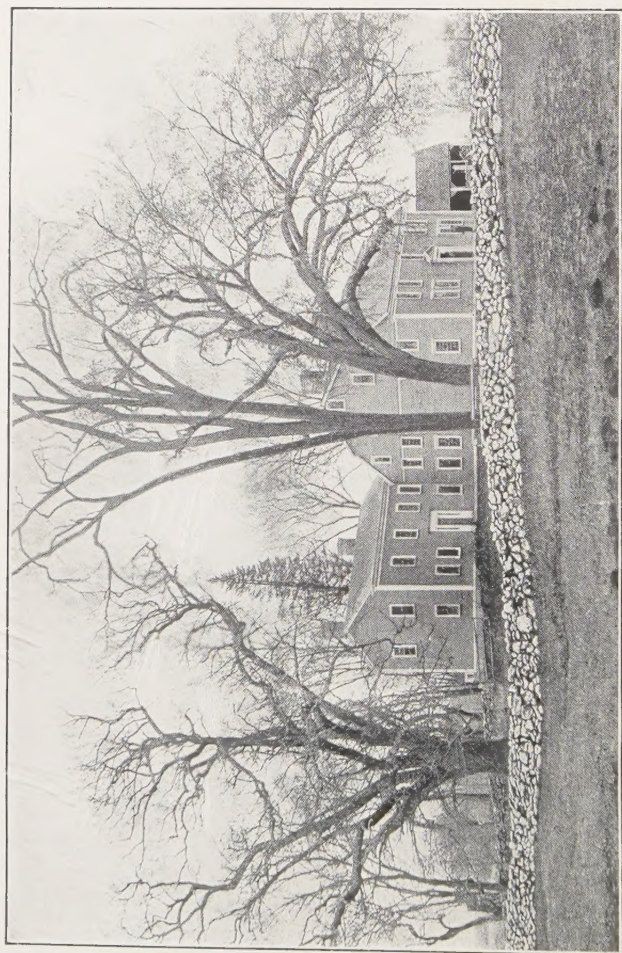
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SUDBURY INN

The Riverside Literature Series

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

BY

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES



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seems to show Christianity just breaking away from the last great superstition which it was to encounter, and from the spirit of persecution which had blocked its progress. Each of these parts is introduced by a prologue or poetical preface. Probably Mr. Longfellow intended in *The Challenge of Thor* to illustrate the last stronghold of European paganism about to be overcome by the church. But he changed his mind, wrote another prologue to *The Golden Legend*, and laid *The Challenge of Thor* aside.

Ten years more passed, and in 1859 he writes in his diary: "The thought struck me this morning [February 25] that a very good poem might be written on the Saga of King Olaf, who converted the North to Christianity. Read the old Saga in the *Heimskringla*, Laing's translation. *The Challenge of Thor* will serve as a prelude." Nearly two years passed before he took up the task in earnest; then, in November, 1860, "with all kinds of interruptions," he says, he wrote fifteen of the lyrics in as many days, and a few days afterward completed the whole of the *Saga*.

Why did he not then publish *The Saga of King Olaf*, since it was finished? The last volume which he had put forth was *The Courtship of Miles Standish, and Other Poems*, in 1858. Perhaps he thought the *Saga* not quite enough of a book by itself, and waited until he should gather enough separate poems to fill out a volume. *The Atlantic Monthly* had been started in the fall of 1857, and he found it a convenient magazine in which to make first trial of these new poems. There he published *Paul Revere's Ride*, one of the lyrics of the *Saga*, and *The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi*. Just when he determined upon the framework of *The Wayside Inn* does not appear; it is quite possible that he had connected *The Saga of King Olaf*, which had been lying by for two or three years, with his friend Ole Bull, the Norwegian musician, and that the desire to use so picturesque a figure had suggested a group of which the musician should be one. Literature had notable precedents for

the general plan of a company at an inn, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* and Boccaccio's *Decameron*; but whether the actual inn at Sudbury came to localize his conception, or was itself the cause of the plan, is not quite clear. He notes in his diary, October 11, 1862, "Write a little upon the *Wayside Inn*, — a beginning only;" but an entry for the last day of the same month seems to indicate that he had had the Sudbury inn in his mind, and now visited it to give local form and color to his fancy.

"October ends with a delicious Indian-summer day. Drive with Fields to the old Red-Horse Tavern in Sudbury, — alas, no longer an inn. A lovely valley; the winding road shaded by grand old oaks before the house. A rambling, tumble-down old building, two hundred years old, and till now in the family of the Howes, who have kept an inn for one hundred and seventy-five years. In the old time, it was a house of call for all travelers from Boston westward."

As such, Mr. Longfellow must have made passing acquaintance with the tavern when, in 1826, he made a stage-coach journey from Boston to Albany; he may also well have known the inn in its more recent days through report of his friend Dr. Parsons and Mr. Luigi Monti, who made it a resort for themselves and friends. At any rate his intention was now clear enough, for a few days after his visit he writes to his companion, Mr. Fields, "*The Sudbury Tales* go on famously. I have now five complete, with a great part of the *Prelude*."

The work progressed rapidly after this, for, with *The Saga of King Olaf* and other poems on hand, he needed to write but little more to furnish the group he had fashioned with tales enough to represent them. He sent the book to the printer in April, 1863, under the title of *The Sudbury Tales*, but in August wrote to Mr. Fields: "I am afraid we have made a mistake in calling the new volume *The Sudbury Tales*. Now that I see it announced, I do not like the title. Sumner cries out against it, and has persuaded

me, as I think he will you, to come back to *The Wayside Inn*. Pray think as we do." Very likely he did not wish to suggest by his title the great prototype of his work, *The Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer.

The book as originally planned consisted of the first part, and was published November 25, 1863, in an edition of fifteen thousand copies, an indication of the confidence which the publishers had in the poet's popularity.

The disguises of characters were so slight that readers easily recognized most of them at once, and Mr. Longfellow himself never made any mystery of their identity. Just after the publication of the volume he wrote to a correspondent in England : —

"*The Wayside Inn* has more foundation in fact than you may suppose. The town of Sudbury is about twenty miles from Cambridge. Some two hundred years ago, an English family, by the name of Howe, built there a country house, which has remained in the family down to the present time, the last of the race dying but two years ago. Losing their fortune, they became inn-keepers; and for a century the Red-Horse Inn has flourished, going down from father to son. The place is just as I have described it, though no longer an inn: All this will account for the landlord's coat-of-arms, and his being a justice of the peace, and his being known as 'the Squire,' — things that must sound strange in English ears. All the characters are real. The musician is Ole Bull; the Spanish Jew, Israel Edrehi [a dealer in Oriental stuffs, in Boston], whom I have seen as I have painted him, etc., etc."

It is easy to fill up the etc. of Mr. Longfellow's catalogue. The poet is T. W. Parsons, the translator of Dante; the Sicilian, Luigi Monti, whose name occurs often in *The Life of Longfellow* by Samuel Longfellow as a familiar friend, a political exile who made his residence in America, and for a short time went back as consul to Palermo; the theologian, Professor Daniel Treadwell, a physicist of genius who had also a turn for theology; the student, Henry Ware Wales,

a scholar of promise who had travelled much, who died early, and whose tastes appear in the collection of books which he left to the library of Harvard College. This group was collected by the poet's fancy ; but in point of fact three of them, Parsons, Monti, and Treadwell, were wont to spend their summer months at the inn.

The form selected for the poems was so agreeable that it was easy to extend it afterward to include other tales which the poet found it in his mind to write. *The Second Day* was published as one of the *Three Books of Song* in 1872 ; *The Third Part* formed the principal portion of *Aftermath* in 1873, and subsequently the three parts were brought together into a complete volume. The third part, begun on the last day of December, 1872, was finished on his sixty-sixth birthday, February 27, 1873. The recital in melodious verse of those various stories, which had a special charm for the poet as he grew older, and the graceful, easy, half careless arrangement of all as the imaginary discourse of friends, was a diversion as well as a poetic task to one whose own experience had in a measure withdrawn him from the free, happy social intercourse of his manhood. When one considers the dates of the earlier formation of the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, one sees with what exclusion of his deeper self the poet entered in spirit into the story-telling company that warmed itself before Squire Howe's blazing logs. It was at the same time that he was entrusting himself to the ghostly companionship of Dante.

The persons who were charged with the story-telling were so individualized by nationality or profession as to afford a generous scope in the character of the tales. By means of a Norwegian musician the poet was enabled to draw upon his knowledge of Northern legend ; his Sicilian may well, in person, have reminded him of the stories which had their origin in Boccaccio or in Italian folk-lore ; the Spanish Jew gave him an opportunity to draw upon the Talmud, which his friend Mr. Emmanuel Vitalis Scherb had opened to his

view; and in like manner the Poet, the Student, and the Landlord increased the range of his material. The only story which was wholly of Mr. Longfellow's invention was *The Birds of Killingworth*. The others, as will be indicated when they are introduced, were based on stories in one language or another.

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

PART FIRST

PRELUDE

THE WAYSIDE INN

As was intimated in the *Introduction*, the framework of these *Tales* was not Mr. Longfellow's invention. The most notable illustration in English literature is of course Chaucer's *The Canterbury Tales*. Hogg in *The Queen's Wake*, Moore in *Lalla Rookh*, Crabbe in *Tales of the Hall*, Clough in *Mari Magno*, have all employed apparatus of a somewhat similar nature, and an agreeable illustration in American literature will be found in Whittier's *The Tent on the Beach*.

ONE Autumn night, in Sudbury town,
Across the meadows bare and brown,
The windows of the wayside inn
Gleamed red with fire-light through the leaves
Of woodbine, hanging from the eaves, 5
Their crimson curtains rent and thin.

As ancient is this hostelry
As any in the land may be,
Built in the old Colonial day,
When men lived in a grander way, 10

9. The Red-Horse Inn at Sudbury was built about 1686. The inscription on the old tavern sign, D. H. 1686, indicated probably the name of D. Howe, first landlord of the Wayside Inn; and a further inscription on the sign gave E. H. (Ezekiel Howe), 1746, and A. Howe, 1796. An agreeable account of the house in the days of the poem may be found in *Old Landmarks and Historic Fields of Middlesex*, by Samuel Adams Drake.

With ampler hospitality ;
 A kind of old Hobgoblin Hall,
 Now somewhat fallen to decay,
 With weather-stains upon the wall,
 And stairways worn, and crazy doors, 15
 And creaking and uneven floors,
 And chimneys huge, and tiled and tall.

A region of repose it seems,
 A place of slumber and of dreams,
 Remote among the wooded hills ! 20
 For there no noisy railway speeds,
 Its torch-race scattering smoke and gleeds ;
 But noon and night the panting teams
 Stop under the great oaks, that throw
 Tangles of light and shade below, 25
 On roofs and doors and window-sills.
 Across the road the barns display
 Their lines of stalls, their mows of hay,
 Through the wide doors the breezes blow,
 The wattled cocks strut to and fro, 30
 And, half effaced by rain and shine,
 The Red Horse prances on the sign.
 Round this old-fashioned, quaint abode
 Deep silence reigned, save when a gust

18. Why does this passage suggest Whittier's *Snowbound* ?

22. A Chaucerian word. See *The Knight's Tale* (line 1997 of *The Canterbury Tales*),

The cruell ire, reed as any gleede,

that is, live coal.

32. In the days when few of the humble folk could read, the inn signs bore pictures instead of words. So Irving in *Rip Van Winkle* speaks of "the inn designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third."

Went rushing down the county road, 35
And skeletons of leaves, and dust,
A moment quickened by its breath,
Shuddered and danced their dance of death,
And through the ancient oaks o'erhead
Mysterious voices moaned and fled. 40

But from the parlor of the inn
A pleasant murmur smote the ear,
Like water rushing through a weir :
Oft interrupted by the din
Of laughter and of loud applause, 45
And, in each intervening pause,
The music of a violin.
The fire-light, shedding over all
The splendor of its ruddy glow,
Filled the whole parlor large and low ; 50
It gleamed on wainscot and on wall,
It touched with more than wonted grace
Fair Princess Mary's pictured face ;
It bronzed the rafters overhead,
On the old spinet's ivory keys 55
It played inaudible melodies,
It crowned the sombre clock with flame,
The hands, the hours, the maker's name,
And painted with a livelier red
The Landlord's coat-of-arms again ; 60
And, flashing on the window-pane,
Emblazoned with its light and shade

38. A favorite subject for artists in the middle ages was the Dance of Death, a reminder that Death follows all persons. The most famous of works bearing this title was a series of woodcuts by Hans Holbein.

The jovial rhymes, that still remain,
 Writ near a century ago,
 By the great Major Molineaux, 65
 Whom Hawthorne has immortal made.

Before the blazing fire of wood
 Erect the rapt musician stood ;
 And ever and anon he bent
 His head upon his instrument, 70
 And seemed to listen, till he caught
 Confessions of its secret thought, —
 The joy, the triumph, the lament,
 The exultation and the pain ;
 Then, by the magic of his art, 75
 He soothed the throbbings of its heart,
 And lulled it into peace again.

Around the fireside at their ease
 There sat a group of friends, entranced

63. The lines are as follows : —

What do you think ?
 Here is good drink,
 Perhaps you may not know it ;
 If not in haste,
 Do stop and taste !
 You merry folk will show it.

65. On another pane appears the major's name, William Molineux jr. esq., and the date, June 24, 1774. The allusion is to Hawthorne's tale *My Kinsman, Major Molineux*, in *The Snow Image and Other Twice-Told Tales*. Names having this termination are frequently written either with *eux* or *eaux* in New England. Devereux and Devereaux is another example. Hawthorne, writing to Longfellow after the publication of the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, says : " It gratifies my mind to find my own name shining in your verse, even as if I had been gazing up at the moon and detected my own features in its profile."

With the delicious melodies ; 80
 Who from the far-off noisy town
 Had to the wayside inn come down,
 To rest beneath its old oak trees.
 The fire-light on their faces glanced,
 Their shadows on the wainscot danced, 85
 And, though of different lands and speech,
 Each had his tale to tell, and each
 Was anxious to be pleased and please.
 And while the sweet musician plays,
 Let me in outline sketch them all, 90
 Perchance uncouthly as the blaze
 With its uncertain touch portrays
 Their shadowy semblance on the wall.

But first the Landlord will I trace ;
 Grave in his aspect and attire ; 95
 A man of ancient pedigree,
 A Justice of the Peace was he,
 Known in all Sudbury as "The Squire."
 Proud was he of his name and race,
 Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh, 100
 And in the parlor, full in view,
 His coat-of-arms, well framed and glazed,
 Upon the wall in colors blazed ;
 He beareth gules upon his shield,
 A chevron argent in the field, 105
 With three wolf's heads, and for the crest
 A Wyvern part-per-pale addressed
 Upon a helmet barred ; below

107. *Part-per-pale* in heraldry signifies a vertical division through the middle of a shield. It might here indicate a wyvern (the heraldic bird) divided in the middle by different coloring.

The scroll reads, "By the name of Howe."
 And over this, no longer bright, 110
 Though glimmering with a latent light,
 Was hung the sword his grandsire bore
 In the rebellious days of yore,
 Down there at Concord in the fight.

A youth was there, of quiet ways, 115
 A Student of old books and days,
 To whom all tongues and lands were known,
 And yet a lover of his own ;
 With many a social virtue graced,
 And yet a friend of solitude ; 120
 A man of such a genial mood
 The heart of all things he embraced,
 And yet of such fastidious taste,
 He never found the best too good.
 Books were his passion and delight, 125
 And in his upper room at home
 Stood many a rare and sumptuous tome,
 In vellum bound, with gold bedight,
 Great volumes garmented in white,
 Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome. 130
 He loved the twilight that surrounds
 The border-land of old romance ;
 Where glitter hauberk, helm, and lance,
 And banner waves, and trumpet sounds,
 And ladies ride with hawk on wrist, 135
 And mighty warriors sweep along,
 Magnified by the purple mist,

115. It is interesting to compare with this description Chaucer's
Clerk: The Prologue, lines 285-308.

The dusk of centuries and of song.
 The chronicles of Charlemagne,
 Of Merlin and the Mort d'Arthure, 140
 Mingled together in his brain
 With tales of Flores and Blanche fleur,
 Sir Ferumbras, Sir Eglamour,
 Sir Launcelot, Sir Morgadour,
 Sir Guy, Sir Bevis, Sir Gawain. 145

A young Sicilian, too, was there ;
 In sight of Etna born and bred,
 Some breath of its volcanic air
 Was glowing in his heart and brain,
 And, being rebellious to his liege, 150
 After Palermo's fatal siege,

139. Mr. Longfellow has given the student a glimpse of this literature in his prose paper, *Ancient French Romances*. There were four great cycles of these early romances, connected respectively with the deeds of Charlemagne, Alexander the Great, the Trojan War, King Arthur and his knights. All these became a part of English literature in the Norman period.

140. A convenient prose version of these stories will be found in Sidney Lanier's *The Boys' King Arthur* (Charles Scribner's Sons), but the student is advised to have recourse to the standard version in old English by Sir Thomas Malory. This was the work which furnished Tennyson with much of the material for his *Idylls of the King*.

142. Told by Boccaccio in his *Philopoco*. Chaucer uses the same story in his *Franklin's Tale* in *The Canterbury Tales*.

143. *Sir Ferumbras* is the hero of an old English metrical romance of the same name. See Ellis's *Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances*, ii. The French form, *Fierabras*, appears in the chronicles of Charlemagne. The other characters named in this and the next two lines occur in the Arthurian romances.

151. *Palermo* was the scene of a revolution in 1848, and in 1849 was reduced by the Bourbons.

Across the western seas he fled,
 In good King Bomba's happy reign.
 His face was like a summer night,
 All flooded with a dusky light ; 155
 His hands were small ; his teeth shone white
 As sea-shells, when he smiled or spoke ;
 His sinews supple and strong as oak ;
 Clean shaven was he as a priest,
 Who at the mass on Sunday sings, 160
 Save that upon his upper lip
 His beard, a good palm's length at least,
 Level and pointed at the tip,
 Shot sideways, like a swallow's wings.
 The poets read he o'er and o'er, 165
 And most of all the Immortal Four
 Of Italy ; and next to those,
 The story-telling bard of prose,
 Who wrote the joyous Tuscan tales
 Of the Decameron, that make 170
 Fiesole's green hills and vales
 Remembered for Boccaccio's sake.
 Much, too, of music was his thought ;
 The melodies and measures fraught
 With sunshine and the open air, 175
 Of vineyards and the singing sea
 Of his beloved Sicily ;

167. Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, and Arios...

170. *Decameron* is a Greek compound signifying ten days. The famous Italian work so named consists of a hundred tales supposed to be related in the afternoons of ten days by a party of young men and women gathered in a country house in Fiesole, to which they had fled to escape the plague which raged in Florence in 1348. It is a storehouse from which Shakespeare and other poets have drawn freely.

And much it pleased him to peruse
 The songs of the Sicilian muse, —
 Bucolic songs by Meli sung 180
 In the familiar peasant tongue,
 That made men say, “ Behold ! once more
 The pitying gods to earth restore
 Theocritus of Syracuse ! ”

A Spanish Jew from Alicant 185
 With aspect grand and grave was there ;
 Vender of silks and fabrics rare,
 And attar of rose from the Levant.
 Like an old Patriarch he appeared,
 Abraham or Isaac, or at least 190
 Some later Prophet or High-Priest ;
 With lustrous eyes, and olive skin,
 And, wildly tossed from cheeks and chin.
 The tumbling cataract of his beard.
 His garments breathed a spicy scent 195
 Of cinnamon and sandal blent,
 Like the soft aromatic gales
 That meet the mariner, who sails
 Through the Moluccas, and the seas
 That wash the shores of Celebes. 200
 All stories that recorded are
 By Pierre Alphonse he knew by heart,

180. Pastoral songs. Mr. Longfellow translated one of the songs by Giovanni Meli of Palermo. It is entitled *Tell me, tell me, thou pretty Bee*, and may be found in the *Riverside Edition* of Longfellow's *Poetical Works*, vol. vi, page 433. See, also, his article, *History of the Italian Language and Dialects*, in *The North American Review*, October, 1832.

184. An interesting comparison of Theocritus with Tennyson will be found in E. C. Stedman's *Victorian Poets*.

And it was rumored he could say
 The Parables of Sandabar,
 And all the Fables of Pilpay, 205
 Or if not all, the greater part!
 Well versed was he in Hebrew books,
 Talmud and Targum, and the lore
 Of Kabala; and evermore
 There was a mystery in his looks; 210
 His eyes seemed gazing far away,
 As if in vision or in trance
 He heard the solemn sackbut play,
 And saw the Jewish maidens dance.

 A Theologian, from the school 215
 Of Cambridge on the Charles, was there;
 Skilful alike with tongue and pen,
 He preached to all men everywhere
 The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
 The New Commandment given to men, 220
 Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
 Would help us in our utmost need.
 With reverent feet the earth he trod,

204. *The Parables of Sandabar*; a mediæval collection of Hebrew tales.

205. To the *Fables of Pilpay*, of Indian origin, La Fontaine acknowledged his indebtedness.

208. The *Talmud*; the body of Jewish law not contained in the Pentateuch: the *Targum*; a translation of part of the Old Testament into the Chaldee language.

209. *Kabala*; the mystic philosophy of the Hebrew religion.

215. Daniel Treadwell was Professor of Physies in Harvard College. A pleasing biographical sketch of the man, by his friend Dr. Morrill Wyman, may be found in *The Atlantic Monthly*, xxxii, 470 (October, 1873).

Nor banished nature from his plan,
But studied still with deep research 225
To build the Universal Church,
Lofty as in the love of God,
And ample as the wants of man.

A Poet, too, was there, whose verse
Was tender, musical, and terse ; 230
The inspiration, the delight,
The gleam, the glory, the swift flight,
Of thoughts so sudden, that they seem
The revelations of a dream, —
All these were his ; but with them came 235
No envy of another's fame ;
He did not find his sleep less sweet
For music in some neighboring street,
Nor rustling hear in every breeze
The laurels of Miltiades. 240
Honor and blessings on his head
While living, good report when dead,
Who, not too eager for renown,
Accepts, but does not clutch, the crown !

Last the Musician, as he stood 245
Illumined by that fire of wood ;
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,
His figure tall and straight and lithe,

240. Plutarch, in his *Life* of Themistocles, relates that the Athenian was greatly stirred by the fame of Miltiades, who had won the great battle of Marathon. "The trophy of Miltiades," he said, "would not let him sleep."

245. *Ole Bull, a Memoir*, by Sara C. Bull, is the title of an interesting volume on the famous Norwegian musician.

And every feature of his face
 Revealing his Norwegian race ; 250
 A radiance, streaming from within,
 Around his eyes and forehead beamed,
 The Angel with the violin,
 Painted by Raphael, he seemed.
 He lived in that ideal world 255
 Whose language is not speech, but song ;
 Around him evermore the throng
 Of elves and sprites their dances whirled ;
 The Strömkarl sang, the cataract hurled
 Its headlong waters from the height ; 260
 And mingled in the wild delight
 The scream of sea-birds in their flight,
 The rumor of the forest trees,
 The plunge of the implacable seas,
 The tumult of the wind at night, 265
 Voices of eld, like trumpets blowing,
 Old ballads, and wild melodies
 Through mist and darkness pouring forth,
 Like Elivagar's river flowing
 Out of the glaciers of the North. 270

The instrument on which he played
 Was in Cremona's workshops made,
 By a great master of the past,

259. *Strömkarl*, genius of the river.

269. *Elivagar*, in Scandinavian mythology, is the cold, venomous stream which issues from Niflheim, or vapor-home, the region of endless cold and everlasting night.

272. The most famous violins were made in Cremona, Italy, in the seventeenth century. Among the makers were Andrea Amati and his son Antonio, his pupil Antonius Stradivarius, and Giuseppe Guarnerius, the pupil of Stradivarius.

Ere yet was lost the art divine ;
Fashioned of maple and of pine, 275
That in Tyrolean forests vast
Had rocked and wrestled with the blast :
Exquisite was it in design,
Perfect in each minutest part,
A marvel of the lutist's art ; 280
And in its hollow chamber, thus,
The maker from whose hands it came
Had written his unrivalled name, —
“Antonius Stradivarius.”

And when he played, the atmosphere 285
Was filled with magic, and the ear
Caught echoes of that Harp of Gold,
Whose music had so weird a sound,
The hunted stag forgot to bound,
The leaping rivulet backward rolled, 290
The birds came down from bush and tree,
The dead came from beneath the sea,
The maiden to the harper's knee !

The music ceased ; the applause was loud,
The pleased musician smiled and bowed ; 295
The wood-fire clapped its hands of flame,
The shadows on the wainscot stirred,
And from the harpsichord there came
A ghostly murmur of acclaim,
A sound like that sent down at night 300
By birds of passage in their flight,
From the remotest distance heard.

284. The reading of George Eliot's poem, *Stradivarius*, would prove of interest in this connection.

Then silence followed ; then began
 A clamor for the Landlord's tale, —
 The story promised them of old, 305
 They said, but always left untold ;
 And he, although a bashful man,
 And all his courage seemed to fail,
 Finding excuse of no avail,
 Yielded ; and thus the story ran. 310

THE LANDLORD'S TALE

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

In Mr. Longfellow's diary, under date of April 5, 1860, is the entry : "Go with Sumner [George, the brother of Charles] to Mr. H——, of the North End, who acts as guide to the 'Little Britain' of Boston. [Readers will recall Washington Irving's sketch of Little Britain, London, in his *Sketch Book*.] We go to the Copp's Hill burial-ground and see the tomb of Cotton Mather, his father and his son ; then to the Old North Church, which looks like a parish church in London. We climb the tower to the chime of bells, now the home of innumerable pigeons. From this tower were hung the lanterns as a signal that the British troops had left Boston for Concord." The next day Mr. Longfellow planned his poem of *Paul Revere's Ride*, and on the 19th noted in his diary : "I wrote a few lines in *Paul Revere's Ride*, this being the day of that achievement." The poem was first published in *The Atlantic Monthly*, and at once became very popular.

Mr. George Sumner was a man of very varied knowledge, and he may have given to Mr. Longfellow the material for the story, as it was by his invitation that the poet made the visit to the North End. The incident of the hanging of the lanterns is related by Paul Revere in a letter to Dr. Jeremy Belknap, printed in *Mass. Hist. Coll.* v, and again, more carefully, in the same society's *Proceedings*, November, 1878. Mr. Richard Frothingham, in his *History of the Siege of Boston*, pp. 57-59, gives the story mainly according to a memorandum of Richard Devens. Revere's friend and associate. By reference to these narratives, which are the chief authority for the story, it will be seen in what particulars Mr. Longfellow deviated from the historic facts.

A long dispute has been held over the church from which the signals were displayed. There was a North Meeting House in North Square,

which was pulled down for fuel during the siege of Boston. Mr. Frothingham maintained that this was the Old North, but others stoutly claimed the honor for Christ Church, which was popularly called the North Church. The city authorities in Boston caused a tablet to be placed on the front of the church October 17, 1878, with this inscription: "The signal lanterns of Paul Revere displayed in the steeple of this Church, April 18, 1775, warned the country of the march of the British troops to Lexington and Concord."

It would be an interesting study to take the several authorities, pro and con, and debate this question. A list of these authorities will be found in *The Memorial History of Boston*, iii, 101, and to the list may be added *Recollections of Samuel Breck*, p. 41, and *Rambles in Old Boston, N. E.*, by Edward G. Porter, the latter book being a full and attractive study of the North End of Boston. The poem, indeed, offers abundant opportunities for special historical studies. Who was the friend who hung out the lanterns? What was Paul Revere's own history? What did the patriots think was the purpose of the secret expedition of the British? The story of the early morning at Lexington and of the Concord fight can never be retold too often, and Emerson in his *Concord Hymn* and Lowell in his *Ode on the Hundredth Anniversary of the Fight at Concord Bridge*, as well as other poets, have contributed to the literature of the 19th of April. The student who wishes to see how carefully Mr. Longfellow scanned his own verse will do well to compare this text, which is his latest, with the original form in the *Atlantic*, vii. 27 (January, 1861).

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year. 5

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town to-night,

7. If they went by land they would needs have crossed Boston Neck and marched by Roxbury and Brookline to Cambridge, there being then no bridge across the Charles River below the present one which connects Cambridge, at the end of Boylston Street, with the Brighton shore. If by sea, as they did go, the course was in boats from the barracks at the foot of the Common

Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light, —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea ; 10
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm.”

Then he said, “ Good night ! ” and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore, 16
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war ;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar 20
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears, 25
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore. 30

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church,
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,

across the Back Bay and Charles River to Charlestown. This was clearly the least conspicuous way.

21. Cf. with this a stanza in *The Ancient Mariner* which describes a similar picture.

And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made 35
Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town, 40
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread, 45
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread 50
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay, —
A line of black that bends and floats 55
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side, 60
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,

34. A reference to the Introduction will show how Mr. Longfellow came to write this and the next two lines.

Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth ;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church, 65
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo ! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light !
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns, 70
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns !

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark 75
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet :
That was all ! And yet, through the gloom and the
light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night ;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat. 80

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides ;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge, 85
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,

83. The Mystic River flows between Charlestown and Chelsea just before it meets "the ocean tides."



*"A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark."*

When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog, 96
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock 95
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast,
At the bloody work they would look upon. 100
It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze 105
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball. 110

You know the rest. In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled, —
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane, 115
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere ;
 And so through the night went his cry of alarm 120
 To every Middlesex village and farm, —
 A cry of defiance and not of fear,
 A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
 And a word that shall echo forevermore !
 For, borne on the night-wind of the Past, 125
 Through all our history, to the last,
 In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
 The people will waken and listen to hear
 The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
 And the midnight message of Paul Revere. 130

INTERLUDE

THE Landlord ended thus his tale,
 Then rising took down from its nail
 The sword that hung there, dim with dust,
 And cleaving to its sheath with rust,
 And said, "This sword was in the fight." 5
 The Poet seized it, and exclaimed,
 "It is the sword of a good knight,
 Though homespun was his coat-of-mail ;
 What matter if it be not named
 Joyeuse, Colada, Durindale, 10
 Excalibar, or Aroundight,

10. *La Joyeuse* was the sword of Charlemagne, according to the romances of chivalry. *Colada* was one of the swords of the Cid of Spain. *Durindale* was said to have been wrought by fairies, and to have belonged to Orlando, the nephew of Charlemagne.

11. *Excalibar* was King Arthur's sword ; and *Aroundight*, Launcelot's.

Or other name the books record ?
Your ancestor, who bore this sword
As Colonel of the Volunteers,
Mounted upon his old gray mare, 15
Seen here and there and everywhere,
To me a grander shape appears
Than old Sir William, or what not,
Clinking about in foreign lands
With iron gauntlets on his hands, 20
And on his head an iron pot ! ”

All laughed ; the Landlord’s face grew red
As his escutcheon on the wall ;
He could not comprehend at all
The drift of what the Poet said ; 25
For those who had been longest dead
Were always greatest in his eyes ;
And he was speechless with surprise
To see Sir William’s plumed head
Brought to a level with the rest, 30
And made the subject of a jest.
And this perceiving, to appease
The Landlord’s wrath, the others’ fears,
The Student said, with careless ease :
“ The ladies and the cavaliers, 35
The arms, the loves, the courtesies,
The deeds of high emprise, I sing !
Thus Ariosto says, in words
That have the stately stride and ring
Of armed knights and clashing swords. 40
Now listen to the tale I bring ;
Listen ! though not to me belong
The flowing draperies of his song,

The words that rouse, the voice that charms.
 The Landlord's tale was one of arms ; 45
 Only a tale of love is mine,
 Blending the human and divine,
 A tale of the Decameron, told
 In Palmieri's garden old,
 By Fiametta, laurel-crowned, 50
 While her companions lay around,
 And heard the intermingled sound
 Of airs that on their errands sped,
 And wild birds gossiping overhead,
 And lisp of leaves, and fountain's fall, 55
 And her own voice more sweet than all,
 Telling the tale, which, wanting these,
 Perchance may lose its power to please."

THE STUDENT'S TALE

THE FALCON OF SER FEDERIGO

This story, as indicated by the poet, is from Boccaccio's *Decameron*, fifth day, ninth tale. As Boccaccio, however, was not the first to tell it, so Mr. Longfellow is not the only one after him to repeat it. The story appears to have an Eastern origin, for it is found in a collection of Sanskrit fables. It made its way to Europe through Persian and Arabic translations. There have been fresh associations from time to time between Italy and the East, and Boccaccio may easily have known the tale as one floating about without recognized origin. La Fontaine includes it in his *Contes et Nouvelles*, under the title of *Le Faucon*, and Tennyson makes it the basis of his drama *The Falcon*. In very brief form it is found in *Gesta Romanorum*, Tale LXXXIV.

49. *Palmieri's garden old*, the Villa Palmieri, a charming country place just outside the city of Florence, where the tales of the *Decameron* are represented as having been told. See note on line 170, page 8 *ante*.

50. *Fiametta* was the name given by Boccaccio to Maria, the daughter of the King of Naples, whom he loved.

ONE summer morning, when the sun was hot,
Weary with labor in his garden-plot,
On a rude bench beneath his cottage eaves,
Ser Federigo sat among the leaves
Of a huge vine, that, with its arms outspread, 5
Hung its delicious clusters overhead.
Below him, through the lovely valley, flowed
The river Arno, like a winding road,
And from its banks were lifted high in air
The spires and roofs of Florence called the Fair ; 10
To him a marble tomb, that rose above
His wasted fortunes and his buried love.
For there, in banquet and in tournament,
His wealth had lavished been, his substance spent,
To woo and lose, since ill his wooing sped, 15
Monna Giovanna, who his rival wed,
Yet ever in his fancy reigned supreme,
The ideal woman of a young man's dream.

Then he withdrew, in poverty and pain,
To this small farm, the last of his domain, 20
His only comfort and his only care
To prune his vines, and plant the fig and pear ;
His only forester and only guest
His falcon, faithful to him, when the rest,
Whose willing hands had found so light of yore 25
The brazen knocker of his palace door,
Had now no strength to lift the wooden latch,
That entrance gave beneath a roof of thatch.
Companion of his solitary ways,
Purveyor of his feasts on holidays, 30

4. *Ser* is a contraction of *Messer*, which corresponds with the English *Mr.* when that title is used to distinguish a gentleman.

On him this melancholy man bestowed
 The love with which his nature overflowed.
 And so the empty-handed years went round,
 Vacant, though voiceful with prophetic sound,
 And so, that summer morn, he sat and mused 35
 With folded, patient hands, as he was used,
 And dreamily before his half-closed sight
 Floated the vision of his lost delight.
 Beside him, motionless, the drowsy bird
 Dreamed of the chase, and in his slumber heard 40
 The sudden, scythe-like sweep of wings, that dare
 The headlong plunge through eddying gulfs of air,
 Then, starting broad awake upon his perch,
 Tinkled his bells, like mass-bells in a church,
 And looking at his master, seemed to say, 45
 "Ser Federigo, shall we hunt to-day?"

Ser Federigo thought not of the chase;
 The tender vision of her lovely face,
 I will not say he seems to see, he sees
 In the leaf-shadows of the trellises, 50
 Herself, yet not herself; a lovely child
 With flowing tresses, and eyes wide and wild,
 Coming undaunted up the garden walk,
 And looking not at him, but at the hawk.
 "Beautiful falcon!" said he, "would that I 55
 Might hold thee on my wrist, or see thee fly!"
 The voice was hers, and made strange echoes start
 Through all the haunted chambers of his heart,
 As an æolian harp through gusty doors
 Of some old ruin its wild music pours. 60
 "Who is thy mother, my fair boy?" he said,
 His hand laid softly on that shining head.

“ Monna Giovanna. Will you let me stay
A little while, and with your falcon play ?
We live there, just beyond your garden wall, 65
In the great house behind the poplars tall.”

So he spake on ; and Federigo heard
As from afar each softly uttered word,
And drifted onward through the golden gleams
And shadows of the misty sea of dreams, 70
As mariners becalmed through vapors drift,
And feel the sea beneath them sink and lift,
And hear far off the mournful breakers roar,
And voices calling faintly from the shore !
Then waking from his pleasant reveries, 75
He took the little boy upon his knees,
And told him stories of his gallant bird,
Till in their friendship he became a third.

Monna Giovanna, widowed in her prime,
Had come with friends to pass the summer time 80
In her grand villa, half-way up the hill,
O'erlooking Florence, but retired and still ;
With iron gates, that opened through long lines
Of sacred ilex and centennial pines,
And terraced gardens, and broad steps of stone, 85
And sylvan deities, with moss o'ergrown,
And fountains palpitating in the heat,
And all Val d'Arno stretched beneath its feet.
Here in seclusion, as a widow may,
The lovely lady whiled the hours away, 90
Pacing in sable robes the statued hall,
Herself the stateliest statue among all,
And seeing more and more, with secret joy,

Her husband risen and living in her boy,
Till the lost sense of life returned again, 95
Not as delight, but as relief from pain.
Meanwhile the boy, rejoicing in his strength,
Stormed down the terraces from length to length ;
The screaming peacock chased in hot pursuit,
And climbed the garden trellises for fruit. 100
But his chief pastime was to watch the flight
Of a gerfalcon, soaring into sight,
Beyond the trees that fringed the garden wall,
Then downward stooping at some distant call ;
And as he gazed full often wondered he 105
Who might the master of the falcon be,
Until that happy morning, when he found
Master and falcon in the cottage ground.

And now a shadow and a terror fell
On the great house, as if a passing-bell 110
Tolled from the tower, and filled each spacious room
With secret awe and preternatural gloom ;
The petted boy grew ill, and day by day
Pined with mysterious malady away.
The mother's heart would not be comforted ; 115
Her darling seemed to her already dead,
And often, sitting by the sufferer's side,
" What can I do to comfort thee ? " she cried.
At first the silent lips made no reply,
But, moved at length by her importunate cry, 120
" Give me," he answered, with imploring tone,
" Ser Federigo's falcon for my own ! "
No answer could the astonished mother make ;
How could she ask, e'en for her darling's sake,
Such favor at a luckless lover's hand, 125

Well knowing that to ask was to command ?
Well knowing, what all falconers confessed,
In all the land that falcon was the best,
The master's pride and passion and delight,
And the sole pursuivant of this poor knight. 130
But yet, for her child's sake, she could no less
Than give assent, to soothe his restlessness,
So promised, and then promising to keep
Her promise sacred, saw him fall asleep. +

The morrow was a bright September morn ; 135
The earth was beautiful as if new-born ;
There was that nameless splendor everywhere,
That wild exhilaration in the air,
Which makes the passers in the city street
Congratulate each other as they meet. 140

Two lovely ladies, clothed in cloak and hood,
Passed through the garden gate into the wood,
Under the lustrous leaves, and through the sheen
Of dewy sunshine showering down between.
The one, close-hooded, had the attractive grace 145

Which sorrow sometimes lends a woman's face ;
Her dark eyes moistened with the mists that roll
From the gulf-stream of passion in the soul ;
The other with her hood thrown back, her hair
Making a golden glory in the air, 150

Her cheeks suffused with an auroral blush,
Her young heart singing louder than the thrush.
So walked, that morn, through mingled light and
shade,

Each by the other's presence lovelier made,
Monna Giovanna and her bosom-friend, 155
Intent upon their errand and its end.

They found Ser Federigo at his toil,
Like banished Adam, delving in the soil;
And when he looked and these fair women spied,
The garden suddenly was glorified; 160
His long-lost Eden was restored again,
And the strange river winding through the plain
No longer was the Arno to his eyes,
But the Euphrates watering Paradise! /

Monna Giovanna raised her stately head, 165
And with fair words of salutation said:
“Ser Federigo, we come here as friends,
Hoping in this to make some poor amends
For past unkindness. I who ne’er before
Would even cross the threshold of your door, 170
I who in happier days such pride maintained,
Refused your banquets, and your gifts disdained,
This morning come, a self-invited guest,
To put your generous nature to the test,
And breakfast with you under your own vine.” 175
To which he answered: “Poor desert of mine,
Not your unkindness call it, for if aught
Is good in me of feeling or of thought,
From you it comes, and this last grace outweighs
All sorrows, all regrets of other days.” 180

And after further compliment and talk,
Among the asters in the garden walk
He left his guests; and to his cottage turned,
And as he entered for a moment yearned
For the lost splendors of the days of old, 185
The ruby glass, the silver and the gold,
And felt how piercing is the sting of pride,

By want embittered and intensified.
He looked about him for some means or way
To keep this unexpected holiday ; 190
Searched every cupboard, and then searched again,
Summoned the maid, who came, but came in vain ;
“The Signor did not hunt to-day,” she said,
“There ’s nothing in the house but wine and bread.”
Then suddenly the drowsy falcon shook 195
His little bells, with that sagacious look,
Which said, as plain as language to the ear,
“If anything is wanting, I am here !”
Yes, everything is wanting, gallant bird !
The master seized thee without further word. 200
Like thine own lure, he whirled thee round ; ah,
me !

The pomp and flutter of brave falconry,
The bells, the jesses, the bright scarlet hood,
The flight and the pursuit o’er field and wood,
All these forevermore are ended now ; 205
No longer victor, but the victim thou !

Then on the board a snow-white cloth he spread,
Laid on its wooden dish the loaf of bread,
Brought purple grapes with autumn sunshine hot,
The fragrant peach, the juicy bergamot ; 210
Then in the midst a flask of wine he placed
And with autumnal flowers the banquet graced.
Ser Federigo, would not these suffice
Without thy falcon stuffed with cloves and spice ?

When all was ready, and the courtly dame 215
With her companion to the cottage came,
Upon Ser Federigo’s brain there fell

The wild enchantment of a magic spell!
The room they entered, mean and low and small,
Was changed into a sumptuous banquet-hall, 220
With fanfares by aerial trumpets blown;
The rustic chair she sat on was a throne;
He ate celestial food, and a divine
Flavor was given to his country wine,
And the poor falcon, fragrant with his spice, 225
A peacock was, or bird of paradise!

When the repast was ended, they arose
And passed again into the garden-close.
Then said the lady, "Far too well I know,
Remembering still the days of long ago, 230
Though you betray it not, with what surprise
You see me here in this familiar wise.
You have no children, and you cannot guess
What anguish, what unspeakable distress
A mother feels, whose child is lying ill, 235
Nor how her heart anticipates his will.
And yet for this, you see me lay aside
All womanly reserve and check of pride,
And ask the thing most precious in your sight,
Your falcon, your sole comfort and delight, 240
Which if you find it in your heart to give,
My poor, unhappy boy perchance may live."

Ser Federigo listens, and replies,
With tears of love and pity in his eyes:
"Alas, dear lady! there can be no task 245
So sweet to me, as giving when you ask.
One little hour ago, if I had known
This wish of yours, it would have been my own.

But thinking in what manner I could best
Do honor to the presence of my guest, .250
I deemed that nothing worthier could be
Than what most dear and precious was to me ;
And so my gallant falcon breathed his last
To furnish forth this morning our repast."

In mute contrition, mingled with dismay, 255
The gentle lady turned her eyes away,
Grieving that he such sacrifice should make
And kill his falcon for a woman's sake,
Yet feeling in her heart a woman's pride,
That nothing she could ask for was denied ; 260
Then took her leave, and passed out at the gate
With footstep slow and soul disconsolate.

Three days went by, and lo ! a passing-bell
Tolled from the little chapel in the dell ;
Ten strokes Ser Federigo heard, and said, 265
Breathing a prayer, " Alas ! her child is dead ! "
Three months went by ; and lo ! a merrier chime
Rang from the chapel bells at Christmas-time ;
The cottage was deserted, and no more
Ser Federigo sat beside its door, 270
But now, with servitors to do his will,
In the grand villa, half-way up the hill,
Sat at the Christmas feast, and at his side
Monna Giovanna, his beloved bride,
Never so beautiful, so kind, so fair, 275
Enthroned once more in the old rustic chair,
High-perched upon the back of which there stood
The image of a falcon carved in wood,

And underneath the inscription, with a date,
 "All things come round to him who will but wait." 280

INTERLUDE

SOON as the story reached its end,
 One, over-eager to commend,
 Crowned it with injudicious praise ;
 And then the voice of blame found vent,
 And fanned the embers of dissent 5
 Into a somewhat lively blaze.
 The Theologian shook his head ;
 "These old Italian tales," he said,
 "From the much-praised Decameron down
 Through all the rabble of the rest, 10
 Are either trifling, dull, or lewd ;
 The gossip of a neighborhood
 In some remote provincial town,
 A scandalous chronicle at best !
 They seem to me a stagnant fen, 15
 Grown rank with rushes and with reeds,
 Where a white lily, now and then,
 Blooms in the midst of noxious weeds
 And deadly nightshade on its banks !"

To this the Student straight replied : 20
 "For the white lily, many thanks !
 One should not say, with too much pride,
 Fountain, I will not drink of thee !
 Nor were it grateful to forget
 That from these reservoirs and tanks 25
 Even imperial Shakespeare drew

His Moor of Venice, and the Jew,
And Romeo and Juliet,
And many a famous comedy."

Then a long pause; till some one said, 30
"An Angel is flying overhead!"
At these words spake the Spanish Jew,
And murmured with an inward breath:
"God grant, if what you say be true,
It may not be the Angel of Death!" 35
And then another pause; and then,
Stroking his beard, he said again:
"This brings back to my memory
A story in the Talmud told,
That book of gems, that book of gold, 40
Of wonders many and manifold,
A tale that often comes to me,
And fills my heart, and haunts my brain,
And never wearies nor grows old."

THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE

THE LEGEND OF RABBI BEN LEVI

Many sources have been traced for this legend; probably Longfellow was indebted for the story to his friend Emmanuel Vitalis Scherb.

RABBI BEN LEVI, on the Sabbath, read
A volume of the Law, in which it said,
"No man shall look upon my face and live."

29. Dowden's *Shakspeare*, in the series of *Literature Primers*, will enable the student to discover how largely Shakespeare was indebted to Italian story-tellers.

And as he read, he prayed that God would give
His faithful servant grace with mortal eye 5
To look upon His face and yet not die.

Then fell a sudden shadow on the page,
And, lifting up his eyes, grown dim with age,
He saw the Angel of Death before him stand,
Holding a naked sword in his right hand. 10
Rabbi Ben Levi was a righteous man,
Yet through his veins a chill of terror ran.
With trembling voice he said, "What wilt thou
here?"

The Angel answered, "Lo! the time draws near
When thou must die; yet first, by God's decree, 15
Whate'er thou askest shall be granted thee."
Replied the Rabbi, "Let these living eyes
First look upon my place in Paradise."

Then said the Angel, "Come with me and look."
Rabbi Ben Levi closed the sacred book, 20
And rising, and uplifting his gray head,
"Give me thy sword," he to the Angel said,
"Lest thou shouldst fall upon me by the way."
The Angel smiled and hastened to obey,
Then led him forth to the Celestial Town, 25
And set him on the wall, whence, gazing down,
Rabbi Ben Levi, with his living eyes,
Might look upon his place in Paradise.

Then straight into the city of the Lord
The Rabbi leaped with the Death-Angel's sword,

25. Cf. the *Celestial City*, Bunyan's expression in *Pilgrim's Progress*.



*"He saw the Angel of Death before him stand,
Holding a naked sword in his right hand."*

And through the streets there swept a sudden
breath 31

Of something there unknown, which men call death.

Meanwhile the Angel stayed without, and cried,

“Come back !” To which the Rabbi’s voice replied,

“No ! in the name of God, whom I adore, 35

I swear that hence I will depart no more !”

Then all the Angels cried, “O Holy One,

See what the son of Levi here hath done !

The kingdom of Heaven he takes by violence,

And in Thy name refuses to go hence !” 40

The Lord replied, “My Angels, be not wroth ;

Did e’er the son of Levi break his oath ?

Let him remain ; for he with mortal eye

Shall look upon my face and yet not die.”

Beyond the outer wall the Angel of Death 45

Heard the great voice, and said, with panting breath,

“Give back the sword, and let me go my way.”

Whereat the Rabbi paused, and answered, “Nay !

Anguish enough already hath it caused

Among the sons of men.” And while he paused,

He heard the awful mandate of the Lord 51

Resounding through the air, “Give back the
sword !”

The Rabbi bowed his head in silent prayer ;

Then said he to the dreadful Angel, “Swear

No human eye shall look on it again ; 55

But when thou takest away the souls of men,

Thyself unseen, and with an unseen sword,

Thou wilt perform the bidding of the Lord.”

The Angel took the sword again, and swore,
And walks on earth unseen forevermore.

INTERLUDE

HE ended : and a kind of spell
Upon the silent listeners fell.
His solemn manner and his words
Had touched the deep, mysterious chords
That vibrate in each human breast 5
Alike, but not alike confessed.
The spiritual world seemed near ;
And close above them, full of fear,
Its awful adumbration passed,
A luminous shadow, vague and vast. 10
They almost feared to look, lest there,
Embodied from the impalpable air,
They might behold the Angel stand,
Holding the sword in his right hand.

At last, but in a voice subdued, 15
Not to disturb their dreamy mood,
Said the Sicilian : “ While you spoke,
Telling your legend marvellous,
Suddenly in my memory woke
The thought of one, now gone from us, — 20
An old Abate, meek and mild,
My friend and teacher, when a child,
Who sometimes in those days of old
The legend of an Angel told,
Which ran, as I remember, thus.” 25

THE SICILIAN'S TALE

KING ROBERT OF SICILY

This story is one of very wide distribution. It is given in *Gesta Romanorum*, Tale No. LIX, as the story of Jovinian, who is the hero of the same story in an old French *moralité* entitled *L'Orgueil et Présumption de l'Empereur Jovinian*. Frere, in his *Old Deccan Days, or Hindoo Fairy Legends current in Southern India*, recites it in the form of *The Wanderings of Vicram Maharajah*. There is an old English metrical romance of *Robert of Cysille*, an abstract of which may be found in Ellis's *Early Metrical Romances*. In Ludwig Bechstein's popular tales from the German, entitled *As Pretty as Seven, and other Tales*, it reappears as *The Haughty King*. Leigh Hunt, among modern Englishmen, has told the story in *A Jar of Honey from Mt. Hybla*, and to this most directly Mr. Longfellow seems to have had recourse. Since the *Tales of a Wayside Inn* appeared, William Morris, in *The Earthly Paradise*, has given a version under the title of *The Proud King*, and A. R. Hope a prose rendering in *Stories of Old Renown*. Something of the same theme was present to Mark Twain when he wrote *The Prince and the Pauper*.

ROBERT of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
 Apparelled in magnificent attire,
 With retinue of many a knight and squire,
 On St. John's eve, at vespers, proudly sat 5
 And heard the priest chant the Magnificat.
 And as he listened, o'er and o'er again

2. *Allemaine* is Germany. The Germans living on the borders of the Rhine were formerly called Alemanni by their Gallic neighbors, and to-day the French name for Germany is *Allemagne*.

6. The *Magnificat* is the song of rejoicing by the Virgin Mary when receiving the visit of Elizabeth. See St. Luke's Gospel, chapter i. In the Roman Catholic service the Latin words of the song at its beginning are *Magnificat anima mea Dominum*.

Repeated, like a burden or refrain,
He caught the words, "*Deposuit potentes
De sede, et exaltavit humiles ;*" 10
And slowly lifting up his kingly head,
He to a learned clerk beside him said,
"What mean these words?" The clerk made answer
meet,
"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
And has exalted them of low degree." 15
Thereat King Robert muttered scornfully,
" 'T is well that such seditious words are sung
Only by priests and in the Latin tongue ;
For unto priests and people be it known,
There is no power can push me from my throne !"
And leaning back, he yawned and fell asleep, 21
Lulled by the chant monotonous and deep.
When he awoke, it was already night ;
The church was empty, and there was no light,
Save where the lamps, that glimmered few and
faint, 25
Lighted a little space before some saint.
He started from his seat and gazed around,
But saw no living thing and heard no sound.
He groped towards the door, but it was locked ;
He cried aloud, and listened, and then knocked, 30
And uttered awful threatenings and complaints,
And imprecations upon men and saints.
The sounds reëchoed from the roof and walls
As if dead priests were laughing in their stalls.

At length the sexton, hearing from without 35
The tumult of the knocking and the shout,
And thinking thieves were in the house of prayer,

Came with his lantern, asking, "Who is there?"
 Half choked with rage, King Robert fiercely said,
 "Open: 't is I, the King! Art thou afraid?" 40
 The frightened sexton, muttering, with a curse,
 "This is some drunken vagabond, or worse!"
 Turned the great key and flung the portal wide;
 A man rushed by him at a single stride,
 Haggard, half naked, without hat or cloak, 45
 Who neither turned, nor looked at him, nor spoke,
 But leaped into the blackness of the night,
 And vanished like a spectre from his sight.

Robert of Sicily, brother of Pope Urbane
 And Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine, 50
 Despoiled of his magnificent attire,
 Bareheaded, breathless, and besprent with mire,
 With sense of wrong and outrage desperate,
 Strode on and thundered at the palace gate;
 Rushed through the courtyard, thrusting in his
 rage 55

To right and left each seneschal and page,
 And hurried up the broad and sounding stair,
 His white face ghastly in the torches' glare.
 From hall to hall he passed with breathless speed;
 Voices and cries he heard, but did not heed, 60
 Until at last he reached the banquet-room,
 Blazing with light, and breathing with perfume.

There on the dais sat another king,
 Wearing his robes, his crown, his signet-ring,
 King Robert's self in features, form, and height, 65
 But all transfigured with angelic light!
 It was an Angel; and his presence there

With a divine effulgence filled the air,
An exaltation, piercing the disguise,
Though none the hidden Angel recognize. 70

A moment speechless, motionless, amazed,
The throneless monarch on the Angel gazed,
Who met his look of anger and surprise
With the divine compassion of his eyes ;
Then said, " Who art thou ? and why com'st thou
here ? " 75

To which King Robert answered with a sneer,
" I am the King, and come to claim my own
From an impostor, who usurps my throne ! "
And suddenly, at these audacious words,
Up sprang the angry guests, and drew their swords ;
The Angel answered, with unruffled brow, 81
" Nay, not the King, but the King's Jester, thou
Henceforth shalt wear the bells and scalloped cape,
And for thy counsellor shalt lead an ape ;
Thou shalt obey my servants when they call, 85
And wait upon my henchmen in the hall ! "

Deaf to King Robert's threats and cries and prayers,
They thrust him from the hall and down the stairs ;
A group of tittering pages ran before,
And as they opened wide the folding-door, 90
His heart failed, for he heard, with strange alarms,

82. *The king's jester* was one of the persons about the king who made sport for the court. He was dressed in a motley garb, which has passed down with changes to that of the modern circus clown. The jester, or fool, plays a conspicuous part in Shakespeare's plays. Scott describes one in the character of Wamba in *Ivanhoe*.

The boisterous laughter of the men-at-arms,
And all the vaulted chamber roar and ring
With the mock plaudits of "Long live the King!"

Next morning, waking with the day's first beam, 95
He said within himself, "It was a dream!"
But the straw rustled as he turned his head;
There were the cap and bells beside his bed;
Around him rose the bare, discolored walls;
Close by, the steeds were champing in their stalls, 100
And in the corner, a revolting shape,
Shivering and chattering sat the wretched ape.
It was no dream; the world he loved so much
Had turned to dust and ashes at his touch!

Days came and went; and now returned again 105
To Sicily the old Saturnian reign;
Under the Angel's governance benign
The happy island danced with corn and wine,
And deep within the mountain's burning breast
Enceladus, the giant, was at rest. 110

Meanwhile King Robert yielded to his fate,
Sullen and silent and disconsolate.
Dressed in the motley garb that Jesters wear,
With look bewildered and a vacant stare,
Close shaven above the ears, as monks are shorn, 115
By courtiers mocked, by pages laughed to scorn,

106. The fabled reign of the god Saturn was often called "the golden age."

110. *Enceladus* was a hundred-armed giant, who made war on the gods, was killed by Zeus, and buried under Etna. An old myth attributes the eruptions of Etna to his restlessness.

His only friend the ape, his only food
What others left, — he still was unsubdued.
And when the Angel met him on his way,
And half in earnest, half in jest, would say, 120
Sternly, though tenderly, that he might feel
The velvet scabbard held a sword of steel,
“ Art thou the King ? ” the passion of his woe
Burst from him in resistless overflow,
And, lifting high his forehead, he would fling 125
The haughty answer back, “ I am, I am the King ! ”

Almost three years were ended ; when there came
Ambassadors of great repute and name
From Valmond, Emperor of Allemaine,
Unto King Robert, saying that Pope Urbane 130
By letter summoned them forthwith to come
On Holy Thursday to his city of Rome.
The Angel with great joy received his guests,
And gave them presents of embroidered vests,
And velvet mantles with rich ermine lined, 135
And rings and jewels of the rarest kind.
Then he departed with them o’er the sea
Into the lovely land of Italy,
Whose loveliness was more resplendent made
By the mere passing of that cavalcade,
With plumes, and cloaks, and housings, and the stir
Of jewelled bridle and of golden spur.
And lo ! among the menials, in mock state,
Upon a piebald steed, with shambling gait,
His cloak of fox-tails flapping in the wind, 145
The solemn ape demurely perched behind,
King Robert rode, making huge merriment
In all the country towns through which they went.

The Pope received them with great pomp and blare
Of bannered trumpets, on Saint Peter's square, 150
Giving his benediction and embrace,
Fervent, and full of apostolic grace.
While with congratulations and with prayers
He entertained the Angel unawares,
Robert, the Jester, bursting through the crowd, 155
Into their presence rushed, and cried aloud,
"I am the King! Look, and behold in me
Robert, your brother, King of Sicily!
This man, who wears my semblance to your eyes,
Is an impostor in a king's disguise. 160
Do you not know me? does no voice within
Answer my cry, and say we are akin?"
The Pope in silence, but with troubled mien,
Gazed at the Angel's countenance serene;
The Emperor, laughing, said, "It is strange sport 165
To keep a madman for thy Fool at court!"
And the poor, baffled Jester in disgrace
Was hustled back among the populace.

In solemn state the Holy Week went by,
And Easter Sunday gleamed upon the sky; 170
The presence of the Angel, with its light,
Before the sun rose, made the city bright,
And with new fervor filled the hearts of men,
Who felt that Christ indeed had risen again.
Even the Jester, on his bed of straw, 175
With haggard eyes the unwonted splendor saw,
He felt within a power unfelt before,
And, kneeling humbly on his chamber-floor,
He heard the rushing garments of the Lord
Sweep through the silent air, ascending heavenward.

And now the visit ending, and once more 181
 Valmond returning to the Danube's shore,
 Homeward the Angel journeyed, and again
 The land was made resplendent with his train,
 Flashing along the towns of Italy 185
 Unto Salerno, and from thence by sea.
 And when once more within Palermo's wall,
 And, seated on the throne in his great hall,
 He heard the Angelus from convent towers,
 As if the better world conversed with ours, 190
 He beckoned to King Robert to draw nigher,
 And with a gesture bade the rest retire ;
 And when they were alone, the Angel said,
 " Art thou the King ? " Then, bowing down his head,
 King Robert crossed both hands upon his breast, 195
 And meekly answered him : " Thou knowest best !
 My sins as scarlet are ; let me go hence,
 And in some cloister's school of penitence,
 Across those stones, that pave the way to heaven,
 Walk barefoot, till my guilty soul be shriven ! " 200

The Angel smiled, and from his radiant face
 A holy light illumined all the place,
 And through the open window, loud and clear,
 They heard the monks chant in the chapel near,
 Above the stir and tumult of the street : 205

189. The *Angelus* or *Angelus Domini* is a prayer to the Virgin, instituted by Pope Urban II. It begins with the words *Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ* (the angel of the Lord announced to Mary). Then follows the salutation of Gabriel, *Ave Maria* (Hail, Mary). The prayer is recited three times a day at the sound of a bell, which is therefore called the Angelus bell. Note line 49 of *Evangeline*, and recall also the well-known picture entitled *The Angelus* by the French painter, Jean François Millet.

"He has put down the mighty from their seat,
 And has exalted them of low degree!"
 And through the chant a second melody
 Rose like the throbbing of a single string:
 "I am an Angel, and thou art the King!" 210

King Robert, who was standing near the throne,
 Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!
 But all appavelled as in days of old,
 With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;
 And when his courtiers came, they found him there 215
 Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer.

INTERLUDE

AND then the blue-eyed Norseman told
 A Saga of the days of old.
 "There is," said he, "a wondrous book
 Of Legends in the old Norse tongue,
 Of the dead kings of Norroway, — 5
 Legends that once were told or sung
 In many a smoky fireside nook
 Of Iceland, in the ancient day,
 By wandering Saga-man or Scald;
 'Heimskringla' is the volume called; 10
 And he who looks may find therein
 The story that I now begin."

And in each pause the story made
 Upon his violin he played,

2. *Saga* is the Icelandic word for legend.

5. *Norroway* is an old form for Norway. The same form is used in the old ballad *Sir Patrick Spens*.

As an appropriate interlude,	15
Fragments of old Norwegian tunes	
That bound in one the separate runes,	
And held the mind in perfect mood,	
Entwining and encircling all	
The strange and antiquated rhymes	20
With melodies of olden times ;	
As over some half-ruined wall,	
Disjointed and about to fall,	
Fresh woodbines climb and interlace,	
And keep the loosened stones in place.	25

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

THE SAGA OF KING OLAF

As mentioned in the Introduction, *The Saga of King Olaf* appears to have preceded the plan for *Tales of a Wayside Inn*; the first number of all, *The Challenge of Thor*, having had a still earlier composition. The *Heimskringla*, which furnished the material for the *Saga*, gets its name from the first word (meaning "the world's circle") of an Icelandic manuscript chronicle, written by Snorro Sturleson early in the thirteenth century. This work was published in Danish near the end of the sixteenth century, and a hundred years later was made known to scholars through a Latin translation. It was not rendered entire into English until 1844, when it appeared under the following title: *The Heimskringla; or Chronicle of the Kings of Norway. Translated from the Icelandic of SNORRO STURLESON, with a Preliminary Dissertation by SAMUEL LAING*. This work, in three volumes, is the one consulted by Mr. Longfellow. The last division of the first volume is *King Olaf Tryggvesson's Saga*, and the incidents upon which the poem is based are related in successive chapters.

Olaf (pronounced Oolahf) was the son of Astrid, whose husband Tryggve was murdered by Gunhild. Astrid was obliged to fly from Norway to Sweden, and later to Russia, where she and her boy were sold as slaves. The boy was sold again and again, but at last fell in with a kinsman who was high in the Russian service, and was redeemed by him.

When Olaf grew to manhood he became a sea-robber, an entirely respectable profession in those days, and plundered the coasts of the North Sea and Irish and English channels. At the Scilly Islands he came upon a Christian hermit, who converted the wild pagan to Christianity.

Hakon Jarl was ruling in Norway and heard of one Ole (so he was called), who was making himself famous as a viking, and, suspecting him to be Olaf, endeavored to get him into his power. But Hakon Jarl was hated for his selfish ways, and when Olaf appeared with intent to win back his father's right to Norway, the enemies of the ruler joined him, and together they put an end to Hakon.

Olaf now made a long and desperate struggle, not only to bring all Norway to his feet, but to introduce Christianity and put down the Scandinavian religion. The series of poems in this *Saga* recount some of the more striking incidents in his adventurous career. Mr. Longfellow has woven them into a consistent whole; but whoever will may read many more confusing details in Laing's *Heimskringla*, or he may get at the substance of the whole in vigorous prose in Thomas Carlyle's *The Early Kings of Norway*. It would be a good exercise to attempt to make a continuous narrative of Olaf's career, for the part of his life which is only hinted at in *King Olaf's Return* offers an abundant store of striking incident. A comparison also of the prose narrative in Laing's version with Mr. Longfellow's poetic presentation will disclose something of the alchemy by which a poet transmutes baser metals to gold.

I

THE CHALLENGE OF THOR

I AM the God Thor,
I am the War God,
I am the Thunderer!
Here in my Northland,
My fastness and fortress,
Reign I forever!

5

Here amid icebergs
Rule I the nations;
This is my hammer,

Miölnar the mighty ; 10
Giants and sorcerers
Cannot withstand it !

These are the gauntlets
Wherewith I wield it,
And hurl it afar off ;
This is my girdle ;
Whenever I brace it,
Strength is redoubled !

The light thou beholdest
Stream through the heavens, 20
In flashes of crimson,
Is but my red beard
Blown by the night-wind,
Affrighting the nations !

Jove is my brother ; 25
 Mine eyes are the lightning ;
 The wheels of my chariot
 Roll in the thunder,
 The blows of my hammer
 Ring in the earthquake ! 30

Force rules the world still,
Has ruled it, shall rule it ;
Meekness is weakness,
Strength is triumphant,
Over the whole earth
Still is it Thor's-Day!

10. *Miölner* (pronounced Myerlner, but without rolling the first r), or the Crusher, was the name of Thor's mighty hammer.

Thou art a God too,
O Galilean !
And thus single-handed
Unto the combat, 40
Gauntlet or Gospel,
Here I defy thee !

II

KING OLAF'S RETURN

And King Olaf heard the cry,
Saw the red light in the sky,
Laid his hand upon his sword, 45
As he leaned upon the railing,
And his ships went sailing, sailing
Northward into Drontheim fiord.

There he stood as one who dreamed ;
And the red light glanced and gleamed 50
On the armor that he wore ;
And he shouted, as the rifted
Streamers o'er him shook and shifted,
“ I accept thy challenge, Thor ! ”

To avenge his father slain, 55
And reconquer realm and reign,
Came the youthful Olaf home,

48. Another form of Drontheim, and the one more commonly in use in Norway, is Thronðhjem (pronounced Trōnyem), signifying the heim, hjem, *i. e.* home, of the Thronder, an ancient tribe. Down to the middle of the sixteenth century the name of the town was Nidaros (mouth of the river Nid).

Through the midnight sailing, sailing,
Listening to the wild wind's wailing,
And the dashing of the foam. 60

To his thoughts the sacred name
Of his mother Astrid came,
And the tale she oft had told
Of her flight by secret passes
Through the mountains and morasses, 65
To the home of Hakon old.

Then strange memories crowded back
Of Queen Gunhild's wrath and wrack,
And a hurried flight by sea ;
Of grim Vikings, and the rapture 70
Of the sea-fight, and the capture,
And the life of slavery.

How a stranger watched his face
In the Esthonian market-place,
Scanned his features one by one, 75
Saying, " We should know each other ;
I am Sigurd, Astrid's brother,
Thou art Olaf, Astrid's son ! "

Then as Queen Allogia's page,
Old in honors, young in age, 80
Chief of all her men-at-arms ;

66. *Hakon Gamle*, in Sweden, was a friend of Eric, the father of Astrid, and to him the queen had fled with her infant child.

74. *Esthonia*, or Esthland, is a province of Russia lying south of the Gulf of Finland.

79. *Allogia* was queen of Russia apparently, for it was to Novogorod that Sigurd took Olaf.

Till vague whispers, and mysterious,
Reached King Valdemar, the imperious,
Filling him with strange alarms.

Then his cruisings o'er the seas, 85
Westward to the Hebrides
And to Scilly's rocky shore ;
And the hermit's cavern dismal,
Christ's great name and rites baptismal
In the ocean's rush and roar. 90

All these thoughts of love and strife
Glimmered through his lurid life,
As the stars' intenser light
Through the red flames o'er him trailing,
As his ships went sailing, sailing 95
Northward in the summer night.

Trained for either camp or court,
Skilful in each manly sport,
Young and beautiful and tall ;
Art of warfare, craft of chases, 100
Swimming, skating, snow-shoe races,
Excellent alike in all.

When at sea, with all his rowers,
He along the bending oars
Outside of his ship could run. 105
He the Smalsor Horn ascended,
And his shining shield suspended
On its summit, like a sun.

106. Called also Hornélen, a mountain between Bergen and Molde.

On the ship-rails he could stand,
 Wield his sword with either hand, 110
 And at once two javelins throw ;
 At all feasts where ale was strongest
 Sat the merry monarch longest,
 First to come and last to go.

Norway never yet had seen 115
 One so beautiful of mien,
 One so royal in attire,
 When in arms completely furnished,
 Harness gold-inlaid and burnished,
 Mantle like a flame of fire. 120

Thus came Olaf to his own,
 When upon the night-wind blown
 Passed that cry along the shore ;
 And he answered, while the rifted
 Streamers o'er him shook and shifted, 125
 “ I accept thy challenge, Thor ! ”

III

THORA OF RIMOL

“ Thora of Rimol ! hide me ! hide me !
 Danger and shame and death betide me !
 For Olaf the King is hunting me down
 Through field and forest, through thorp and town ! ”
 Thus cried Jarl Hakon 131
 To Thora, the fairest of women.

131. *Jarl* or *Earl Hakon*. The story of Earl Hakon's flight, his concealment by Thora in the swine sty, his murder by his

“Hakon Jarl! for the love I bear thee
Neither shall shame nor death come near thee!
But the hiding-place wherein thou must lie 135
Is the cave underneath the swine in the sty.”

Thus to Jarl Hakon
Said Thora, the fairest of women.

So Hakon Jarl and his base thrall Karker
Crouched in the cave, than a dungeon darker, 140
As Olaf came riding, with men in mail,
Through the forest roads into Orkadale,
Demanding Jarl Hakon
Of Thora, the fairest of women.

“Rich and honored shall be whoever 145
The head of Hakon Jarl shall dissever!”
Hakon heard him, and Karker the slave,
Through the breathing-holes of the darksome cave.
Alone in her chamber
Wept Thora, the fairest of women. 150

Said Karker, the crafty, “I will not slay thee!
For all the king’s gold I will never betray thee!”
“Then why dost thou turn so pale, O churl,
And then again black as the earth?” said the
Earl.
More pale and more faithful 155
Was Thora, the fairest of women.

thrall Karker, who lay concealed with him, Karker’s carrying the head to Olaf, and then being beheaded also by Olaf, are all told in chapters liii to lvi of the *Saga*.

142. *Orkadale*, or *Orkadal*, is on the river *Orka*, flowing into *Thronthjem Fiord*.

From a dream in the night the thrall started, saying,
 "Round my neck a gold ring King Olaf was laying!"
 And Hakon answered, "Beware of the king!
 He will lay round thy neck a blood-red ring." 160
 At the ring on her finger
 Gazed Thora, the fairest of women.

At daybreak slept Hakon, with sorrows encumbered,
 But screamed and drew up his feet as he slumbered;
 The thrall in the darkness plunged with his knife, 165
 And the Earl awakened no more in this life.
 But wakeful and weeping
 Sat Thora, the fairest of women.

At Nidarholm the priests are all singing,
 Two ghastly heads on the gibbet are swinging; 170
 One is Jarl Hakon's and one is his thrall's,
 And the people are shouting from windows and walls;
 While alone in her chamber
 Swoons Thora, the fairest of women.

IV

QUEEN SIGRID THE HAUGHTY

Queen Sigrid the Haughty sat proud and aloft 175
 In her chamber, that looked over meadow and croft.
 Heart's dearest,
 Why dost thou sorrow so?

169. *Nidarholm*, or island of the river Nid, now Munkholm, opposite Thronhjelm.

175. *Queen Sigrid* of Sweden. Her adventures, and how she came to be called the Haughty, are related in chapter xlviii of the *Saga*.

The floor with tassels of fir was besprent,
Filling the room with their fragrant scent. 180

She heard the birds sing, she saw the sun shine,
The air of summer was sweeter than wine.

Like a sword without scabbard the bright river
lay
Between her own kingdom and Norroway.

But Olaf the King had sued for her hand, 185
The sword would be sheathed, the river be spanned.

Her maidens were seated around her knee,
Working bright figures in tapestry.

And one was singing the ancient rune
Of Brynhilda's love and the wrath of Gudrun. 190

And through it, and round it, and over it all
Sounded incessant the waterfall.

The Queen in her hand held a ring of gold,
From the door of Ladé's Temple old.

King Olaf had sent her this wedding gift, 195
But her thoughts as arrows were keen and swift.

190. A grewsome story out of an old Edda, well suited to the taste of the haughty Sigrid.

194. One of Olaf's feats was to destroy a heathen temple at Ladé (Lah-day) in Throndhjem, and to carry off the ornaments, among them a great gold ring which hung on the door of the temple. He sent this ring to Sigrid when he was paying court to her.

She had given the ring to her goldsmiths twain,
Who smiled, as they handed it back again.

And Sigrid the Queen, in her haughty way,
Said, " Why do you smile, my goldsmiths, say ? " 200

And they answered : " O Queen ! if the truth must
be told,
The ring is of copper, and not of gold ! "

The lightning flashed o'er her forehead and cheek,
She only murmured, she did not speak :

" If in his gifts he can faithless be, 205
There will be no gold in his love to me."

A footstep was heard on the outer stair,
And in strode King Olaf with royal air.

He kissed the Queen's hand, and he whispered of
love,
And swore to be true as the stars are above. 210

But she smiled with contempt as she answered : " O
King,
Will you swear it, as Odin once swore, on the ring ? "

And the King : " Oh, speak not of Odin to me,
The wife of King Olaf a Christian must be."

212. The ring had been hung by Hakon as a votive offering, for, though nominally a Christian, the king endeavored to conciliate the more than half heathen people by constructing and adorning heathen temples.

Looking straight at the King, with her level brows, 215
She said, "I keep true to my faith and my vows."

Then the face of King Olaf was darkened with
gloom,
He rose in his anger and strode through the room.

"Why, then, should I care to have thee?" he said, —
"A faded old woman, a heathenish jade!" 220

His zeal was stronger than fear or love,
And he struck the Queen in the face with his glove.

Then forth from the chamber in anger he fled,
And the wooden stairway shook with his tread.

Queen Sigrid the Haughty said under her breath, 225
"This insult, King Olaf, shall be thy death!"
Heart's dearest,
Why dost thou sorrow so?

V

THE SKERRY OF SHRIEKS

Now from all King Olaf's farms
His men-at-arms 230
Gathered on the Eve of Easter;
To his house at Augvalds-ness
Fast they press,
Drinking with the royal feaster.

232. *Ness*, in terminations of Scandinavian names, is nose, or
cape.

Loudly through the wide-flung door 235
Came the roar

Of the sea upon the Skerry;
And its thunder loud and near
 Reached the ear,
Mingling with their voices merry. 240

“Hark!” said Olaf to his Scald,
 Halfred the Bald,
 “Listen to that song, and learn it!
 Half my kingdom would I give,
 As I live,
 If by such songs you would earn it!

245

“For of all the runes and rhymes
Of all times,
Best I like the ocean’s dirges,
When the old harper heaves and rocks, 250
His hoary locks
Flowing and flashing in the surges !”

Halfred answered : " I am called
The Unappalled !
Nothing hinders me or daunts me. 255
Hearken to me, then, O King,
While I sing
The great Ocean Song that haunts me."

“I will hear your song sublime
Some other time,” 260
Says the drowsy monarch, yawning,

237. *Skerry* is the Scandinavian word for rocky isle ; a kindred word *scar* is oftener met in English poetry.

And retires ; each laughing guest
Applauds the jest ;
Then they sleep till day is dawning.

Pacing up and down the yard, 265
 King Olaf's guard
 Saw the sea-mist slowly creeping
 O'er the sands, and up the hill,
 Gathering still
 Round the house where they were sleeping. 270

It was not the fog he saw,
Nor misty flaw,
That above the landscape brooded ;
It was Eyvind Kallda's crew
Of warlocks blue
With their caps of darkness hooded !

275

Round and round the house they go,
Weaving slow
Magic circles to encumber
And imprison in their ring
Olaf the King,
As he helpless lies in slumber.

Then athwart the vapors dun
 The Easter sun
 Streamed with one broad track of splendor! 285

274. The *Saga* relates that not long before the feast, Olaf summoned all the sorcerers or warlocks into his presence, shut them up in a house, and then burned the house, determined to rid the land of all who dealt in evil spirits. But one of the sorcerers, Eyvind Kallda, escaped in the smoke that flew up the chimney.

In their real forms appeared
 The warlocks weird,
 Awful as the Witch of Endor.

Blinded by the light that glared,
 They groped and stared, 290
 Round about with steps unsteady ;
 From his window Olaf gazed,
 And, amazed,
 " Who are these strange people ? " said he.

" Eyvind Kallda and his men ! " 295
 Answered then
 From the yard a sturdy farmer ;
 While the men-at-arms apace
 Filled the place,
 Busily buckling on their armor. 300

From the gates they sallied forth,
 South and north,
 Scoured the island coast around them,
 Seizing all the warlock band,
 Foot and hand 305
 On the Skerry's rocks they bound them.

And at eve the king again
 Called his train,
 And, with all the candles burning,
 Silent sat and heard once more 310
 The sullen roar
 Of the ocean tides returning.

288. *The Witch of Endor* was the Soothsayer whom Saul consulted upon the eve of his last encounter with the Philistines. Cf. 1 Samuel xxxviii, 7 ff.

Shrieks and cries of wild despair

Filled the air,

Growing fainter as they listened ;

315

Then the bursting surge alone

Sounded on ; —

'Thus the sorcerers were christened !

“Sing, O Scald, your song sublime,

Your ocean-rhyme,"

320

Cried King Olaf; "it will cheer me!"

Said the Scald, with pallid cheeks,

"The Skerry of Shrieks"

Sings too loud for you to hear me ! ”

VI

THE WRAITH OF ODIN

The guests were loud, the ale was strong,

325

King Olaf feasted late and long ;

The hoary Scalds together sang ;

O'erhead the smoky rafters rang.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The door swung wide, with creak and din ; 330

A blast of cold night-air came in,

329. In old ballads we frequently find what is called a *refrain*, a line which recurs at the end of each stanza. It does not always seem to have a direct reference to the story in the ballad, but is a monotonous expression of the prevailing tone. Here, for example, the story makes no mention of Sir Morten of Fogelsang, but the line regularly calls up, throughout the ballad, the image of a ghost galloping, as if, whenever the singer paused, one could hear the hoof-beats of the ghostly steed.

And on the threshold shivering stood
A one-eyed guest, with cloak and hood.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The King exclaimed, "O graybeard pale ! 335
Come warin thee with this cup of ale."
The foaming draught the old man quaffed,
The noisy guests looked on and laughed.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Then spake the King : " Be not afraid : 340
Sit here by me." The guest obeyed,
And, seated at the table, told
Tales of the sea, and Sagas old.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

And ever, when the tale was o'er, 345
The King demanded yet one more ;
Till Sigurd the Bishop smiling said,
" 'T is late, O King, and time for bed."
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The King retired ; the stranger guest 350
Followed and entered with the rest ;
The lights were out, the pages gone,
But still the garrulous guest spake on.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

As one who from a volume reads, 355
He spake of heroes and their deeds,
Of lands and cities he had seen,
And stormy gulfs that tossed between.
Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Then from his lips in music rolled 360
The Havamal of Odin old,
With sounds mysterious as the roar
Of billows on a distant shore.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

“Do we not learn from runes and rhymes 365
Made by the gods in elder times,
And do not still the great Scalds teach
That silence better is than speech?”

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

Smiling at this, the King replied, 370
“Thy lore is by thy tongue belied;
For never was I so enthralled
Either by Saga-man or Scald.”

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

The Bishop said, “Late hours we keep! 375
Night wanes, O King! ’t is time for sleep!”
Then slept the King, and when he woke
The guest was gone, the morning broke.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

They found the doors securely barred, 380
They found the watch-dog in the yard,
There was no footprint in the grass,
And none had seen the stranger pass.

Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

King Olaf crossed himself and said: 385
“I know that Odin the Great is dead;

361. *Odin* was the chief god in Scandinavian mythology; he was the father of *Thor*. The *Havamal* was his high song.

Sure is the triumph of our Faith,
 The one-eyed stranger was his wraith."
 Dead rides Sir Morten of Fogelsang.

VII

IRON-BEARD

Olaf the King, one summer morn, 390
 Blew a blast on his bugle-horn,
 Sending his signal through the land of Drontheim.

And to the Hus-Ting held at Mere
 Gathered the farmers far and near,
 With their war weapons ready to confront him. 395

Ploughing under the morning star,
 Old Iron-Beard in Yriar
 Heard the summons, chuckling with a low laugh.

He wiped the sweat-drops from his brow,
 Unharnessed his horses from the plough, 400
 And clattering came on horseback to King Olaf.

He was the churliest of the churls ;
 Little he cared for king or earls ;
 Bitter as home-brewed ale were his foaming passions.

393. A *ting* or *thing* (*h* silent) was an assembly ; a *hus-ting* was an assembly of householders, and in English politics has passed into hustings. The parliament of Norway is called the *Storthing*, or great-meeting.

397. Jern Skjaegge, or *Iron-Beard*, who lived in Ophaug in Yriar, was a notable peasant landlord who upheld the religion of Odin in opposition to Christianity.



“Sending his signal through the land of Drontheim.”

Hodden-gray was the garb he wore, 405
And by the Hammer of Thor he swore ;
He hated the narrow town, and all its fashions.

But he loved the freedom of his farm,
His ale at night, by the fireside warm,
Gudrun his daughter, with her flaxen tresses. 410

He loved his horses and his herds,
The smell of the earth, and the song of birds,
His well-filled barns, his brook with its water-cresses.

Huge and cumbersome was his frame ;
His beard, from which he took his name, 415
Frosty and fierce, like that of Hymer the Giant.

So at the Hus-Ting he appeared,
The farmer of Yriar, Iron-Beard,
On horseback, in an attitude defiant.

And to King Olaf he cried aloud, 420
Out of the middle of the crowd,
That tossed about him like a stormy ocean :

“ Such sacrifices shalt thou bring
To Odin and to Thor, O King,
As other kings have done in their devotion ! ” 425

King Olaf answered : “ I command
This land to be a Christian land ;
Here is my Bishop who the folk baptizes !

405. *Hodden-gray*, a coarse cloth made of undyed wool, of the natural color, formerly much worn by peasants.

416. A giant whose glance split rocks.

“ But if you ask me to restore
Your sacrifices, stained with gore, 430
Then will I offer human sacrifices !

“ Not slaves and peasants shall they be,
But men of note and high degree,
Such men as Orm of Lyra and Kar of Gryting ! ”

Then to their Temple strode he in, 435
And loud behind him heard the din
Of his men-at-arms and the peasants fiercely fighting.

There in the Temple, carved in wood,
The image of great Odin stood,
And other gods, with Thor supreme among them. 440

King Olaf smote them with the blade
Of his huge war-axe, gold inlaid,
And downward shattered to the pavement flung them.

At the same moment rose without,
From the contending crowd, a shout, 445
A mingled sound of triumph and of wailing.

And there upon the trampled plain
The farmer Iron-Beard lay slain,
Midway between the assailed and the assailing.

King Olaf from the doorway spoke : 450
“ Choose ye between two things, my folk,
To be baptized or given up to slaughter ! ”

434. He named, according to the *Saga*, eleven of the principal men among the peasants.

And seeing their leader stark and dead,
The people with a murmur said,
“O King, baptize us with thy holy water.” 455

So all the Drontheim land became
A Christian land in name and fame,
In the old gods no more believing and trusting.

And as a blood-atonement, soon
King Olaf wed the fair Gudrun ; 460
And thus in peace ended the Drontheim Hus-Ting !

VIII

GUDRUN

On King Olaf's bridal night
Shines the moon with tender light,
And across the chamber streams
Its tide of dreams. 465

At the fatal midnight hour,
When all evil things have power,
In the glimmer of the moon
Stands Gudrun.

Close against her heaving breast 470
Something in her hand is pressed ;
Like an icicle, its sheen
Is cold and keen.

On the cairn are fixed her eyes
Where her murdered father lies, 475

460. That is, as a blood-atonement for the slaughter of Iron-Beard. Gudrun was Iron-Beard's daughter.

And a voice remote and drear
She seems to hear.

What a bridal night is this !
Cold will be the dagger's kiss ;
Laden with the chill of death 480
Is its breath.

Like the drifting snow she sweeps
To the couch where Olaf sleeps ;
Suddenly he wakes and stirs,
His eyes meet hers. 485

"What is that," King Olaf said,
"Gleams so bright above my head ?
Wherefore standest thou so white
In pale moonlight ?"

"'T is the bodkin that I wear 490
When at night I bind my hair ;
It woke me falling on the floor ;
'T is nothing more."

"Forests have ears, and fields have eyes ;
Often treachery lurking lies 495
Underneath the fairest hair !
Gudrun beware !"

Ere the earliest peep of morn
Blew King Olaf's bugle-horn ;
And forever sundered ride 500
Bridegroom and bride !

IX

THANGBRAND THE PRIEST

Short of stature, large of limb,
 Burly face and russet beard,
 All the women stared at him,
 When in Iceland he appeared. 505
 "Look!" they said,
 With nodding head,
 "There goes Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

All the prayers he knew by rote,
 He could preach like Chrysostom, 510

502. The *Heimskringla* narrates: "When King Olaf Trygvesson had been two years king of Norway, there was a Saxon priest in his house who was called Thangbrand, a passionate, ungovernable man, and a great man-slayer, but he was a good scholar and a clever man. The king would not have him in his house on account of his misdeeds; but gave him the errand to go to Iceland, and bring that land to the Christian faith. The king gave him a merchant vessel; and, as far as we know of this voyage of his, he landed first in Iceland at Ostfiord, in the southern Altafiord, and passed the winter in the house of Hall of Sidu. Thangbrand proclaimed Christianity in Iceland, and on his persuasion Hall and all his house-people, and many other chiefs, allowed themselves to be baptized; but there were many more who spoke against it. Thorvald Veile and Veterlid the Scald composed a satire about Thangbrand; but he killed them both outright. Thangbrand was two years in Iceland, and was the death of three men before he left it." This is the complete narrative in the *Heimskringla*, and is given here to enable the student to see at a glance how skilfully Mr. Longfellow has shaped his material into poetic form.

510. *Chrysostom*, a father of the Grecian church, was especially renowned for his "golden eloquence."

From the Fathers he could quote,
He had even been at Rome.
A learned clerk,
A man of mark,
Was this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest. 515

He was quarrelsome and loud,
And impatient of control,
Boisterous in the market crowd,
Boisterous at the wassail-bowl;
Everywhere 520
Would drink and swear,
Swaggering Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

In his house this malcontent
Could the King no longer bear,
So to Iceland he was sent 525
To convert the heathen there,
And away
One summer day
Sailed this Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

There in Iceland, o'er their books 530
Pored the people day and night,
But he did not like their looks,
Nor the songs they used to write.
"All this rhyme
Is waste of time!" 535
Grumbled Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

To the alehouse, where he sat,
Came the Scalds and Saga-men :

Is it to be wondered at
That they quarrelled now and then, 540
When o'er his beer
Began to leer
Drunken Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest?

All the folk in Altafiord
Boasted of their island grand; 545
Saying in a single word,
"Iceland is the finest land
That the sun
Doth shine upon!"
Loud laughed Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest. 550

And he answered: "What's the use
Of this bragging up and down,
When three women and one goose
Make a market in your town!"
Every Scald 555
Satires scrawled
On poor Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

Something worse they did than that;
And what vexed him most of all
Was a figure in shovel hat, 560
Drawn in charcoal on the wall;
With words that go
Sprawling below,
"This is Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest."

Hardly knowing what he did, 565
Then he smote them might and main;

Thorvald Veile and Veterlid
 Lay there in the alehouse slain.
 "To-day we are gold,
 To-morrow mould!"
 Muttered Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

570

Much in fear of axe and rope,
 Back to Norway sailed he then.
 "O King Olaf! little hope
 Is there of these Iceland men!"
 Meekly said,
 With bending head,
 Pious Thangbrand, Olaf's Priest.

575

X

RAUD THE STRONG

"All the old gods are dead,
 All the wild warlocks fled;
 But the White Christ lives and reigns,
 And throughout my wide domains
 His Gospel shall be spread!"
 On the Evangelists
 Thus swore King Olaf.

580

585

But still in dreams of the night
 Beheld he the crimson light,
 And heard the voice that defied
 Him who was crucified,
 And challenged him to the fight.
 To Sigurd the Bishop
 King Olaf confessed it.

590

And Sigurd the Bishop said,
“The old gods are not dead,
For the great Thor still reigns,
And among the Jarls and Thanes
The old witchcraft still is spread.”
Thus to King Olaf
Said Sigurd the Bishop. 595

“Far north in the Salten Fiord,
By rapine, fire, and sword,
Lives the Viking, Raud the Strong;
All the Godoe Isles belong
To him and his heathen horde.”
Thus went on speaking
Sigurd the Bishop. 600 605

“A warlock, a wizard is he,
And lord of the wind and the sea;
And whichever way he sails,
He has ever favoring gales,
By his craft in sorcery.”
Here the sign of the cross
Made devoutly King Olaf. 610

“With rites that we both abhor,
He worships Odin and Thor;
So it cannot yet be said,
That all the old gods are dead,
And the warlocks are no more,”
Flushing with anger
Said Sigurd the Bishop. 615 620

Then King Olaf cried aloud :
 “I will talk with this mighty Raud,
 And along the Salten Fiord
 Preach the Gospel with my sword,
 Or be brought back in my shroud !” 625
 So northward from Drontheim
 Sailed King Olaf !

XI

BISHOP SIGURD OF SALTEN FIORD

Loud the angry wind was wailing
 As King Olaf's ships came sailing
 Northward out of Drontheim haven 630
 To the mouth of Salten Fiord.

Though the flying sea-spray drenches
 Fore and aft the rowers' benches,
 Not a single heart is craven
 Of the champions there on board. 635

All without the Fiord was quiet,
 But within it storm and riot,
 Such as on his Viking cruises
 Raud the Strong was wont to ride.

And the sea through all its tide-ways 640
 Swept the reeling vessels sideways,

640. The entrance to the Salten Fiord is narrow, and the vast mass of water within, when it flows out at ebb-tide, rushes in a tremendous race far out to sea, making the passage a perilous one.

As the leaves are swept through sluices,
When the flood-gates open wide.

“’T is the warlock! ’t is the demon
Raud!” cried Sigurd to the seamen; 645
“But the Lord is not affrighted
By the witchcraft of his foes.”

To the ship’s bow he ascended,
By his choristers attended,
Round him were the tapers lighted, 650
And the sacred incense rose.

On the bow stood Bishop Sigurd,
In his robes, as one transfigured,
And the Crucifix he planted
High amid the rain and mist. 655

Then with holy water sprinkled
All the ship; the mass-bells tinkled:
Loud the monks around him chanted,
Loud he read the Evangelist.

As into the Fiord they darted, 660
On each side the water parted;
Down a path like silver molten
Steadily rowed King Olaf’s ships;

Steadily burned all night the tapers,
And the White Christ through the vapors 665
Gleamed across the Fiord of Salten,
As through John’s Apocalypse, —

Till at last they reached Raud's dwelling
On the little isle of Gelling ;
Not a guard was at the doorway, 670
 Not a glimmer of light was seen.

But at anchor, carved and gilded,
Lay the dragon-ship he builded ;
'T was the grandest ship in Norway,
 With its crest and scales of green. 675

Up the stairway softly creeping,
To the loft where Raud was sleeping,
With their fists they burst asunder
 Bolt and bar that held the door.

Drunken with sleep and ale they found him, 680
Dragged him from his bed and bound him,
While he stared with stupid wonder
 At the look and garb they wore.

Then King Olaf said : " O Sea-King !
Little time have we for speaking, 685
Choose between the good and evil ;
 Be baptized ! or thou shalt die ! "

But in scorn the heathen scoffer
Answered : " I disdain thine offer ;
Neither fear I God nor Devil ; 690
 Thee and thy Gospel I defy ! "

Then between his jaws distended,
When his frantic struggles ended,

Through King Olaf's horn an adder,
Touched by fire, they forced to glide. 695

Sharp his tooth was as an arrow,
As he gnawed through bone and marrow ;
But without a groan or shudder,
Raud the Strong blaspheming died.

Then baptized they all that region, 700
Swarthy Lap and fair Norwegian,
Far as swims the salmon, leaping,
Up the streams of Salten Fiord.

In their temples Thor and Odin
Lay in dust and ashes trodden, 705
As King Olaf, onward sweeping,
Preached the Gospel with his sword.

Then he took the carved and gilded
Dragon-ship that Raud had builded,
And the tiller single-handed 710
Grasping, steered into the main.

Southward sailed the sea-gulls o'er him,
Southward sailed the ship that bore him,
Till at Drontheim haven landed
Olaf and his crew again. 715

XII

KING OLAF'S CHRISTMAS

At Drontheim, Olaf the King
 Heard the bells of Yule-tide ring,
 As he sat in his banquet hall,
 Drinking the nut-brown ale,
 With his bearded Berserks hale 720
 And tall.

Three days his Yule-tide feasts
 He held with Bishops and Priests,
 And his horn filled up to the brim ;
 But the ale was never too strong, 725
 Nor the Saga-man's tale too long,
 For him.

O'er his drinking-horn, the sign
 He made of the cross divine,
 As he drank, and muttered his prayers ; 730
 But the Berserks evermore
 Made the sign of the Hammer of Thor
 Over theirs.

The gleams of the fire-light dance
 Upon helmet and hauberk and lance, 735
 And laugh in the eyes of the King ;
 And he cries to Halfred the Scald,
 Gray-bearded, wrinkled and bald,
 " Sing ! "

720. The *Berserks* were men supposed to be possessed of exceeding strength, which became, indeed, superhuman when they were excited to fury.

“Sing me a song divine,
 With a sword in every line,
 And this shall be thy reward.”
 And he loosened the belt at his waist,
 And in front of the singer placed
 His sword. 745

“Quern-biter of Hakon the Good,
 Wherewith at a stroke he hewed
 The millstone through and through,
 And Foot-breadth of Thoralf the Strong,
 Were neither so broad nor so long, 750
 Nor so true.”

Then the Scald took his harp and sang,
 And loud through the music rang
 The sound of that shining word ;
 And the harp-strings a clangor made, 755
 As if they were struck with the blade
 Of a sword.

And the Berserks round about
 Broke forth into a shout

742. In the *Heimskringla* Mr. Laing has translated Halfred's sword-song as follows:—

This sword of swords is my reward.
 For him who knows to wield a sword,
 And with his sword to serve his lord,
 Yet wants a sword, his lot is hard.
 I would I had my good lord's leave
 For this good sword a sheath to choose ;
 I 'm worth three swords where men swords use,
 But for the sword-sheath now I grieve.

746. *Quern* is the Icelandic word for the millstone ; so the sword won its epithet by the feat suggested in lines 747-48.

749. *Thoralf* Skolinson the Strong was one of the guards of Earl Hakon. The two men were said to be equal in strength.

752. See the sword-song.

That made the rafters ring : 760
 They smote with their fists on the board,
 And shouted, " Long live the Sword,
 And the King ! "

But the King said, " O my son,
 I miss the bright word in one 765
 Of thy measures and thy rhymes."
 And Halfred the Scald replied,
 " In another 't was multiplied
 Three times."

Then King Olaf raised the hilt 770
 Of iron, cross-shaped and gilt,
 And said, " Do not refuse ;
 Count well the gain and the loss,
 Thor's hammer or Christ's cross :
 Choose ! " 775

And Halfred the Scald said, " This
 In the name of the Lord I kiss,
 Who on it was crucified ! "
 And a shout went round the board,
 " In the name of Christ the Lord, 780
 Who died ! "

Then over the waste of snows
 The noonday sun uprose,
 Through the driving mists revealed,
 Like the lifting of the Host, 785
 By incense-clouds almost
 Concealed.

764. In the *Saga* Olaf is said to have been godfather to Halfred.

On the shining wall a vast
And shadowy cross was cast
 From the hilt of the lifted sword, 790
And in foaming cups of ale
The Berserks drank "Was-hael!
 To the Lord!"

XIII

THE BUILDING OF THE LONG SERPENT

Thorberg Skafting, master-builder,
 In his ship-yard by the sea, 795
Whistling said, "It would bewilder
Any man but Thorberg Skafting,
 Any man but me!"

Near him lay the Dragon stranded,
 Built of old by Raud the Strong, 800
And King Olaf had commanded
He should build another Dragon,
 Twice as large and long.

Therefore whistled Thorberg Skafting,
 As he sat with half-closed eyes, 805
And his head turned sideways, drafting
That new vessel for King Olaf
 Twice the Dragon's size.

Round him busily hewed and hammered
 Mallet huge and heavy axe; 810

792. *Was-hael*, which has been modified into wassail, is "Your health!"

Workmen laughed and sang and clamored;
Whirred the wheels, that into rigging
Spun the shining flax!

All this tumult heard the master, —
It was music to his ear ; 815
Fancy whispered all the faster,
“Men shall hear of Thorberg Skafting
For a hundred year!”

Workmen sweating at the forges
Fashioned iron bolt and bar, 820
Like a warlock's midnight orgies
Smoked and bubbled the black caldron
With the boiling tar.

Did the warlocks mingle in it,
Thorberg Skafting, any curse? 825
Could you not be gone a minute
But some mischief must be doing,
Turning bad to worse?

'T was an ill wind that came wafting
From his homestead words of woe; 830
To his farm went Thorberg Skafting,
Oft repeating to his workmen,
Build ye thus and so.

After long delays returning
Came the master back by night; 835
To his ship-yard longing, yearning,
Hurried he, and did not leave it
Till the morning's light.

“Come and see my ship, my darling!”

On the morrow said the King;

840

“Finished now from keel to carling;

Never yet was seen in Norway

Such a wondrous thing!”

In the ship-yard, idly talking,

At the ship the workmen stared :

845

Some one, all their labor balking,

Down her sides had cut deep gashes,

Not a plank was spared !

“Death be to the evil-doer !”

With an oath King Olaf spoke ;

850

“But rewards to his pursuer !”

And with wrath his face grew redder

Than his scarlet cloak.

Straight the master-builder, smiling,

Answered thus the angry King :

855

“Cease blaspheming and reviling,

Olaf, it was Thorberg Skafting

Who has done this thing !”

Then he chipped and smoothed the planking,

Till the King, delighted, swore,

860

With much lauding and much thanking,

“Handsomer is now my Dragon

Than she was before !”

Seventy ells and four extended

On the grass the vessel's keel ;

865

High above it, gilt and splendid,
Rose the figure-head ferocious
With its crest of steel.

Then they launched her from the tressels,
In the ship-yard by the sea ;
She was the grandest of all vessels,
Never ship was built in Norway
Half so fine as she !

870

The Long Serpent was she christened,
'Mid the roar of cheer on cheer !
They who to the Saga listened
Heard the name of Thorberg Skafting
For a hundred year !

XIV

THE CREW OF THE LONG SERPENT

Safe at anchor in Drontheim bay
King Olaf's fleet assembled lay, 880
And, striped with white and blue,
Downward fluttered sail and banner,
As alights the screaming lanner ;
Lustily cheered, in their wild manner,
The Long Serpent's crew. 885

878. The story follows closely the version in the *Saga*. Perhaps the explanation is that Thorberg, called away vexatiously to a distant farm, came back to find his work done without him, and therefore marred it that he might mend it and have all the glory of the naval wonder.

Her forecastle man was Ulf the Red ;
 Like a wolf's was his shaggy head,
 His teeth as large and white ;
 His beard, of gray and russet blended,
 Round as a swallow's nest descended ; 890
 As standard-bearer he defended
 Olaf's flag in the fight.

Near him Kolbiorn had his place,
 Like the King in garb and face,
 So gallant and so hale ; 895
 Every cabin-boy and varlet
 Wondered at his cloak of scarlet ;
 Like a river, frozen and star-lit,
 Gleamed his coat of mail.

By the bulkhead, tall and dark, 900
 Stood Thrand Rame of Thelemark,
 A figure gaunt and grand ;
 On his hairy arm imprinted
 Was an anchor, azure-tinted ;
 Like Thor's hammer, huge and dinted 905
 Was his brawny hand.

Einar Tamberskelver, bare
 To the winds his golden hair,
 By the mainmast stood ;
 Graceful was his form, and slender, 910
 And his eyes were deep and tender
 As a woman's, in the splendor
 Of her maidenhood.

886. *Ulf* is wolf.

901. *Th* in these several proper names is sounded as **T**.

In the fore-hold Biorn and Bork
 Watched the sailors at their work : 915

Heavens ! how they swore !
 Thirty men they each commanded,
 Iron-sinewed, horny-handed,
 Shoulders broad, and chests expanded,
 Tugging at the oar. 920

These, and many more like these,
 With King Olaf sailed the seas,
 Till the waters vast
 Filled them with a vague devotion,
 With the freedom and the motion, 925
 With the roll and roar of ocean
 And the sounding blast.

When they landed from the fleet,
 How they roared through Drontheim's street,
 Boisterous as the gale ! 930
 How they laughed and stamped and pounded,
 Till the tavern roof resounded,
 And the host looked on astounded
 As they drank the ale !

Never saw the wild North Sea 935
 Such a gallant company
 Sail its billows blue !
 Never, while they cruised and quarrelled,
 Old King Gorm, or Blue-Tooth Harald,
 Owned a ship so well apparelled, 940
 Boasted such a crew !

939. *Old King Gorm* was the first king of united Denmark ;
Blue-Tooth Harald was his son.

XV

A LITTLE BIRD IN THE AIR

A little bird in the air
Is singing of Thyri the fair,
The sister of Svend the Dane ;
And the song of the garrulous bird 945
In the streets of the town is heard,
And repeated again and again.
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

To King Burislaf, it is said, 950
Was the beautiful Thyri wed,
And a sorrowful bride went she ;
And after a week and a day
She has fled away and away
From his town by the stormy sea. 955
Hoist up your sails of silk,
And flee away from each other.

They say, that through heat and through cold,
Through weald, they say, and through wold,
By day and by night, they say, 960
She has fled ; and the gossips report
She has come to King Olaf's court,

944. *Svend Forked-Beard*, the Dane, son of Blue-Tooth Harald, was the conqueror of England and father of Canute the Great.

950. *Burislaf* was an old heathen king of the Vends, to whom Svend had promised his sister in marriage, but Thyri had no mind to wed him.

And the town is all in dismay.
 Hoist up your sails of silk,
 And flee away from each other. 965

It is whispered King Olaf has seen,
 Has talked with the beautiful Queen ;
 And they wonder how it will end ;
 For surely, if here she remain,
 It is war with King Svend the Dane, 970
 And King Burislaf the Vend !
 Hoist up your sails of silk,
 And flee away from each other.

Oh, greatest wonder of all !
 It is published in hamlet and hall, 975
 It roars like a flame that is fanned !
 The King — yes, Olaf the King —
 Has wedded her with his ring,
 And Thyri is Queen in the land !
 Hoist up your sails of silk, 980
 And flee away from each other.

XVI

QUEEN THYRI AND THE ANGELICA STALKS

Northward over Drontheim,
 Flew the clamorous sea-gulls,
 Sang the lark and linnet
 From the meadows green ; 985

Weeping in her chamber,
 Lonely and unhappy,

Sat the Drottning Thyri,
Sat King Olaf's Queen.

In at all the windows 990
Streamed the pleasant sunshine,
On the roof above her
Softly cooed the dove ;

But the sound she heard not,
Nor the sunshine heeded, 995
For the thoughts of Thyri
Were not thoughts of love.

Then King Olaf entered,
Beautiful as morning,
Like the sun at Easter 1000
Shone his happy face ;

In his hand he carried
Angelicas uprooted,
With delicious fragrance
Filling all the place. 1005

Like a rainy midnight
Sat the Drottning Thyri,
Even the smile of Olaf
Could not cheer her gloom ;

Nor the stalks he gave her 1010
With a gracious gesture,
And with words as pleasant
As their own perfume.

988. *Drottning* ; queen.

In her hands he placed them,
 And her jewelled fingers 1015
 Through the green leaves glistened
 Like the dews of morn ;

But she cast them from her,
 Haughty and indignant,
 On the floor she threw them 1020
 With a look of scorn.

“ Richer presents,” said she,
 “ Gave King Harald Gormson
 To the Queen, my mother,
 Than such worthless weeds, 1025

“ When he ravaged Norway
 Laying waste the kingdom,
 Seizing scatt and treasure
 For her royal needs.

“ But thou dardest not venture 1030
 Through the Sound to Vendland,
 My domains to rescue
 From King Burislaf ;

“ Lest Kind Svend of Denmark,
 Forked Beard, my brother, 1035
 Scatter all thy vessels
 As the wind the chaff.”

1028. *Scatt* is Icelandic for tribute.

1031. *Vendland* appears to have been the present Mecklenburg, Pomerania, and East Prussia.

Then up sprang King Olaf,
Like a reindeer bounding,
With an oath he answered 1040
Thus the luckless Queen :

“Never yet did Olaf
Fear King Svend of Denmark ;
This right hand shall hale him
By his forked chin !” 1045

Then he left the chamber,
Thundering through the doorway,
Loud his steps resounded
Down the outer stair.

Smarting with the insult, 1050
Through the streets of Drontheim
Strode he red and wrathful,
With his stately air.

All his ships he gathered,
Summoned all his forces, 1055
Making his war levy
In the region round.

Down the coast of Norway,
Like a flock of sea-gulls,
Sailed the fleet of Olaf 1060
Through the Danish Sound.

With his own hand fearless
Steered he the Long Serpent,
Strained the creaking cordage
Bent each boom and gaff ; 1065

Till in Vendland landing,
 The domains of Thyri
 He redeemed and rescued
 From King Burislaſ.

Then ſaid Olaf, laughing : 1070
 “Not ten yoke of oxen
 Have the power to draw us
 Like a woman’s hair !

“Now will I confeſs it,
 Better things are jewels 1075
 Than angelica ſtalks are
 For a queen to wear.”

XVII

KING SVEND OF THE FORKED BEARD

Loudly the ſailors cheered
 Svend of the Forked Beard,
 As with his fleet he ſteered 1080
 Southward to Vendland ;
 Where with their courſes hauled
 All were together called,
 Under the Isle of Svald
 Near to the mainland. 1085

1084. The antiquaries have looked in vain for the Isle of Svald, and have come to the concluſion that it was between the iſland of Rügen and the continent, but diſappeared in the fourteenth century, when great changes took place in the coaſt line of the Baltic.

After Queen Gunhild's death,
So the old Saga saith,
Plighted King Svend his faith
 To Sigrid the Haughty ;
And to avenge his bride,
Soothing her wounded pride,
Over the waters wide
 King Olaf sought he.

1090

Still on her scornful face,
Blushing with deep disgrace,
Bore she the crimson trace
 Of Olaf's gauntlet ;
Like a malignant star,
Blazing in heaven afar,
Red shone the angry scar
 Under her frontlet.

1095

1100

Oft to King Svend she spake :
“ For thine own honor's sake
Shalt thou swift vengeance take
 On the vile coward ! ”
Until the King at last,
Gusty and overcast,
Like a tempestuous blast
 Threatened and lowered.

1105

Soon as the Spring appeared,
Svend of the Forked Beard
High his red standard reared,
 Eager for battle ;
While every warlike Dane,
Seizing his arms again,

1110

1115

Left all unsown the grain,
Unhoused the cattle.

Likewise the Swedish King
Summoned in haste a Thing,
Weapons and men to bring 1120
In aid of Denmark ;

Eric the Norseman, too,
As the war-tidings flew,
Sailed with a chosen crew
From Lapland and Finmark. 1125.

So upon Easter day
Sailed the three kings away,
Out of the sheltered bay,
In the bright season ;
With them Earl Sigvald came, 1130
Eager for spoil and fame ;
Pity that such a name
Stooped to such treason !

Safe under Svald at last,
Now were their anchors cast, 1135
Safe from the sea and blast,
Plotted the three kings ;
While, with a base intent,
Southward Earl Sigvald went,

1122. *Eric* was son of Earl Hakon. He had left Norway when Hakon fell, and had gone to Sweden, but still claimed rule in Norway, and attracted to himself the enemies of Olaf.

1130. *Earl Sigvald* was a relation of *Burislaf*, and the one who had arranged with King *Svend* for the marriage of his sister *Thyri* to *Burislaf*. He was won over by *Svend* and played the part of a spy on *Olaf*, while he pretended to be his friend.

THE SAGA OF KING OLAF 95

On a foul errand bent, 1140
Unto the Sea-Kings.

Thence to hold on his course
Unto King Olaf's force,
Lying within the hoarse
Mouths of Stet-haven ; 1145
Him to ensnare and bring
Unto the Danish king,
Who his dead corse would fling
Forth to the raven !

XVIII

KING OLAF AND EARL SIGVALD

On the gray sea-sands 1150
King Olaf stands,
Northward and seaward
He points with his hands.

With eddy and whirl
The sea-tides curl, 1155
Washing the sandals
Of Sigvald the Earl.

The mariners shout, .
The ships swing about,
The yards are all hoisted, 1160
The sails flutter out.

1145. The bay at the head of which is the modern Stettin.

The war-horns are played,
The anchors are weighed,
Like moths in the distance
The sails flit and fade. 1165

The sea is like lead,
The harbor lies dead,
As a corse on the seashore,
Whose spirit has fled !

On that fatal day, 1170
The histories say,
Seventy vessels
Sailed out of the bay.

But soon scattered wide
O'er the billows they ride, 1175
While Sigvald and Olaf
Sail side by side.

Cried the Earl : " Follow me !
I your pilot will be,
For I know all the channels 1180
Where flows the deep sea ! "

So into the strait
Where his foes lie in wait
Gallant King Olaf
Sails to his fate ! 1185

Then the sea-fog veils
The ships and their sails ;
Queen Sigrid the Haughty,
Thy vengeance prevails !

XIX

KING OLAF'S WAR-HORNS

“Strike the sails!” King Olaf said; 1190

“Never shall men of mine take flight,

Never away from battle I fled,

Never away from my foes!

Let God dispose

Of my life in the fight!” 1195

“Sound the horns!” said Olaf the King;

And suddenly through the drifting brume

The blare of the horns began to ring,

Like the terrible trumpet shock

Of Ragnarock, 1200

On the Day of Doom!

Louder and louder the war-horns sang

Over the level floor of the flood;

All the sails came down with a clang,

And there in the midst overhead 1205

The sun hung red

As a drop of blood.

Drifting down on the Danish fleet

Three together the ships were lashed,

So that neither should turn and retreat; 1210

In the midst, but in front of the rest,

1200. *Regnarock*, more commonly written *Ragnarök*, is the twilight of the gods in the Norse mythology, the period of the destruction of the universe.

The burnished crest
Of the Serpent flashed.

King Olaf stood on the quarter-deck,
With bow of ash and arrows of oak ; 1215
His gilded shield was without a fleck,
His helmet inlaid with gold,
And in many a fold
Hung his crimson cloak.

On the forecastle Ulf the Red 1220
Watched the lashing of the ships ;
“ If the Serpent lie so far ahead,
We shall have hard work of it here,”
Said he with a sneer
On his bearded lips. 1225

King Olaf laid an arrow on string,
“ Have I a coward on board ? ” said he.
“ Shoot it another way, O King ! ”
Sullenly answered Ulf,
The old sea-wolf ; 1230
“ You have need of me ! ”

In front came Svend, the King of the Danes,
Sweeping down with his fifty rowers ;
To the right, the Swedish king with his thanes ;
And on board of the Iron Beard 1235
Earl Eric steered
To the left with his oars.

“ These soft Danes and Swedes,” said the King,
“ At home with their wives had better stay,



THE FIELD OF KING OLAF'S ADVENTURES

Than come within reach of my Serpent's sting :
 But where Eric the Norseman leads 1241
 Heroic deeds
 Will be done to-day ! ”

Then as together the vessels crashed
 Eric severed the cables of hide, 1245
 With which King Olaf's ships were lashed,
 And left them to drive and drift
 With the currents swift
 Of the outward tide.

Louder the war-horns growl and snarl, 1250
 Sharper the dragons bite and sting !
 Eric the son of Hakon Jarl
 A death-drink salt as the sea
 Pledges to thee,
 Olaf the King ! 1255

XX

EINAR TAMBERSKELVER

It was Einar Tamberskelver
 Stood beside the mast ;
 From his yew-bow, tipped with silver,
 Flew the arrows fast ;
 Aimed at Eric unavailing, 1260
 As he sat concealed,
 Half behind the quarter-railing,
 Half behind his shield.

1256. *Einar Tamberskelver* is reckoned among Olaf's men “in the hold next the mast,” but not yet fully experienced, being only eighteen years of age.

- First an arrow struck the tiller
Just above his head ; 1265
“Sing, O Eyvind Skaldaspiller,”
Then Earl Eric said.
“Sing the song of Hakon dying,
Sing his funeral wail !”
And another arrow flying 1270
Grazed his coat of mail.
- Turning to a Lapland yeoman,
As the arrow passed,
Said Earl Eric, “Shoot that bowman
Standing by the mast.” 1275
Sooner than the word was spoken
Flew the yeoman’s shaft ;
Einar’s bow in twain was broken,
Einar only laughed.
- “What was that ?” said Olaf, standing 1280
On the quarter-deck.
“Something heard I like the stranding
Of a shattered wreck.”
Einar then, the arrow taking
From the loosened string, 1285
Answered, “That was Norway breaking
From thy hand, O King !”
- “Thou art but a poor diviner,”
Straightway Olaf said ;
“Take my bow, and swifter, Einar, 1280
Let thy shafts be sped.”

1266. *Eyvind Skaldaspiller* composed verses, called *Hakonarmal*, on the death of Earl Hakon.

Of his bows the fairest choosing,
Reached he from above ;
Einar saw the blooddrops oozing
Through his iron glove. 1295

But the bow was thin and narrow ;
At the first essay,
O'er its head he drew the arrow,
Flung the bow away ;
Said, with hot and angry temper 1300
Flushing in his cheek,
" Olaf ! for so great a Kämper
Are thy bows too weak ! "

Then, with smile of joy defiant
On his beardless lip, 1305
Scaled he, light and self-reliant,
Eric's dragon-ship.
Loose his golden locks were flowing,
Bright his armor gleamed ;
Like Saint Michael overthrowing 1310
Lucifer he seemed.

XXI

KING OLAF'S DEATH-DRINK

All day has the battle raged,
All day have the ships engaged,
But not yet is assuaged
The vengeance of Eric the Earl. 1315

1302. *Kämper* = fight.

The decks with blood are red,
 The arrows of death are sped,
 The ships are filled with the dead,
 And the spears the champions hurl.

They drift as wrecks on the tide, 1320
 The grappling-irons are plied,
 The boarders climb up the side,
 The shouts are feeble and few.

Ah! never shall Norway again
 See her sailors come back o'er the main ; 1325
 They all lie wounded or slain,
 Or asleep in the billows blue !

On the deck stands Olaf the King,
 Around him whistle and sing
 The spears that the foemen fling, 1330
 And the stones they hurl with their hands.

In the midst of the stones and the spears,
 Kolbiorn, the marshal, appears,
 His shield in the air he uprears,
 By the side of King Olaf he stands. 1335

Over the slippery wreck
 Of the Long Serpent's deck

1333. "Kolbiorn, the marshal, who had on clothes and arms like the king's, and was a remarkably stout and handsome man, went up to the king on the quarter-deck." So says the *Saga*, and from this slight suggestion Mr. Longfellow constructed the poetic incident that follows.

Sweeps Eric with hardly a check,
His lips with anger are pale ;

He hews with his axe at the mast, 1340
Till it falls, with the sails overcast,
Like a snow-covered pine in the vast
Dim forests of Orkadale.

Seeking King Olaf then,
He rushes aft with his men, 1345
As a hunter into the den
Of the bear, when he stands at bay.

“ Remember Jarl Hakon ! ” he cries ;
When lo ! on his wondering eyes
Two kingly figures arise, 1350
Two Olafs in warlike array !

Then Kolbiorn speaks in the ear
Of King Olaf a word of cheer,
In a whisper that none may hear,
With a smile on his tremulous lip ; 1355

Two shields raised high in the air,
Two flashes of golden hair,
Two scarlet meteors' glare,
And both have leaped from the ship.

Earl Eric's men in the boats 1360
Seize Kolbiorn's shield as it floats,
And cry, from their hairy throats,
“ See ! it is Olaf the King ! ”

While far on the opposite side
 Floats another shield on the tide, 1365
 Like a jewel set in the wide
 Sea-current's eddying ring.

There is told a wonderful tale,
 How the King stripped off his mail,
 Like leaves of the brown sea-kale, 1370
 As he swam beneath the main ;

But the young grew old and gray,
 And never, by night or by day,
 In his kingdom of Norroway
 Was King Olaf seen again ! 1375

XXII

THE NUN OF NIDAROS

In the convent of Drontheim,
 Alone in her chamber
 Knelt Astrid the Abbess,
 At midnight, adoring,

1368. "The report went immediately abroad, and was told by many, that King Olaf had cast off his coat of mail under water, and had swum, diving under the long ships, until he came to the Vendland cutter, and that Astrid's men had conveyed him to Vendland. . . . But, however this may have been, King Olaf Tryggvesson never came back again to his kingdom of Norway." Thus the *Heimskringla* reports. There are several similar legends, as of King Arthur, of Frederic Barbarossa, and of Holger the Dane.

1378. There is more than one Astrid in the *Saga*, and no one of them seems to have taken final refuge in a religious house. We may suppose that Mr. Longfellow imagines Olaf's mother

Beseeching, entreating 1380
The Virgin and Mother.

She heard in the silence
The voice of one speaking
Without in the darkness,
In gusts of the night-wind, 1385
Now louder, now nearer,
Now lost in the distance.

The voice of a stranger
It seemed as she listened,
Of some one who answered 1390
Beseeching, imploring,
A cry from afar off
She could not distinguish.

The voice of Saint John,
The beloved disciple, 1395
Who wandered and waited
The Master's appearance,
Alone in the darkness,
Unsheltered and friendless.

"It is accepted, 1400
The angry defiance,
The challenge of battle!
It is accepted,
But not with the weapons
Of war that thou wieldest ! 1405

in such a situation. By this means he rounds out the series of poems, making a fine conclusion to the adventures introduced by *The Challenge of Thor* in this triumph of the "Galilean."

“ Cross against corselet,
Love against hatred,
Peace-cry for war-cry !
Patience is powerful ;
He that o’ercometh
Hath power o’er the nations !

1410

“ As torrents in summer,
Half dried in their channels,
Suddenly rise, though the
Sky is still cloudless,
For rain has been falling
Far off at their fountains ;

1415

“ So hearts that are fainting
Grow full to o’erflowing,
And they that behold it
Marvel, and know not
That God at their fountains
Far off has been raining !

1420

“ Stronger than steel
Is the sword of the Spirit ;
Swifter than arrows
The light of the truth is,
Greater than anger
Is love, and subdueth !

1425

“ Thou art a phantom,
A shape of the sea-mist,
A shape of the brumal
Rain, and the darkness

1430

Fearful and formless ;
Day dawns and thou art not ! 1435

“The dawn is not distant,
Nor is the night starless ;
Love is eternal !
God is still God, and
His faith shall not fail us ; 1440
Christ is eternal ! ”

INTERLUDE

A STRAIN of music closed the tale,
A low, monotonous, funeral wail,
That with its cadence, wild and sweet,
Made the long Saga more complete.

“Thank God,” the Theologian said, 5
“The reign of violence is dead,
Or dying surely from the world ;
While Love triumphant reigns instead,
And in a brighter sky o’erhead
His blessed banners are unfurled. 10
And most of all thank God for this :
The war and waste of clashing creeds
Now end in words, and not in deeds,
And no one suffers loss, or bleeds,
For thoughts that men call heresies. 15

“I stand without here in the porch,
I hear the bell’s melodious din,
I hear the organ peal within,

I hear the prayer, with words that scorch
 Like sparks from an inverted torch, 20
 I hear the sermon upon sin,
 With threatenings of the last account.
 And all, translated in the air,
 Reach me but as our dear Lord's Prayer,
 And as the Sermon on the Mount. 25

"Must it be Calvin, and not Christ ?
 Must it be Athanasian creeds,
 Or holy water, books, and beads ?
 Must struggling souls remain content
 With councils and decrees of Trent ? 30
 And can it be enough for these
 The Christian Church the year embalms
 With evergreens and boughs of palms,
 And fills the air with litanies ?

"I know that yonder Pharisee 35
 Thanks God that he is not like me ;
 In my humiliation dressed,
 I only stand and beat my breast,
 And pray for human charity.

"Not to one church alone, but seven, 40
 The voice prophetic spake from heaven ;

26. The stern doctrines of Calvin, such as original sin and predestination, were at variance with the milder teachings of Christ.

27. The Athanasian Creed was drawn up in the fourth century as a summary of what is commonly called the orthodox faith.

30. There were two councils of Trent, in 1545 and 1563 ; they condemned the attitude taken by the Reformation concerning such doctrines as original sin and justification.

40. Cf. Revelation i, 4.

And unto each the promise came,
 Diversified, but still the same ;
 For him that overcometh are
 The new name written on the stone, 45
 The raiment white, the crown, the throne,
 And I will give him the Morning Star !

“ Ah ! to how many Faith has been
 No evidence of things unseen,
 But a dim shadow, that recasts 50
 The creed of the Phantasiasts,
 For whom no Man of Sorrows died,
 For whom the Tragedy Divine
 Was but a symbol and a sign
 And Christ a phantom crucified ! 55

“ For others a diviner creed
 Is living in the life they lead.
 The passing of their beautiful feet
 Blesses the pavement of the street,
 And all their looks and words repeat 60
 Old Fuller’s saying, wise and sweet,
 Not as a vulture, but a dove,
 The Holy Ghost came from above.

“ And this brings back to me a tale
 So sad the hearer well may quail, 65

51. The *Phantasiasts* were a sect of the sixth century who believed that the divinity of Christ’s body kept it from feeling hunger, thirst, pain, or fatigue except as semblances or fancies.

53. Mr. Longfellow uses this term in his trilogy, *Christus*, the first part of which is *The Divine Tragedy*, suggested, no doubt, by Dante’s *Divina Commedia*.

61. Thomas Fuller, a quaint English divine of the seventeenth century.

And question if such things can be ;
Yet in the chronicles of Spain
Down the dark pages runs this stain,
And naught can wash them white again,
So fearful is the tragedy."

THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE

TORQUEMADA

In his diary, under date of December 5, 1862, at midnight, Mr. Longfellow writes: "Finished *Torquemada*,—a dismal story of fanaticism, but in its main points historic. See De Castro, *Protestantes Españolas*, page 310." The reader will find a general account of Torquemada and the Spanish Inquisition, which was finally organized in 1483, in Prescott's *Ferdinand and Isabella*, Part I, chap. 7.

IN the heroic days when Ferdinand
And Isabella ruled the Spanish land,
And Torquemada, with his subtle brain,
Ruled them, as Grand Inquisitor of Spain,
In a great castle near Valladolid, 5
Moated and high, and by fair woodlands hid,
There dwelt, as from the chronicles we learn,
An old Hidalgo proud and taciturn,
Whose name has perished, with his towers of stone,
And all his actions save this one alone; 10
This one, so terrible, perhaps 't were best
If it, too, were forgotten with the rest;
Unless, perchance, our eyes can see therein
The martyrdom triumphant o'er the sin;
A double picture, with its gloom and glow, 15
The splendor overhead, the death below.

8. *Hidalgo* is the Spanish word for nobleman.

This sombre man counted each day as lost
On which his feet no sacred threshold crossed ;
And when he chanced the passing Host to meet,
He knelt and prayed devoutly in the street ; 20
Oft he confessed ; and with each mutinous thought,
As with wild beasts at Ephesus, he fought.
In deep contrition scourged himself in Lent,
Walked in processions, with his head down bent,
At plays of Corpus Christi oft was seen, 25
And on Palm Sunday bore his bough of green.
His sole diversion was to hunt the boar
Through tangled thickets of the forest hoar,
Or with his jingling mules to hurry down
To some grand bull-fight in the neighboring town, 30
Or in the crowd with lighted taper stand,
When Jews were burned, or banished from the land.
Then stirred within him a tumultuous joy ;
The demon whose delight is to destroy
Shook him, and shouted with a trumpet tone, 35
“ Kill ! kill ! and let the Lord find out his own ! ”

And now, in that old castle in the wood,
His daughters, in the dawn of womanhood,
Returning from their convent school, had made
Resplendent with their bloom the forest shade, 40
Reminding him of their dead mother's face,
When first she came into that gloomy place, —
A memory in his heart as dim and sweet
As moonlight in a solitary street,
Where the same rays, that lift the sea, are thrown 45

22. See 1 Corinthians xv, 32.

25. Corpus Christi day, Thursday after Trinity Sunday, was formerly celebrated by miracle plays and pageants.

Lovely but powerless upon walls of stone.
These two fair daughters of a mother dead
Were all the dream had left him as it fled.
A joy at first, and then a growing care,
As if a voice within him cried, "Beware!" 50
A vague presentiment of impending doom,
Like ghostly footsteps in a vacant room,
Haunted him day and night; a formless fear
That death to some one of his house was near,
With dark surmises of a hidden crime, 55
Made life itself a death before its time.
Jealous, suspicious, with no sense of shame,
A spy upon his daughters he became;
With velvet slippers, noiseless on the floors,
He glided softly through half-open doors; 60
Now in the room, and now upon the stair,
He stood beside them ere they were aware;
He listened in the passage when they talked,
He watched them from the casement when they walked,
He saw the gypsy haunt the river's side, 65
He saw the monk among the cork-trees glide;
And, tortured by the mystery and the doubt
Of some dark secret, past his finding out,
Baffled he paused; then reassured again
Pursued the flying phantom of his brain. 70
He watched them even when they knelt in church;
And then, descending lower in his search,
Questioned the servants, and with eager eyes
Listened incredulous to their replies;
The gypsy? none had seen her in the wood! 75
The monk? a mendicant in search of food!

At length the awful revelation came,

Crushing at once his pride of birth and name, —
The hopes his yearning bosom forward cast,
And the ancestral glories of the past, 80
All fell together, crumbling in disgrace,
A turret rent from battlement to base.
His daughters talking in the dead of night
In their own chamber, and without a light,
Listening, as he was wont, he overheard, 85
And learned the dreadful secret, word by word;
And hurrying from his castle, with a cry
He raised his hands to the un pitying sky,
Repeating one dread word, till bush and tree
Caught it, and shuddering answered, “ Heresy ! ” 90

Wrapped in his cloak, his hat drawn o’er his face,
Now hurrying forward, now with lingering pace,
He walked all night the alleys of his park,
With one unseen companion in the dark, —
The Demon who within him lay in wait 95
And by his presence turned his love to hate,
Forever muttering in an undertone,
“ Kill ! kill ! and let the Lord find out his own ! ”

Upon the morrow, after early Mass,
While yet the dew was glistening on the grass, 100
And all the woods were musical with birds,
The old Hidalgo, uttering fearful words,
Walked homeward with the Priest, and in his room
Summoned his trembling daughters to their doom.
When questioned, with brief answers they replied, 105
Nor when accused evaded or denied ;
Expostulations, passionate appeals,
All that the human heart most fears or feels,

In vain the Priest with earnest voice essayed ;
In vain the father threatened, wept, and prayed ; 110
Until at last he said, with haughty mien,
“ The Holy Office, then, must intervene ! ”

And now the Grand Inquisitor of Spain,
With all the fifty horsemen of his train,
His awful name resounding, like the blast 115
Of funeral trumpets, as he onward passed,
Came to Valladolid, and there began
To harry the rich Jews with fire and ban.
To him the Hidalgo went, and at the gate
Demanded audience on affairs of state, 120
And in a secret chamber stood before
A venerable graybeard of fourscore,
Dressed in the hood and habit of a friar ;
Out of his eyes flashed a consuming fire,
And in his hand the mystic horn he held, 125
Which poison and all noxious charms dispelled.
He heard in silence the Hidalgo’s tale,
Then answered in a voice that made him quail :
“ Son of the Church ! when Abraham of old
To sacrifice his only son was told, 130
He did not pause to parley nor protest,
But hastened to obey the Lord’s behest.
In him it was accounted righteousness ;
The Holy Church expects of thee no less ! ”

125. He lived in such constant apprehension of assassination, that he is said to have kept a reputed unicorn’s horn always on his table, which was imagined to have the power of detecting and neutralizing poisons ; while, for the more complete protection of his person, he was allowed an escort of fifty horse and two hundred foot in his progresses through the kingdom. — PRESCOTT, *Ferdinand and Isabella*, Part I, chap. 7.

A sacred frenzy seized the father's brain, 135
And Mercy from that hour implored in vain.
Ah! who will e'er believe the words I say?
His daughters he accused, and the same day
They both were cast into the dungeon's gloom,
That dismal antechamber of the tomb, 140
Arraigned, condemned, and sentenced to the flame,
The secret torture and the public shame.

Then to the Grand Inquisitor once more
The Hidalgo went, more eager than before,
And said: "When Abraham offered up his son, 145
He clave the wood wherewith it might be done.
By his example taught, let me too bring
Wood from the forest for my offering!"
And the deep voice, without a pause, replied:
"Son of the Church! by faith now justified, 150
Complete thy sacrifice, even as thou wilt;
The Church absolves thy conscience from all guilt!"

Then this most wretched father went his way
Into the woods, that round his castle lay, 154
Where once his daughters in their childhood played
With their young mother in the sun and shade.
Now all the leaves had fallen; the branches bare
Made a perpetual moaning in the air,
And screaming from their eyries overhead
The ravens sailed athwart the sky of lead. 160
With his own hands he lopped the boughs and
bound
Fagots, that crackled with foreboding sound,

155-6. These lines recall the picture in Byron's *The Dying Gladiator, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto IV.*

And on his mules, caparisoned and gay
With bells and tassels, sent them on their way.

Then with his mind on one dark purpose bent, 165
Again to the Inquisitor he went,
And said : " Behold, the fagots I have brought,
And now, lest my atonement be as naught,
Grant me one more request, one last desire, —
With my own hand to light the funeral fire ! " 170
And Torquemada answered from his seat,
" Son of the Church ! thine offering is complete ;
Her servants through all ages shall not cease
To magnify thy deed. Depart in peace ! "

Upon the market-place, builded of stone, 175
The scaffold rose, whereon Death claimed his own.
At the four corners, in stern attitude,
Four statues of the Hebrew Prophets stood,
Gazing with calm indifference in their eyes
Upon this place of human sacrifice, 180
Round which was gathering fast the eager crowd,
With clamor of voices dissonant and loud,
And every roof and window was alive
With restless gazers, swarming like a hive. 184
The church-bells tolled, the chant of monks drew near,
Loud trumpets stammered forth their notes of fear,
A line of torches smoked along the street,
There was a stir, a rush, a tramp of feet,
And, with its banners floating in the air,
Slowly the long procession crossed the square, 190
And, to the statues of the Prophets bound,
The victims stood, with fagots piled around.

178. Such a stone scaffold still remains at Seville.

Then all the air a blast of trumpets shook,
And louder sang the monks with bell and book,
And the Hidalgo, lofty, stern, and proud, 195
Lifted his torch, and, bursting through the crowd,
Lighted in haste the fagots, and then fled,
Lest those imploring eyes should strike him dead !

O pitiless skies ! why did your clouds retain
For peasants' fields their floods of hoarded rain ? 200
O pitiless earth ! why open no abyss
To bury in its chasm a crime like this ?

That night, a mingled column of fire and smoke
From the dark thickets of the forest broke,
And, glaring o'er the landscape leagues away, 205
Made all the fields and hamlets bright as day.
Wrapped in a sheet of flame the castle blazed,
And as the villagers in terror gazed,
They saw the figure of that cruel knight
Lean from a window in the turret's height, 210
His ghastly face illumined with the glare,
His hands upraised above his head in prayer,
Till the floor sank beneath him, and he fell
Down the black hollow of that burning well.

Three centuries and more above his bones 215
Have piled the oblivious years like funeral stones ;
His name has perished with him, and no trace
Remains on earth of his afflicted race ;
But Torquemada's name, with clouds o'er cast,
Looms in the distant landscape of the Past, 220
Like a burnt tower upon a blackened heath,
Lit by the fires of burning woods beneath !



"Slowly the long procession crossed the square."

INTERLUDE

THUS closed the tale of guilt and gloom,
That cast upon each listener's face
Its shadow, and for some brief space
Unbroken silence filled the room.
The Jew was thoughtful and distressed ; 5
Upon his memory thronged and pressed
The persecution of his race,
Their wrongs and sufferings and disgrace ;
His head was sunk upon his breast,
And from his eyes alternate came 10
Flashes of wrath and tears of shame.

The Student first the silence broke,
As one who long has lain in wait,
With purpose to retaliate,
And thus he dealt the avenging stroke. 15
“ In such a company as this,
A tale so tragic seems amiss,
That by its terrible control
O'ermasters and drags down the soul
Into a fathomless abyss. 20
The Italian Tales that you disdain,
Some merry Night of Straparole,
Or Machiavelli's Belphegor,
Would cheer us and delight us more,

22. An Italian story-teller who imitated, in title at least, the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*.

23. According to Machiavelli, the celebrated Italian statesman and author, Belphegor was an archfiend who had been an archangel, and visited the earth to spy out the infelicities of married life. His story is told in *The Marriage of Belphegor*.

Give greater pleasure and less pain 25
 Than your grim tragedies of Spain ! ”

And here the Poet raised his hand,
 With such entreaty and command,
 It stopped discussion at its birth,
 And said : “ The story I shall tell 30
 Has meaning in it, if not mirth ;
 Listen, and hear what once befell
 The merry birds of Killingworth ! ”

THE POET'S TALE

THE BIRDS OF KILLINGWORTH

Killingworth, Connecticut, was named from the English town Kenilworth, whence its early settlers, the Griswolds, came. The same orthography was kept in the early records, but the spelling was afterwards changed in accordance with the local pronunciation of Kenilworth. The Indian name of the place was Hammonasset. Sixty or seventy years ago, according to Mr. Henry Hull, writing from personal recollection, “ the men of the northern part of the town did yearly in the spring choose two leaders, and then the two sides were formed: the side that got beaten should pay the bills. Their special game was the hawk, the owl, the crow, the blackbird, and any other bird supposed to be mischievous to the corn. Some years each side would bring them in by the bushel. This was followed up for only a few years, for the birds began to grow scarce.” The story, based upon some such slight suggestion, was Mr. Longfellow's own invention. It is, indeed, one of the few stories which he may be said to have invented.

It was the season when through all the land
 The merle and mavis build, and building sing
 Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
 Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King ;
 When on the boughs the purple buds expand, 5

4. *Cædmon* (pronounced *Kedmon*) was the earliest English poet, and his *Metrical Paraphrase of Parts of the Holy Scriptures*

The banners of the vanguard of the Spring,
And rivulets, rejoicing, rush and leap,
And wave their fluttering signals from the steep.

The robin and the bluebird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee ;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud 11
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be ;
And hungry crows, assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly,
Knowing who hears the raven's cry, and said : 15
" Give us, O Lord, this day, our daily bread ! "

Across the Sound the birds of passage sailed,
Speaking some unknown language strange and sweet
Of tropic isle remote, and passing hailed
The village with the cheers of all their fleet ; 20
Or quarrelling together, laughed and railed
Like foreign sailors, landed in the street
Of seaport town, and with outlandish noise
Of oaths and gibberish frightening girls and boys.

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth, 25
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago ;

in Anglo-Saxon is his most famous work. In this, when treating
of the birth of Adam and Eve, he says : —

" Then blessed
the blithe-heart King,
the Lord of all things,
of mankind
the first two,
father and mother,
female and male.
Then spake he the words :
' Teem now and increase. ' "

12. See Matthew x, 29-31.

And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
 Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
 That mingled with the universal mirth,
 Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe ; 30
 They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful
 words
 To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
 To set a price upon the guilty heads
 Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay, 35
 Levied black-mail upon the garden-beds
 And cornfields, and beheld without dismay
 The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds ;
 The skeleton that waited at their feast,
 Whereby their sinful pleasure was increased. 40

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
 With fluted columns, and a roof of red,
 The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight !
 Slowly descending, with majestic tread,

30. *Cassandra* was that daughter of King Priam who foretold the fall of Troy.

39. Herodotus, ii, 78, relates that the Egyptians at their feasts display a carved image of a mummy, to remind the guests that one day they, too, will come to this end. Plutarch, who was a very serious man, took this as intending an exhortation to sobriety, but modern commentators generally understand the custom to signify, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Jeremy Taylor, perhaps as much as any one, helped to familiarize the idea in English speech. Several times he refers to the Egyptian custom of having a skeleton at the feast, once in his widely read book, *Holy Living and Dying*, chap. ii, sect. 1.

43. The English term "Squire," applied to country gentlemen who have certain magisterial duties, passed over in New Eng-

Three flights of steps, nor looking left nor right, 45
 Down the long street he walked, as one who said,
 " A town that boasts inhabitants like me
 Can have no lack of good society ! "

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
 The instinct of whose nature was to kill ; 50
 The wrath of God he preached from year to year,
 And read with fervor, Edwards on the Will ;
 His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
 In summer on some Adirondac hill ;
 E'en now, while walking down the rural lane, 55
 He lopped the wayside lilies with his cane.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
 The hill of Science with its vane of brass,
 Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
 Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass, 60
 And all absorbed in reveries profound
 Of fair Almira in the upper class,
 Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
 As pure as water, and as good as bread.

And next the Deacon issued from his door, 65
 In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow ;

land into a term applied to a prominent man in village life, often a lawyer or justice of the peace. The full form is Esquire, and as a title abbreviated to Esq. is used in America at random in addressing letters, though in England it is more restricted in use.

52. Jonathan Edwards, a great New England divine of the former half of the eighteenth century, whose theology had a strong influence on his own and later generations, wrote a metaphysical treatise on *The Freedom of the Will*, which laid more stress upon the stern justice than the love of God.

A suit of sable bombazine he wore ;

His form was ponderous, and his step was slow ;
There never was so wise a man before ;

He seemed the incarnate " Well, I told you
so ! " 70

And to perpetuate his great renown

There was a street named after him in town.

These came together in the new town-hall,

With sundry farmers from the region round.

The Squire presided, dignified and tall, 75

His air impressive and his reasoning sound.

Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small ;

Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,

But enemies enough, who every one

Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun. 80

When they had ended, from his place apart

Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong,

And, trembling like a steed before the start,

Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng ;

Then thought of fair Almira, and took heart 85

To speak out what was in him, clear and strong,

Alike regardless of their smile or frown,

And quite determined not to be laughed down :

" Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,

From his Republic banished without pity 90

The Poets. In this little town of yours,

You put to death, by means of a Committee,

The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,

The street-musicians of the heavenly city,

The birds, who make sweet music for us all 95
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

“ The thrush that carols at the dawn of day
From the green steeples of the piny wood ;
The oriole in the elm ; the noisy jay,
Jargoning like a foreigner at his food ; 100
The bluebird balanced on some topmost spray,
Flooding with melody the neighborhood ;
Linnet and meadow-lark, and all the throng
That dwell in nests, and have the gift of song ;

“ You slay them all ! And wherefore ? For the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat, 106
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by industrious feet,
Searching for worm or weevil after rain !
Or a few cherries, that are not so sweet 110
As are the songs the uninvited guests
Sing at their feast with comfortable breasts.

“ Do you ne’er think what wondrous beings these ?
Do you ne’er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies 115
Alone are the interpreters of thought ?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e’er caught !
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are halfway houses on the road to heaven ! 120

“ Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,

How jubilant the happy birds renew

Their old, melodious madrigals of love !

And when you think of this, remember too 125

'T is always morning somewhere, and above

The awakening continents, from shore to shore,

Somewhere the birds are singing evermore.

“Think of your woods and orchards without birds !

Of empty nests that cling to boughs and beams 130

As in an idiot's brain remembered words

Hang empty 'mid the cobwebs of his dreams !

Will bleat of flocks or bellowing of herds

Make up for the lost music, when your teams

Drag home the stingy harvest, and no more 135

The feathered gleaners follow to your door ?

“What ! would you rather see the incessant stir

Of insects in the windrows of the hay,

And hear the locust and the grasshopper

Their melancholy hurdy-gurdies play ? 140

Is this more pleasant to you than the whirl

Of meadow-lark, and her sweet roundelay,

Or twitter of little field-fares, as you take

Your nooning in the shade of bush and brake ?

“You call them thieves and pillagers ; but know, 145

They are the wingéd wardens of your farms,

Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,

And from your harvests keep a hundred harms ;

Even the blackest of them all, the crow,

Renders good service as your man-at-arms, 150

Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

“How can I teach your children gentleness,
And mercy to the weak, and reverence
For Life, which, in its weakness or excess, 155
Is still a gleam of God’s omnipotence,
Or Death, which, seeming darkness, is no less
The selfsame light, although averted hence,
When by your laws, your actions, and your speech,
You contradict the very things I teach?” 160

With this he closed; and through the audience
went

A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
Men have no faith in fine-spun sentiment 165
Who put their trust in bullocks and in beeves.
The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

There was another audience out of reach,
Who had no voice nor vote in making laws, 170
But in the papers read his little speech,
And crowned his modest temples with applause;
They made him conscious, each one more than each,
He still was victor, vanquished in their cause.
Sweetest of all the applause he won from thee, 175
O fair Almira at the Academy!

.

And so the dreadful massacre began;
O’er fields and orchards, and o’er woodland crests,

The ceaseless fusilade of terror ran.

Dead fell the birds, with blood-stains on their
breasts, 180

Or wounded crept away from sight of man,

While the young died of famine in their nests ;
A slaughter to be told in groans, not words,
The very St. Bartholomew of Birds !

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead ; 185

The days were like hot coals ; the very ground
Was burned to ashes ; in the orchards fed

Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds

Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found 190
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

Devoured by worms, like Herod, was the town,

Because, like Herod, it had ruthlessly
Slaughtered the Innocents. From the trees spun
down 195

The canker-worms upon the passers-by,
Upon each woman's bonnet, shawl, and gown,

Who shook them off with just a little cry ;
They were the terror of each favorite walk,
The endless theme of all the village talk. 200

184. The massacre of St. Bartholomew was the sudden destruction of French Protestants by order of the ruling sovereign, Charles IX, at the instance of his mother, Catherine de Medicis, begun at midnight between the 24th and 25th of August, 1572. •

193. See Acts of the Apostles xii, 21-23. But the Herod of this death was Herod Agrippa, grandson to Herod the Great, who ordered the massacre of the Innocents.

The farmers grew impatient, but a few
 Confessed their error, and would not complain,
For after all, the best thing one can do
 When it is raining, is to let it rain.
Then they repealed the law, although they knew 205
 It would not call the dead to life again ;
As school-boys, finding their mistake too late,
Draw a wet sponge across the accusing slate.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
 Without the light of his majestic look, 210
The wonder of the falling tongues of flame,
 The illumined pages of his Doom's-Day book.
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame,
 And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere, 215
Lamenting the dead children of the air !

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
 A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
As great a wonder as it would have been
 If some dumb animal had found a tongue ! 220
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,
 Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing-birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,
 By order of the town, with anxious quest, 226

212. The original Doom's-Day or Domesday book was a registration of all lands in the kingdom of England, ordered by William the Conqueror. By it he was enabled to know upon just what resources of men and money he could depend. But the term is also applied to the judgment-book, or book of the day of doom.

And, loosened from their wicker prisons, sought
 In woods and fields the places they loved best,
 Singing loud canticles, which many thought
 Were satires to the authorities addressed, 230
 While others, listening in green lanes, averred
 Such lovely music never had been heard !

But blither still and louder carolled they
 Upon the morrow, for they seemed to know
 It was the fair Almira's wedding-day, 235
 And everywhere, around, above, below,
 When the Preceptor bore his bride away,
 Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
 And a new heaven bent over a new earth
 Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth. 240

FINALE

THE hour was late ; the fire burned low,
 The Landlord's eyes were closed in sleep,
 And near the story's end a deep
 Sonorous sound at times was heard,
 As when the distant bagpipes blow. 5
 At this all laughed ; the Landlord stirred,
 As one awaking from a swoond,
 And, gazing anxiously around,
 Protested that he had not slept,
 But only shut his eyes, and kept 10
 His ears attentive to each word.

Then all arose, and said " Good night."
 Alone remained the drowsy Squire

To rake the embers of the fire,
And quench the waning parlor light ; 15
While from the windows, here and there,
The scattered lamps a moment gleamed,
And the illumined hostel seemed
The constellation of the Bear,
Downward, athwart the misty air, 20
Sinking and setting toward the sun.
Far off the village clock struck one.

PART SECOND

PRELUDE

A COLD, uninterrupted rain,
 That washed each southern window-pane,
 And made a river of the road ;
 A sea of mist that overflowed
 The house, the barns, the gilded vane, 5
 And drowned the upland and the plain,
 Through which the oak-trees, broad and high,
 Like phantom ships went drifting by ;
 And, hidden behind a watery screen,
 The sun unseen, or only seen 10
 As a faint pallor in the sky ; —
 Thus cold and colorless and gray,
 The morn of that autumnal day,
 As if reluctant to begin,
 Dawned on the silent Sudbury Inn, 15
 And all the guests that in it lay.

Full late they slept. They did not hear
 The challenge of Sir Chanticleer,
 Who on the empty threshing-floor,

18. Chanticleer, or shrill singer, is an old term for the cock. Chaucer uses it in his Nun's Priest's Tale of *The Cok and the Hen*, and from the manner in which he introduces the name, it would appear to be a little novel then to English ears.

Disdainful of the rain outside, 20
 Was strutting with a martial stride,
 As if upon his thigh he wore
 The famous broadsword of the Squire,
 And said, "Behold me, and admire!"

Only the Poet seemed to hear, 25
 In drowse or dream, more near and near
 Across the border-land of sleep
 The blowing of a blithesome horn,
 That laughed the dismal day to scorn;
 A splash of hoofs and rush of wheels 30
 Through sand and mire like stranding keels,
 As from the road with sudden sweep
 The Mail drove up the little steep,
 And stopped beside the tavern door;
 A moment stopped, and then again 35
 With crack of whip and bark of dog
 Plunged forward through the sea of fog,
 And all was silent as before, —
 All silent save the dripping rain.

Then one by one the guests came down, 40
 And greeted with a smile the Squire,
 Who sat before the parlor fire,
 Reading the paper fresh from town.
 First the Sicilian, like a bird,
 Before his form appeared, was heard 45
 Whistling and singing down the stair;
 Then came the Student, with a look
 As placid as a meadow-brook;
 The Theologian, still perplexed
 With thoughts of this world and the next; 50

The Poet then, as one who seems
Walking in visions and in dreams ;
Then the Musician, like a fair
Hyperion from whose golden hair
The radiance of the morning streams ; 55
And last the aromatic Jew
Of Alicant, who, as he threw
The door wide open, on the air
Breathed round about him a perfume
Of damask roses in full bloom, 60
Making a garden of the room.

The breakfast ended, each pursued
The promptings of his various mood ;
Beside the fire in silence smoked
The taciturn, impassive Jew, 65
Lost in a pleasant revery ;
While, by his gravity provoked,
His portrait the Sicilian drew,
And wrote beneath it " Edrehi,
At the Red Horse in Sudbury." 70

By far the busiest of them all,
The Theologian in the hall
Was feeding robins in a cage, —
Two corpulent and lazy birds,
Vagrants and pilferers at best, 75
If one might trust the hostler's words,
Chief instrument of their arrest ;
Two poets of the Golden Age,
Heirs of a boundless heritage
Of fields and orchards, east and west, 80
And sunshine of long summer days,

Though outlawed now and dispossessed ! —
Such was the Theologian's phrase.

Meanwhile the Student held discourse
With the Musician, on the source 85
Of all the legendary lore
Among the nations, scattered wide
Like silt and seaweed by the force
And fluctuation of the tide ;
The tale repeated o'er and o'er, 90
With change of place and change of name,
Disguised, transformed, and yet the same
We've heard a hundred times before.

The Poet at the window mused,
And saw, as in a dream confused, 95
The countenance of the Sun, discrowned,
And haggard with a pale despair,
And saw the cloud-rack trail and drift
Before it, and the trees uplift
Their leafless branches, and the air 100
Filled with the arrows of the rain,
And heard amid the mist below,
Like voices of distress and pain,
That haunt the thoughts of men insane,
The fateful cawings of the crow. 105

Then down the road, with mud besprent,
And drenched with rain from head to hoof,
The raindrops dripping from his mane
And tail as from a pent-house roof,
A jaded horse, his head down bent, 110
Passed slowly, limping as he went.

The young Sicilian — who had grown
 Impatient longer to abide
 A prisoner, greatly mortified
 To see completely overthrown 115
 His plans for angling in the brook,
 And, leaning o'er the bridge of stone,
 To watch the speckled trout glide by,
 And float through the inverted sky,
 Still round and round the baited hook — 120
 Now paced the room with rapid stride,
 And, pausing at the Poet's side,
 Looked forth, and saw the wretched steed,
 And said: "Alas for human greed,
 That with cold hand and stony eye 125
 Thus turns an old friend out to die,
 Or beg his food from gate to gate!
 This brings a tale into my mind,
 Which, if you are not disinclined
 To listen, I will now relate." 130

All gave assent; all wished to hear,
 Not without many a jest and jeer,
 The story of a spavined steed;
 And even the Student with the rest
 Put in his pleasant little jest 135
 Out of Malherbe, that Pegasus

136. The connection between Pegasus and the poets lies in the fact that the hoof of Pegasus was fabled to have caused to burst forth the springs on Mt. Helicon from which poets drew their inspiration.

136. *Malherbe* was a French poet and satirist, who lived in the latter half of the sixteenth and first quarter of the seventeenth century. Mr. Longfellow has translated some of his verses in *Consolation* and *To Cardinal Richelieu*.

Is but a horse that with all speed
 Bears poets to the hospital ;
 While the Sicilian, self-possessed,
 After a moment's interval 140
 Began his simple story thus.

THE SICILIAN'S TALE

THE BELL OF ATRI

In the *Gesta Romanorum*, No. CV, is the story of *The Bell of Justice*, of which *The Bell of Atri* is a variation. See also Gualteruzzi's *Cento Novelle Antiche*. The editor takes pleasure in recalling the fact that when, shortly before Mr. Longfellow's death, he had prepared a brief selection of poems for school use and had submitted the choice to the poet, Mr. Longfellow desired to add *The Bell of Atri* and *The Sermon of St. Francis*, so earnestly did he regard every opportunity for encouraging a kindly interest in dumb animals.

AT Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
 Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,
 One of those little places that have run
 Half up the hill, beneath a blazing sun,
 And then sat down to rest, as if to say, 5
 "I climb no farther upward, come what may," —
 The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
 So many monarchs since have borne the name,
 Had a great bell hung in the market-place,
 Beneath a roof, projecting some small space 10
 By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
 Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
 And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
 Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
 Was done to any man, he should but ring 15

7. *Re Giovanni* would be in English King John. See line 18.

The great bell in the square, and he, the King,
Would cause the Syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days in Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said. 20
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unravelled at the end, and, strand by strand,
Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by, 25
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt, 30
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts ; —
Loved, or had loved them ; for at last, grown old, 35
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall, 40
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said : " What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,

Eating his head off in my stables here, 45
When rents are low and provender is dear?
Let him go feed upon the public ways;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street; 50
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed, 55
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed;
When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarm of the accusing bell!
The Syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose 60
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung,
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song: 65
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"

But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn, 70
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"Domeneddio!" cried the Syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed, 75

And pleads his cause as loudly as the best.”
Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least, 80
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The Knight was called and questioned ; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny ;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest, 85
And set at naught the Syndic and the rest,
Maintaining, in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his
own.

And thereupon the Syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the King ; then said : 90
“ Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way ;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry and not of weeds !
These are familiar proverbs ; but I fear 95
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute
Can come to you from starving this poor brute ?
He who serves well and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door. 100
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take
heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food and field beside.”

The Knight withdrew abashed ; the people all 105
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The King heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud : “ Right well it pleaseth me !
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door ;
But go not in to mass ; my bell doth more : 110
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws :
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time.”

INTERLUDE

“ YES, well your story pleads the cause
Of those dumb mouths that have no speech,
Only a cry from each to each
In its own kind, with its own laws ;
Something that is beyond the reach 5
Of human power to learn or teach, —
An inarticulate moan of pain,
Like the immeasurable main
Breaking upon an unknown beach.”

Thus spake the Poet with a sigh ; 10
Then added, with impassioned cry
As one who feels the words he speaks,
The color flushing in his cheeks,
The fervor burning in his eye :
“ Among the noblest in the land, 15
Though he may count himself the least,
That man I honor and revere

Who without favor, without fear,
In the great city dares to stand
The friend of every friendless beast, 20
And tames with his unflinching hand
The brutes that wear our form and face,
The were-wolves of the human race ! ”
Then paused, and waited with a frown,
Like some old champion of romance, 25
Who, having thrown his gauntlet down,
Expectant leans upon his lance ;
But neither Knight nor Squire is found
To raise the gauntlet from the ground,
And try with him the battle's chance. 30

“ Wake from your dreams, O Edrehi !
Or dreaming speak to us, and make
A feint of being half awake,
And tell us what your dreams may be.
Out of the hazy atmosphere 35
Of cloud-land deign to reappear
Among us in this Wayside Inn ;
Tell us what visions and what scenes
Illuminate the dark ravines
In which you grope your way. Begin ! ” 40

Thus the Sicilian spake. The Jew
Made no reply, but only smiled,
As men unto a wayward child,
Not knowing what to answer, do.
As from a cavern's mouth, o'ergrown 45
With moss and intertangled vines,
A streamlet leaps into the light
And murmurs over root and stone

In a melodious undertone ;
Or as amid the noonday night 50
Of sombre and wind-haunted pines
There runs a sound as of the sea ;
So from his bearded lips there came
A melody without a name,
A song, a tale, a history, 55
Or whatsoever it may be,
Writ and recorded in these lines.

THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE

KAMBALU

The suggestion for this story came from *The Book of Ser Marco Polo*. Marco Polo was a Venetian who, in the latter part of the thirteenth century, travelled in the East, and brought back wonderful stories of what was then a land almost unknown to Europe. The passage in his Book from which *Kambalu* is derived is as follows : " Now it came to pass on a day in the year of Christ 1255, that the Lord of the Tartars of the Levant, whose name was Alaü, brother to the Great Khan now reigning, gathered a mighty host and came up against Baudas, and took it by storm. It was a great enterprise, for in Baudas there were more than 100,000 horse, besides foot-soldiers. And when Alaü had taken the place, he found therein a tower of the Kalif's, which was full of gold and silver and other treasure ; in fact, the greatest accumulation of treasure in one spot that ever was known. When he beheld that great heap of treasure he was astonished, and summoning the Kalif to his presence, he said to him : ' Kalif, tell me now why thou hast gathered such a huge treasure ? What didst thou mean to do therewith ? Knewest thou not that I was thine enemy, and that I was coming against thee with so great a host to cast thee forth of thine heritage ? Wherefore didst thou not take of thy gear and employ it in paying knights and soldiers to defend thee and thy city ? ' The Kalif wist not what to answer, and said never a word. So the Prince continued : ' Now then, Kalif, since I see what a love thou hast borne thy treasure, I will e'en give it thee to eat ! ' So he shut the Kalif up in the Treasure Tower, and bade that neither meat nor drink should be given him, saying, ' Now, Ka-

lif, eat of thy treasure as much as thou wilt, since thou art so fond of it; for never shalt thou have aught else to eat!’ So the Kalif lingered in the tower four days, and then died like a dog. Truly his treasure would have been of more service to him had he bestowed it upon men who would have defended his kingdom and his people, rather than let himself be taken and deposed and put to death as he was. Howbeit, since that time there has never been another Kalif, either at Baudas or anywhere else.”

INTO the city of Kambalu,
By the road that leadeth to Ispahan,
At the head of his dusty caravan,
Laden with treasure from realms afar,
Baldacca and Kelat and Kandahar, 5
Rode the great captain Alaü.

The Khan from his palace-window gazed
And saw in the thronging street beneath,
In the light of the setting sun, that blazed
Through the clouds of dust by the caravan raised,
The flash of harness and jewelled sheath, 11
And the shining scimitars of the guard,
And the weary camels that bared their teeth,
As they passed and passed through the gates un-
barred
Into the shade of the palace-yard. 15

Thus into the city of Kambalu
Rode the great captain Alaü;
And he stood before the Khan, and said:
“The enemies of my lord are dead;
All the Kalifs of all the West 20

1. The *Kambalu* of Marco Polo, who places it in Cathay, is supposed to be Pekin.

5. These were Persian trading centres.

[illegible]

“A mile outside of Baldacca’s gate
I left my forces to lie in wait,
Concealed by forests and hillocks of sand,
And forward dashed with a handful of men, 35
To lure the old tiger from his den
Into the ambush I had planned.
Ere we reached the town the alarm was spread,
For we heard the sound of gongs from within;
And with clash of cymbals and warlike din 40
The gates swung wide; and we turned and fled;
And the garrison sallied forth and pursued,
With the gray old Kalif at their head,
And above them the banner of Mohammed:
So we snared them all, and the town was subdued. 45

“As in at the gate we rode, behold,
A tower that is called the Tower of Gold!
For there the Kalif had hidden his wealth,
Heaped and hoarded and piled on high,
Like sacks of wheat in a granary ;

And thither the miser crept by stealth
To feel of the gold that gave him health,
And to gaze and gloat with his hungry eye
On jewels that gleamed like a glow-worm's spark,
Or the eyes of a panther in the dark. 55

“I said to the Kalif: ‘Thou art old,
Thou hast no need of so much gold;
Thou shouldst not have heaped and hidden it
here,
Till the breath of battle was hot and near,
But have sown through the land these useless
hoards
To spring into shining blades of swords, 61
And keep thine honor sweet and clear.
These grains of gold are not grains of wheat;
These bars of silver thou canst not eat;
These jewels and pearls and precious stones 65
Cannot cure the aches in thy bones,
Nor keep the feet of Death one hour
From climbing the stairways of thy tower!’

“Then into his dungeon I locked the drone,
And left him to feed there all alone 70
In the honey-cells of his golden hive;
Never a prayer, nor a cry, nor a groan
Was heard from those massive walls of stone,
Nor again was the Kalif seen alive!

“When at last we unlocked the door, 75
We found him dead upon the floor;
The rings had dropped from his withered hands,
His teeth were like bones in the desert sands:

Still clutching his treasure he had died;
 And as he lay there, he appeared 80
 A statue of gold with a silver beard,
 His arms outstretched as if crucified."

This is the story, strange and true,
 That the great captain Alai
 Told to his brother the Tartar Khan, 85
 When he rode that day into Kambalu
 By the road that leadeth to Ispahan.

INTERLUDE

"I THOUGHT before your tale began,"
 The Student murmured, "we should have
 Some legend written by Judah Rav
 In his Gemara of Babylon;
 Or something from the Gulistan, — 5
 The Tale of the Cazy of Hamadan,
 Or of that King of Khorasan
 Who saw in dreams the eyes of one
 That had a hundred years been dead
 Still moving restless in his head, 10
 Undimmed, and gleaming with the lust
 Of power, though all the rest was dust.

4. The *Gemara* (Ghard) is the second part of the Jewish Talmud. There were two principal versions, one set forth by the schools of Babylon, the other by those of Palestine.

5. The *Gulistan*, or Rose Garden, is a collection of moral tales by Saadi of Shiraz, a Persian poet. The tales have been translated into English, and an American edition appeared in 1865, with a preface by Ralph Waldo Emerson, who makes frequent reference to Saadi in his essays, and translates some of his verses.

"But lo! your glittering caravan
 On the road that leadeth to Ispahan
 Hath led us farther to the East 15
 Into the regions of Cathay.
 Spite of your Kalif and his gold,
 Pleasant has been the tale you told,
 And full of color; that at least
 No one will question nor gainsay. 20
 And yet on such a dismal day
 We need a merrier tale to clear
 The dark and heavy atmosphere.
 So listen, Lordlings, while I tell,
 Without a preface, what befell 25
 A simple cobbler, in the year —
 No matter; it was long ago;
 And that is all we need to know."

THE STUDENT'S TALE

THE COBBLER OF HAGENAU

This story was drawn from D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation," i, 220.

I TRUST that somewhere and somehow
 You all have heard of Hagenau,
 A quiet, quaint, and ancient town
 Among the green Alsatian hills,
 A place of valleys, streams, and mills, 5
 Where Barbarossa's castle, brown
 With rust of centuries, still looks down
 On the broad, drowsy land below, —
 On shadowy forests filled with game,
 6. Frederick I was surnamed Barbarossa, or Redbeard.

And the blue river winding slow 10
Through meadows, where the hedges grow
That give this little town its name.

It happened in the good old times,
While yet the Master-singers filled
The noisy workshop and the guild 15
With various melodies and rhymes,
That here in Hagenau there dwelt
A cobbler, — one who loved debate,
And, arguing from a postulate,
Would say what others only felt ; 20
A man of forecast and of thrift,
And of a shrewd and careful mind
In this world's business, but inclined
Somewhat to let the next world drift.

Hans Sachs with vast delight he read, 25
And Regenbogen's rhymes of love,
For their poetic fame had spread
Even to the town of Hagenau ;
And some Quick Melody of the Plough,

14. The Master-singers of Germany were successors to the Minnesingers, and were organized guilds of verse-makers. The most famous of them was Hans Sachs, of whom Longfellow has written elsewhere in his poem *Nuremberg*. A good account of the craft may be found in Bayard Taylor's *Studies in German Literature*, chap. v: *The Literature of the Reformation*.

29. The harmonies, or tunes, of the Master-singers were of great antiquity, and bore quaint names like those given in this line and the next. Other names were the Long Tail of the Swallow, the Hard Melody of the Field, the Melody of the File: the last one would hardly care to hear, if it is to be taken literally. These harmonies were supposed to originate with the twelve founders of the School of Song.

Or Double Harmony of the Dove 30
 Was always running in his head.
 He kept, moreover, at his side,
 Among his leathers and his tools,
 Reynard the Fox, the Ship of Fools,
 Or Eulenspiegel, open wide ; 35
 With these he was much edified :
 He thought them wiser than the Schools.

His good wife, full of godly fear,
 Liked not these worldly themes to hear ;
 The Psalter was her book of songs ; 49
 The only music to her ear
 Was that which to the Church belongs,
 When the loud choir on Sunday chanted,
 And the two angels carved in wood,
 That by the windy organ stood, 45
 Blew on their trumpets loud and clear,
 And all the echoes, far and near,
 Gibbered as if the church were haunted.

Outside his door, one afternoon,
 This humble votary of the muse 50
 Sat in the narrow strip of shade

34. *Reynard the Fox* is an old German satire, written during the middle ages, which, under the guise of the adventures of a fox at the court of the lion, commented on the church and barons. Goethe rewrote the satire in more polished verse. *The Ship of Fools* was another rather coarse piece of German humor, written just before the Reformation.

35. Or Till Owlglass, in the English version. It was a collection of German tales centering about the escapades of one Eulenspiegel of the 14th century, who was probably not responsible for all the pranks attributed to him.

By a projecting cornice made,
Mending the Burgomaster's shoes,
And singing a familiar tune : —

“ Our ingress into the world 55
Was naked and bare ;
Our progress through the world
Is trouble and care ;
Our egress from the world
Will be nobody knows where : 60
But if we do well here
We shall do well there ;
And I could tell you no more,
Should I preach a whole year ! ”

Thus sang the cobbler at his work ; 65
And with his gestures marked the time,
Closing together with a jerk
Of his waxed thread the stitch and rhyme.

Meanwhile his quiet little dame
Was leaning o'er the window-sill, 70
Eager, excited, but mouse-still,
Gazing impatiently to see
What the great throng of folk might be
That onward in procession came,
Along the unfrequented street, 75
With horns that blew, and drums that beat,

64. These lines are to be found in *The Eccentricities of John Edwin, Comedian, arranged and digested by Anthony Pasquin* [John Williams], 1791. Tradition also refers them to Benjamin Franklin, with whose philosophy and form of expression they certainly agree ; but in the absence of other evidence it is to be presumed that Franklin quoted from Edwin.

And banners flying, and the flame
Of tapers, and, at times, the sweet
Voices of nuns ; and as they sang,
Suddenly all the church-bells rang. 80

In a gay coach, above the crowd,
There sat a monk in ample hood,
Who with his right hand held aloft
A red and ponderous cross of wood,
To which at times he meekly bowed. 85
In front three horsemen rode, and oft,
With voice and air importunate,
A boisterous herald cried aloud :
“ The grace of God is at your gate ! ”
So onward to the church they passed. 90

The cobbler slowly turned his last,
And, wagging his sagacious head,
Unto his kneeling housewife said :
“ ’T is the monk Tetzal. I have heard
The cawings of that reverend bird. 95
Don’t let him cheat you of your gold ;
Indulgence is not bought and sold.”

The church of Hagenau, that night,
Was full of people, full of light ;
An odor of incense filled the air, 100
The priest intoned, the organ groaned
Its inarticulate despair ;
The candles on the altar blazed,
And full in front of it upraised
The red cross stood against the glare. 105
Below, upon the altar-rail

Indulgences were set to sale,
Like ballads at a country fair.
A heavy strong-box, iron-bound
And carved with many a quaint device, 110
Received, with a melodious sound,
The coin that purchased Paradise.

Then from the pulpit overhead,
Tetzel the monk, with fiery glow,
Thundered upon the crowd below. 115
“Good people all, draw near!” he said.
“Purchase these letters, signed and sealed,
By which all sins, though unrevealed
And unrepented, are forgiven!
Count but the gain, count not the loss! 120
Your gold and silver are but dross,
And yet they pave the way to heaven.
I hear your mothers and your sires
Cry from their purgatorial fires,
And will ye not their ransom pay? 125
O senseless people! when the gate
Of heaven is open, will ye wait?
Will ye not enter in to-day?
To-morrow it will be too late;
I shall be gone upon my way. 130
Make haste! bring money while ye may!”

The women shuddered, and turned pale;
Allured by hope or driven by fear,
With many a sob and many a tear,
All crowded to the altar-rail. 135
Pieces of silver and of gold
Into the tinkling strong-box fell

Like pebbles dropped into a well ;
And soon the ballads were all sold.
The cobbler's wife among the rest 140
Slipped into the capacious chest
A golden florin ; then withdrew,
Hiding the paper in her breast ;
And homeward through the darkness went
Comforted, quieted, content ; 145
She did not walk, she rather flew,
A dove that settles to her nest,
When some appalling bird of prey
That scared her has been driven away.

The days went by, the monk was gone, 150
The summer passed, the winter came ;
Though seasons changed, yet still the same
The daily round of life went on ;
The daily round of household care,
The narrow life of toil and prayer. 155
But in her heart the cobbler's dame
Had now a treasure beyond price,
A secret joy without a name,
The certainty of Paradise.
Alas, alas ! Dust unto dust ! 160
Before the winter wore away,
Her body in the churchyard lay,
Her patient soul was with the Just !
After her death, among the things
That even the poor preserve with care, — 165
Some little trinkets and cheap rings,
A locket with her mother's hair,
Her wedding-gown, the faded flowers
She wore upon her wedding-day, —

Among these memories of past hours, 170
That so much of the heart reveal,
Carefully kept and put away,
The Letter of Indulgence lay
Folded, with signature and seal.

Meanwhile the Priest, aggrieved and pained, 175
Waited and wondered that no word
Of mass or requiem he heard,
As by the Holy Church ordained :
Then to the Magistrate complained,
That as this woman had been dead 180
A week or more, and no mass said,
It was rank heresy, or at least
Contempt of Church ; thus said the Priest ;
And straight the cobbler was arraigned.

He came, confiding in his cause, 185
But rather doubtful of the laws.
The Justice from his elbow-chair
Gave him a look that seemed to say :
“ Thou stand’st before a Magistrate,
Therefore do not prevaricate ! ” 190
Then asked him in a business way,
Kindly but cold : “ Is thy wife dead ? ”
The cobbler meekly bowed his head ;
“ She is,” came struggling from his throat
Scarce audibly. The Justice wrote 195
The words down in a book, and then
Continued, as he raised his pen :
“ She is ; and hath a mass been said
For the salvation of her soul ?
Come, speak the truth ! confess the whole ! ” 200

The cobbler without pause replied :
 “ Of mass or prayer there was no need ;
 For at the moment when she died
 Her soul was with the glorified ! ”
 And from his pocket with all speed 205
 He drew the priestly title-deed,
 And prayed the Justice he would read.

The Justice read, amused, amazed ;
 And as he read his mirth increased ;
 At times his shaggy brows he raised, 210
 Now wondering at the cobbler gazed,
 Now archly at the angry Priest.
 “ From all excesses, sins, and crimes
 Thou hast committed in past times
 Thee I absolve ! And furthermore, 215
 Purified from all earthly taints,
 To the communion of the Saints
 And to the sacraments restore !
 All stains of weakness, and all trace
 Of shame and censure I efface ; 220
 Remit the pains thou shouldst endure,
 And make thee innocent and pure,
 So that in dying, unto thee
 The gates of heaven shall open be !
 Though long thou livest, yet this grace 225
 Until the moment of thy death
 Unchangeable continueth ! ”

Then said he to the Priest : “ I find
 This document is duly signed
 Brother John Tetzal, his own hand. 230
 At all tribunals in the land

In evidence it may be used ;
Therefore acquitted is the accused."
Then to the cobbler turned : " My friend,
Pray tell me, didst thou ever read 235
Reynard the Fox ? " — " Oh yes, indeed ! " —
" I thought so. Don't forget the end."

INTERLUDE

" WHAT was the end ? I am ashamed
Not to remember Reynard's fate ;
I have not read the book of late ;
Was he not hanged ? " the Poet said.
The Student gravely shook his head, 5
And answered : " You exaggerate.
There was a tournament proclaimed,
And Reynard fought with Isegrim
The Wolf, and having vanquished him,
Rose to high honor in the State, 10
And Keeper of the Seals was named ! "

At this the gay Sicilian laughed :
" Fight fire with fire, and craft with craft ;
Successful cunning seems to be
The moral of your tale," said he. 15
" Mine had a better, and the Jew's
Had none at all, that I could see ;
His aim was only to amuse."

Meanwhile from out its ebon case
His violin the Minstrel drew, 20
And having tuned its strings anew,
Now held it close in his embrace,

And poising in his outstretched hand
The bow, like a magician's wand,
He paused, and said, with beaming face : 25
“Last night my story was too long ;
To-day I give you but a song,
An old tradition of the north ;
But first, to put you in the mood,
I will a little while prelude, 30
And from this instrument draw forth
Something by way of overture.”

He played. At first the tones were pure
And tender as a summer night,
The full moon climbing to her height, 35
The sob and ripple of the seas,
The flapping of an idle sail ;
And then by sudden and sharp degrees
The multiplied, wild harmonies
Freshened and burst into a gale ; 40
A tempest howling through the dark,
A crash as of some shipwrecked bark,
A loud and melancholy wail.

Such was the prelude to the tale
Told by the Minstrel ; and at times 45
He paused amid its varying rhymes,
And at each pause again broke in
The music of his violin,
With tones of sweetness or of fear,
Movements of trouble or of calm, 50
Creating their own atmosphere ;
As sitting in a church we hear
Between the verses of the psalm

The organ playing soft and clear,
Or thundering on the startled ear. 55

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

THE BALLAD OF CARMILHAN

This story is found in various forms. Wilhelm Hauff, in *Arabian Days' Entertainments*, tells it as *The Story of the Spectral Ship*, in the general collection *The Caravan*; and it is, in another form, the well-known story, *The Flying Dutchman*.

I

At Stralsund, by the Baltic Sea,
Within the sandy bar,
At sunset of a summer's day,
Ready for sea, at anchor lay
The good ship Valdemar. 5

The sunbeams danced upon the waves,
And played along her side ;
And through the cabin window streamed
In ripples of golden light, that seemed
The ripple of the tide. 10

There sat the captain with his friends,
Old skippers brown and hale,
Who smoked and grumbled o'er their grog,
And talked of iceberg and of fog,
Of calm and storm and gale. 15

And one was spinning a sailor's yarn
About Klaboterman,

1. It is interesting to hear throughout this poem echoes of Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*.

The Kobold of the sea ; a spright
Invisible to mortal sight,
Who o'er the rigging ran. 20

Sometimes he hammered in the hold,
Sometimes upon the mast,
Sometimes abeam, sometimes abaft,
Or at the bows he sang and laughed,
And made all tight and fast. 25

He helped the sailors at their work,
And toiled with jovial din ;
He helped them hoist and reef the sails,
He helped them stow the casks and bales,
And heave the anchor in. 30

But woe unto the lazy louts,
The idlers of the crew ;
Them to torment was his delight,
And worry them by day and night,
And pinch them black and blue. 35

And woe to him whose mortal eyes
Klaboterman behold,
It is a certain sign of death ! —
The cabin-boy here held his breath,
He felt his blood run cold. 40

17, 18. *Klaboterman*, etc. *Klaboterman*, whose character was such as the following lines describe, was visible only when a vessel was doomed ; then, dressed in sailor's clothes, wearing a nightcap, he seated himself upon the bowsprit and smoked his pipe. The *Kobold* of German mythology corresponds to the Scotch *brownie* and the English *Robin Goodfellow*.

II

The jolly skipper paused awhile,

And then again began.

“There is a Spectre Ship,” quoth he,

“A ship of the Dead that sails the sea,

And is called the Carmilhan.

45

“A ghostly ship, with a ghostly crew,

In tempests she appears ;

And before the gale, or against the gale,

She sails without a rag of sail,

Without a helmsman steers.

50

“She haunts the Atlantic north and south,

But mostly the mid-sea,

Where three great rocks rise bleak and bare

Like furnace chimneys in the air,

And are called the Chimneys Three.

55

“And ill betide the luckless ship

That meets the Carmilhan ;

Over her decks the seas will leap,

She must go down into the deep,

And perish mouse and man.”

60

The captain of the Valdemar

Laughed loud with merry heart.

“I should like to see this ship,” said he ;

“I should like to find these Chimneys Three

That are marked down in the chart.

65

“I have sailed right over the spot,” he said,

“With a good stiff breeze behind,

When the sea was blue, and the sky was clear, —
You can follow my course by these pinholes here, —
And never a rock could find.” 70

And then he swore a dreadful oath,
He swore by the Kingdoms Three,
That, should he meet the Carmilhan,
He would run her down, although he ran
Right into Eternity ! 75

All this, while passing to and fro,
The cabin-boy had heard ;
He lingered at the door to hear,
And drank in all with greedy ear,
And pondered every word. 80

He was a simple country lad,
But of a roving mind.
“ Oh, it must be like heaven,” thought he,
“ Those far-off foreign lands to see,
And fortune seek and find ! ” 85

But in the fo’castle, when he heard
The mariners blaspheme,
He thought of home, he thought of God,
And his mother under the churchyard sod,
And wished it were a dream. 90

One friend on board that ship had he ;
’T was the Klaboterman,
Who saw the Bible in his chest,
And made a sign upon his breast,
All evil things to ban. 95

III

The cabin windows have grown blank
As eyeballs of the dead ;
No more the glancing sunbeams burn
On the gilt letters of the stern,
But on the figure-head ; 100

On Valdemar Victorious,
Who looketh with disdain
To see his image in the tide
Dismembered float from side to side,
And reunite again. 105

“ It is the wind,” those skippers said,
“ That swings the vessel so ;
It is the wind ; it freshens fast,
'T is time to say farewell at last,
'T is time for us to go.” 110

They shook the captain by the hand,
“ Good luck ! good luck ! ” they cried ;
Each face was like the setting sun,
As, broad and red, they one by one
Went o'er the vessel's side. 115

The sun went down, the full moon rose
Serene o'er field and flood,
And all the winding creeks and bays
And broad sea-meadows seemed ablaze,
The sky was red as blood. 120

The southwest wind blew fresh and fair,
As fair as wind could be ;

Bound for Odessa, o'er the bar,
With all sail set, the Valdemar
Went proudly out to sea. 125

The lovely moon climbs up the sky
As one who walks in dreams ;
A tower of marble in her light,
A wall of black, a wall of white,
The stately vessel seems. 130

Low down upon the sandy coast
The lights begin to burn ;
And now, uplifted high in air,
They kindle with a fiercer glare,
And now drop far astern. 135

The dawn appears, the land is gone,
The sea is all around ;
Then on each hand low hills of sand
Emerge and form another land ;
She steereth through the Sound. 140

Through Kattegat and Skager-rack
She flitteth like a ghost ;
By day and night, by night and day,
She bounds, she flies upon her way
Along the English coast. 145

Cape Finisterre is drawing near,
Cape Finisterre is past ;
Into the open ocean stream
She floats, the vision of a dream
Too beautiful to last. 150

Suns rise and set, and rise, and yet
There is no land in sight ;
The liquid planets overhead
Burn brighter now the moon is dead,
And longer stays the night. 155

IV

And now along the horizon's edge
Mountains of cloud uprose,
Black as with forests underneath,
Above, their sharp and jagged teeth
Were white as drifted snows. 160

Unseen behind them sank the sun,
But flushed each snowy peak
A little while with rosy light,
That faded slowly from the sight
As blushes from the cheek. 165

Black grew the sky, — all black, all black ;
The clouds were everywhere ;
There was a feeling of suspense
In nature, a mysterious sense
Of terror in the air. 170

And all on board the Valdemar
Was still as still could be ;
Save when the dismal ship-bell tolled,
As ever and anon she rolled,
And lurched into the sea. 175

The captain up and down the deck
Went striding to and fro ;

Now watched the compass at the wheel,
Now lifted up his hand to feel
Which way the wind might blow. 180

And now he looked up at the sails,
And now upon the deep ;
In every fibre of his frame
He felt the storm before it came,
He had no thought of sleep. 185

Eight bells ! and suddenly abaft,
With a great rush of rain,
Making the ocean white with spume,
In darkness like the day of doom,
On came the hurricane. 190

The lightning flashed from cloud to cloud,
And rent the sky in two ;
A jagged flame, a single jet
Of white fire, like a bayonet,
That pierced the eyeballs through. 195

Then all around was dark again,
And blacker than before ;
But in that single flash of light
He had beheld a fearful sight,
And thought of the oath he swore. 200

For right ahead lay the Ship of the Dead,
The ghostly Carmilhan !
Her masts were stripped, her yards were bare,
And on her bowsprit, poised in air,
Sat the Klaboterman. 205

Her crew of ghosts was all on deck
Or clambering up the shrouds ;
The boatswain's whistle, the captain's hail
Were like the piping of the gale,
And thunder in the clouds. 210

And close behind the Carmilhan
There rose up from the sea,
As from a foundered ship of stone,
Three bare and splintered masts alone :
They were the Chimneys Three. 215

And onward dashed the Valdemar
And leaped into the dark ;
A denser mist, a colder blast,
A little shudder, and she had passed
Right through the Phantom Bark. 220

She cleft in twain the shadowy hulk,
But cleft it unaware ;
As when, careering to her nest,
The sea-gull severs with her breast
The unresisting air. 225

Again the lightning flashed ; again
They saw the Carmilhan,
Whole as before in hull and spar ;
But now on board of the Valdemar
Stood the Klaboterman. 230

And they all knew their doom was sealed,
They knew that death was near ;

Some prayed who never prayed before,
And some they wept, and some they swore,
And some were mute with fear. 235

Then suddenly there came a shock,
And louder than wind or sea
A cry burst from the crew on deck,
As she dashed and crashed, a hopeless wreck,
Upon the Chimneys Three. 240

The storm and night were passed, the light
To streak the east began ;
The cabin-boy, picked up at sea,
Survived the wreck, and only he,
To tell of the Carmilhan. 245

INTERLUDE

WHEN the long murmur of applause
That greeted the Musician's lay
Had slowly buzzed itself away,
And the long talk of Sceptre Ships
That followed died upon their lips 5
And came unto a natural pause,
"These tales you tell are one and all
Of the Old World," the Poet said,
"Flowers gathered from a crumbling wall,
Dead leaves that rustle as they fall ; 10
Let me present you in their stead
Something of our New England earth,
A tale, which, though of no great worth,
Has still this merit, that it yields

A certain freshness of the fields, 15
A sweetness as of home-made bread."

The Student answered : " Be discreet ;
For if the flour be fresh and sound,
And if the bread be light*and sweet,
Who careth in what mill 't was ground, 20
Or of what oven felt the heat,
Unless, as old Cervantes said,
You are looking after better bread
Than any that is made of wheat?

You know that people nowadays 25
To what is old give little praise ;
All must be new in prose and verse ;
They want hot bread, or something worse,
Fresh every morning, and half baked ;
The wholesome bread of ye-sterday, 30
Too stale for them, is thrown away,
Nor is their thirst with water slaked."

As oft we see the sky in May
Threaten to rain, and yet not rain,
The Poet's face, before so gay, 35
Was clouded with a look of pain,
But suddenly brightened up again ;
And without further let or stay
He told his tale of yesterday.

THE POET'S TALE

LADY WENTWORTH

The incidents of this tale are recounted by C. W. Brewster (*Rambles about Portsmouth*, i, 101). After the publication of the poem, Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson wrote to one of Mr. Longfellow's kinsmen a version of the story sent him by Mrs. Mary Anne Williams, who had the story from her grandmother, who was niece to Governor Wentworth, and a child at the time of the incident. "I have seen Mr. Longfellow's poem," writes Mrs. Williams, "but I should think he would be afraid some of the old fellows would appear to him for making it appear that any others than the family were present to witness what they considered a great degradation. Only the brothers and brothers-in-law were present, and Mr. Brown; and the bride, who had been his housekeeper for seven years, was then thirty-five, and attired in a calico dress and white apron. The family stood in wholesome awe of the sturdy old governor, so treated Patty with civility, but it was hard work for the stately old dames, and she was dropped after his death." The wedding took place in 1760. The house at Little Harbor is still standing, though stripped of furniture and portraits which once made it a most interesting place to visit.

Mr. Longfellow appears to have written this tale before he had visited the old house. He records in his diary, under date of May 24, 1871: "Finished a new tale for the second day of the *Wayside Inn*, a new England story, — *Lady Wentworth*;" and, a week later: "Went with Fields to Portsmouth to see old houses. Mr. Haven received us at the station, and entertained us most hospitably. First, lunch; then drive to Little Harbor to see the Wentworth house, — a quaint, irregular pile of buildings, hidden from the road by rising ground, though close upon it, with lilac hedges, and looking seaward; not unlike my description of it." In a letter written at the same time to Mr. G. W. Greene, he says: "I had a most successful day with Fields at his native town, and saw sundry curious old houses, — among them the Wentworth house, which I was anxious to see, having already described it in a poem. I found it necessary to change only a single line, — which was lucky." The change which Mr. Longfellow was obliged to make is interesting, as showing his general familiarity with colonial houses, and the deviation from a common type which existed in the Wentworth house. Brewster, from whom Mr. Longfellow probably derived the points in his description, omits any mention of the

staircase, but fails to show that, in the peculiar construction of the house, opportunity was lacking for such a feature. As soon, however, as Mr. Longfellow saw the interior, he perceived that he must omit his mention, which ran, —

“ A spacious staircase leading from the hall
With twisted balusters unlike and small.”

In the best examples of old colonial houses, the small balusters are in groups of three different forms repeated in succession.

ONE hundred years ago, and something more,
In Queen Street, Portsmouth, at her tavern-door,
Neat as a pin, and blooming as a rose,
Stood Mistress Stavers in her furbelows,
Just as her cuckoo-clock was striking nine. 5
Above her head, resplendent on the sign,
The portrait of the Earl of Halifax,
In scarlet coat and periwig of flax,
Surveyed at leisure all her varied charms,
Her cap, her bodice, her white folded arms, 10
And half resolved, though he was past his prime,
And rather damaged by the lapse of time,
To fall down at her feet, and to declare
The passion that had driven him to despair.
For from his lofty station he had seen 15
Stavers, her husband, dressed in bottle-green,
Drive his new Flying Stage-coach, four in hand,
Down the long lane, and out into the land,
And knew that he was far upon the way
To Ipswich and to Boston on the Bay! 20

Just then the meditations of the Earl
Were interrupted by a little girl,
Barefooted, ragged, with neglected hair,
Eyes full of laughter, neck and shoulders bare,
A thin slip of a girl, like a new moon, 25

Sure to be rounded into beauty soon,
A creature men would worship and adore,
Though now in mean habiliments she bore
A pail of water, dripping through the street,
And bathing, as she went, her naked feet. 30

It was a pretty picture, full of grace, —
The slender form, the delicate, thin face ;
The swaying motion, as she hurried by ;
The shining feet, the laughter in her eye,
That o'er her face in ripples gleamed and glanced, 35
As in her pail the shifting sunbeam danced :
And with uncommon feelings of delight
The Earl of Halifax beheld the sight.
Not so Dame Stavers, for he heard her say
These words, or thought he did, as plain as day : 40
“ O Martha Hilton ! Fie ! how dare you go
About the town half dressed, and looking so ! ”
At which the gypsy laughed, and straight replied :
“ No matter how I look ; I yet shall ride
In my own chariot, ma'am.” And on the child 45
The Earl of Halifax benignly smiled,
As with her heavy burden she passed on,
Looked back, then turned the corner, and was gone.

What next, upon that memorable day,
Arrested his attention was a gay 50
And brilliant equipage, that flashed and spun,
The silver harness glittering in the sun,
Outriders with red jackets, lithe and lank,
Pounding the saddles as they rose and sank,
While all alone within the chariot sat 55
A portly person with three-cornered hat,

A crimson velvet coat, head high in air,
Gold-headed cane, and nicely powdered hair,
And diamond buckles sparkling at his knees,
Dignified, stately, florid, much at ease. 60
Onward the pageant swept, and as it passed,
Fair Mistress Stavers courtesied low and fast ;
For this was Governor Wentworth, driving down
To Little Harbor, just beyond the town,
Where his Great House stood looking out to sea, 65
A goodly place, where it was good to be.

It was a pleasant mansion, an abode
Near and yet hidden from the great high-road,
Sequestered among trees, a noble pile,
Baronial and colonial in its style ; 70
Gables and dormer-windows everywhere,
And stacks of chimneys rising high in air, —
Pandæan pipes, on which all winds that blew
Made mournful music the whole winter through.
Within, unwonted splendors met the eye, 75
Panels, and floors of oak, and tapestry ;
Carved chimney-pieces, where on brazen dogs
Revelled and roared the Christmas fires of logs ;
Doors opening into darkness unawares,
Mysterious passages, and flights of stairs ; 80
And on the walls, in heavy gilded frames,
The ancestral Wentworths with Old-Scripture names.

Such was the mansion where the great man dwelt,
A widower and childless ; and he felt

73. The god Pan first made the shepherd's flute. Mrs. Browning has beautifully described his fashioning of the pipes in her poem *A Musical Instrument*.

The loneliness, the uncongenial gloom, 85
That like a presence haunted every room ;
For though not given to weakness, he could feel
The pain of wounds, that ache because they heal.

The years came and the years went, — seven in all,
And passed in cloud and sunshine o'er the Hall ; 90
The dawns their splendor through its chambers shed,
The sunsets flushed its western windows red ;
The snow was on its roofs, the wind, the rain ;
Its woodlands were in leaf and bare again ;
Moons waxed and waned, the lilacs bloomed and
died, 95

In the broad river ebbd and flowed the tide,
Ships went to sea, and ships came home from sea,
And the slow years sailed by and ceased to be.

And all these years had Martha Hilton served
In the Great House, not wholly unobserved : 100
By day, by night, the silver crescent grew,
Though hidden by clouds, her light still shining
through ;

A maid of all work, whether coarse or fine,
A servant who made service seem divine !
Through her each room was fair to look upon ; 105
The mirrors glistened, and the brasses shone,
The very knocker on the outer door,
If she but passed, was brighter than before.

And now the ceaseless turning of the mill
Of time, that never for an hour stands still, 110
Ground out the Governor's sixtieth birthday,
And powdered his brown hair with silver-gray.

The robin, the forerunner of the spring,
The bluebird with his jocund carolling,
The restless swallows building in the eaves, 115
The golden buttercups, the grass, the leaves,
The lilacs tossing in the winds of May,
All welcomed this majestic holiday!
He gave a splendid banquet, served on plate,
Such as became the Governor of the State, 120
Who represented England and the King,
And was magnificent in everything.
He had invited all his friends and peers, —
The Pepperels, the Langdons, and the Lears,
The Sparhawks, the Penhallows, and the rest ; 125
For why repeat the name of every guest ?
But I must mention one in bands and gown,
The rector there, the Reverend Arthur Brown
Of the Established Church ; with smiling face
He sat beside the Governor and said grace ; 130
And then the feast went on, as others do,
But ended as none other I e'er knew.

When they had drunk the King, with many a cheer,
The Governor whispered in a servant's ear,
Who disappeared, and presently there stood 135
Within the room, in perfect womanhood,
A maiden, modest and yet self-possessed,
Youthful and beautiful, and simply dressed.
Can this be Martha Hilton ? It must be !
Yes, Martha Hilton, and no other she ! 140
Dowered with the beauty of her twenty years,
How ladylike, how queenlike she appears ;
The pale, thin crescent of the days gone by
Is Dian now in all her majesty !

Yet scarce a guest perceived that she was there, 145
Until the Governor, rising from his chair,
Played slightly with his ruffles, then looked down,
And said unto the Reverend Arthur Brown :
“ This is my birthday : it shall likewise be
My wedding-day ; and you shall marry me ! ” 150

The listening guests were greatly mystified,
None more so than the rector, who replied :
“ Marry you ? Yes, that were a pleasant task,
Your Excellency ; but to whom ? I ask.”
The Governor answered, “ To this lady here ; ” 155
And beckoned Martha Hilton to draw near.
She came and stood, all blushes, at his side.
The rector paused. The impatient Governor cried :
“ This is the lady ; do you hesitate ?
Then I command you as Chief Magistrate.” 160
The rector read the service loud and clear :
“ Dearly beloved, we are gathered here,”
And so on to the end. At his command
On the fourth finger of her fair left hand
The Governor placed the ring ; and that was all : 165
Martha was Lady Wentworth of the Hall !

INTERLUDE

WELL pleased the audience heard the tale.
The Theologian said : “ Indeed,
To praise you there is little need ;
One almost hears the farmer’s flail
Thresh out your wheat, nor does there fail 5
A certain freshness, as you said,

And sweetness as of home-made bread.
But not less sweet and not less fresh
Are many legends that I know,
Writ by the monks of long-ago, 10
Who loved to mortify the flesh,
So that the soul might purer grow,
And rise to a diviner state ;
And one of these — perhaps of all
Most beautiful — I now recall, 15
And with permission will narrate ;
Hoping thereby to make amends
For that grim tragedy of mine,
As strong and black as Spanish wine,
I told last night, and wish almost 20
It had remained untold, my friends ;
For Torquemada's awful ghost
Came to me in the dreams I dreamed,
And in the darkness glared and gleamed
Like a great light-house on the coast." 25

The Student laughing said : " Far more
Like to some dismal fire of bale
Flaring portentous on a hill ;
Or torches lighted on a shore
By wreckers in a midnight gale. 30
No matter ; be it as you will,
Only go forward with your tale."



*"To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame."*

Halt and lame and blind He healed, 2^a
When He walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost. 30
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus Thou deignest
To reveal Thyself to me ?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of Thy glory Thou shouldst enter 35
This poor cell, my guest to be ?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor 40
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When alike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat, 45
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame,
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood ; 50
And their almoner was he
Who upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendor. 55

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration ;
Should he go or should he stay ?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate, 60
Till the Vision passed away ?
Should he slight his radiant guest,
Slight this visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate ? 65
Would the Vision there remain ?
Would the Vision come again ?
Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear
As if to the outward ear : 70
“ Do thy duty ; that is best ;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest ! ”

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the Blessed Vision bent, 75
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye 80
That is only seen in those
Who amid their wants and woes
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by ;
Grown familiar with disfavor, 85
Grown familiar with the savor

Of the bread by which men die !
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise, 90
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure ; 95
What we see not, what we see ;
And the inward voice was saying :
“ Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me ! ” 100

Unto me ! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision, 105
And have turned away with loathing ?

Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face, 110
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling 115
At the threshold of his door,

For the Vision still was standing
 As he left it there before,
 When the convent bell appalling,
 From its belfry calling, calling, 120
 Summoned him to feed the poor.
 Through the long hour intervening
 It had waited his return,
 And he felt his bosom burn,
 Comprehending all the meaning, 125
 When the Blessed Vision said,
 "Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

INTERLUDE

ALL praised the Legend more or less;
 Some liked the moral, some the verse;
 Some thought it better, and some worse
 Than other legends of the past;
 Until, with ill-concealed distress 5
 At all their cavilling, at last
 The Theologian gravely said:
 "The Spanish proverb, then, is right:
 Consult your friends on what you do,
 And one will say that it is white, 10
 And others say that it is red."
 And "Amen!" quoth the Spanish Jew.

"Six stories told! We must have seven,
 A cluster like the Pleiades,

14. The Pleiades were the seven daughters of Atlas who were transformed into a constellation; only six are visible to the naked eye; the ancients believed that the seventh, because she married a mortal instead of a god, hid herself for shame.

And lo ! it happens, as with these, 15
That one is missing from our heaven.
Where is the Landlord ? Bring him here ;
Let the Lost Pleiad reappear."

Thus the Sicilian cried, and went
Forthwith to seek his missing star, 20
But did not find him in the bar,
A place that landlords most frequent,
Nor yet beside the kitchen fire,
Nor up the stairs, nor in the hall ;
It was in vain to ask or call, 25
There were no tidings of the Squire.

So he came back with downcast head,
Exclaiming : " Well, our bashful host
Hath surely given up the ghost.
Another proverb says the dead 30
Can tell no tales ; and that is true.
It follows, then, that one of you
Must tell a story in his stead.
You must," he to the Student said,
" Who know so many of the best,
And tell them better than the rest." 35

Straight, by these flattering words beguiled,
The Student, happy as a child
When he is called a little man,
Assumed the double task imposed, 40
And without more ado unclosed
His smiling lips, and thus began.

THE STUDENT'S SECOND TALE

THE BARON OF ST. CASTINE

"About the time the treaty of Breda was ratified, A. D. 1667, Mons. Vincent de St. Castine appeared among the Tarratines, and settled upon the peninsula since called by his name. Born at Oléron, a province of France, he acquired an early taste for rural scenes, so fully enjoyed by him in the borders of the Pyrenean Mountains, which encompassed the place of his nativity. . . . He was a liberal Catholic, though devout and punctilious in his religious observances; having usually in his train several Jesuit missionaries devoted to the 'holy cause.' He learned to speak with ease the Indian dialect; and supplying himself with firearms, ammunition, blankets, steel traps, baubles, and a thousand other things desired by the natives, he made them presents, and opened a valuable trade with them in these articles, for which he received furs and peltry in return, at his own prices. He taught the men the use of the gun, and some arts of war; and being a man of fascinating address and manners, he attained a complete ascendancy over the whole tribe; they looking upon him, in the language of one writer, 'as their tutelar god.'

"To chain their attachments by ties not readily broken, in connection with personal gratification, he took four or five Tarratine wives, — one of them the daughter of Madocawando, Sagamore of the tribe. Early habits and great success in trade rendered him contented with his allotments; he lived in the country about thirty years; and, as Abbé Raynal says, 'conformed himself in all respects to the manners and customs of the natives.' To his daughters, whom 'he married very handsomely to Frenchmen,' he gave liberal portions; having amassed a property 'worth three hundred thousand crowns.' "

— WILLIAMSON, *The History of Maine*, i, 471, 472.

The Abbé Raynal, who is one of Williamson's authorities, asserts that Castine never changed his wife, to convince the savages "that God doth not like inconstant folks." Some remains of the fortifications of the Baron's trading-post may still be seen on the shore in the town of Castine, Maine. Baron Castine returned to France in 1701, but the scenes there appear to have their origin in the poet's imagination. Whittier has a reference to the Baron in his *Mogg Megone*.

BARON CASTINE of St. Castine
Has left his château in the Pyrenees,
And sailed across the western seas.

When he went away from his fair demesne
The birds were building, the woods were green ;
And now the winds of winter blow 6
Round the turrets of the old château,
The birds are silent and unseen,
The leaves lie dead in the ravine,
And the Pyrenees are white with snow. 10

His father, lonely, old, and gray,
Sits by the fireside day by day,
Thinking ever one thought of care ;
Through the southern windows, narrow and tall,
The sun shines into the ancient hall, 15
And makes a glory round his hair.
The house-dog, stretched beneath his chair,
Groans in his sleep, as if in pain,
Then wakes, and yawns, and sleeps again,
So silent is it everywhere, — 20
So silent you can hear the mouse
Run and rummage along the beams
Behind the wainscot of the wall ;
And the old man rouses from his dreams,
And wanders restless through the house, 25
As if he heard strange voices call.

His footsteps echo along the floor
Of a distant passage, and pause awhile ;
He is standing by an open door
Looking long, with a sad, sweet smile, 30
Into the room of his absent son.
There is the bed on which he lay,
There are the pictures bright and gay,
Horses and hounds and sun-lit seas ;

There are his powder-flask and gun, 35
And his hunting-knives in shape of a fan;
The chair by the window where he sat,
With the clouded tiger-skin for a mat,
Looking out on the Pyrenees,
Looking out on Mount Marboré 40
And the Seven Valleys of Lavedan.
Ah me! he turns away and sighs;
There is a mist before his eyes.

At night, whatever the weather be,
Wind or rain or starry heaven, 45
Just as the clock is striking seven,
Those who look from the windows see
The village Curate, with lantern and maid,
Come through the gateway from the park
And cross the courtyard damp and dark, — 50
A ring of light in a ring of shade.

And now at the old man's side he stands,
His voice is cheery, his heart expands,
He gossips pleasantly, by the blaze
Of the fire of fagots, about old days, 55
And Cardinal Mazarin and the Fronde,
And the Cardinal's nieces fair and fond,
And what they did, and what they said,
When they heard his Eminence was dead.

And after a pause the old man says, 60
His mind still coming back again

56. The *Fronde* was the name of the party which, during the minority of Louis XIV, resisted all the measures of Mazarin and finally drove him from power.

To the one sad thought that haunts his brain,
• Are there any tidings from over sea ?
Ah, why has that wild boy gone from me ? ”
And the Curate answers, looking down, 65
Harmless and docile as a lamb,
“ Young blood ! young blood ! It must so be ! ”
And draws from the pocket of his gown
A handkerchief like an oriflamb,
And wipes his spectacles, and they play 70
Their little game of lansquenet
In silence for an hour or so,
Till the clock at nine strikes loud and clear
From the village lying asleep below,
And across the courtyard, into the dark 75
Of the winding pathway in the park,
Curate and lantern disappear,
And darkness reigns in the old château.

The ship has come back from over sea,
She has been signalled from below, 80
And into the harbor of Bordeaux
She sails with her gallant company.
But among them is nowhere seen
The brave young Baron of St. Castine ;
He hath tarried behind, I ween, 85
In the beautiful land of Acadie !

And the father paces to and fro
Through the chambers of the old château,
Waiting, waiting to hear the hum
Of wheels on the road that runs below, 90
Of servants hurrying here and there,
The voice in the courtyard, the step on the stair,

Waiting for some one who doth not come !
 But letters there are, which the old man reads
 To the Curate, when he comes at night, 95
 Word by word, as an acolyte
 Repeats his prayers and tells his beads ;
 Letters full of the rolling sea,
 Full of a young man's joy to be
 Abroad in the world, alone and free ; 100
 Full of adventures and wonderful scenes
 Of hunting the deer through forests vast
 In the royal grant of Pierre du Gast ;
 Of nights in the tents of the Tarratines ;
 Of Madocawando the Indian chief, 105
 And his daughters, glorious as queens,
 And beautiful beyond belief ;
 And so soft the tones of their native tongue,
 The words are not spoken, they are sung !

And the Curate listens, and smiling says : 110
 " Ah yes, dear friend ! in our young days
 We should have liked to hunt the deer
 All day amid those forest scenes,
 And to sleep in the tents of the Tarratines ;
 But now it is better sitting here 115
 Within four walls, and without the fear
 Of losing our hearts to Indian queens ;
 For man is fire and woman is tow,
 And the Somebody comes and begins to blow."
 Then a gleam of distrust and vague surmise 120
 Shines in the father's gentle eyes,
 As firelight on a window-pane
 Glimmers and vanishes again ;
 But naught he answers ; he only sighs,

And for a moment bows his head ; 125
Then, as their custom is, they play
Their little game of lansquenet,
And another day is with the dead.

Another day, and many a day
And many a week and month depart, 130
When a fatal letter wings its way
Across the sea, like a bird of prey,
And strikes and tears the old man's heart.
Lo ! the young Baron of St. Castine,
Swift as the wind is, and as wild, 135
Has married a dusky Tarrantine,
Has married Madocawando's child !

The letter drops from the father's hand ;
Though the sinews of his heart are wrung,
He utters no cry, he breathes no prayer, 140
No malediction falls from his tongue ;
But his stately figure, erect and grand,
Bends and sinks like a column of sand
In the whirlwind of his great despair.
Dying, yes, dying ! His latest breath 145
Of parley at the door of death
Is a blessing on his wayward son.
Lower and lower on his breast
Sinks his gray head ; he is at rest ;
No longer he waits for any one. 150

For many a year the old château
Lies tenantless and desolate ;
Rank grasses in the courtyard grow,
About its gables caws the crow ;

Only the porter at the gate 155
 Is left to guard it, and to wait
 The coming of the rightful heir ;
 No other life or sound is there ;
 No more the Curate comes at night,
 No more is seen the unsteady light, 160
 Threading the alleys of the park ;
 The windows of the hall are dark,
 The chambers dreary, cold, and bare !

At length, at last, when the winter is past,
 And birds are building, and woods are green, 165
 With flying skirts is the Curate seen
 Speeding along the woodland way,
 Humming gayly, " No day is so long
 But it comes at last to vesper-song."
 He stops at the porter's lodge to say 170
 That at last the Baron of St. Castine
 Is coming home with his Indian queen,
 Is coming without a week's delay ;
 And all the house must be swept and clean,
 And all things set in good array ! 175
 And the solemn porter shakes his head ;
 And the answer he makes is : " Lackaday !
 We will see, as the blind man said ! "

Alert since first the day began,
 The cock upon the village church 180
 Looks northward from his airy perch,
 As if beyond the ken of man
 To see the ships come sailing on,
 And pass the Isle of Oléron,
 And pass the Tower of Cordouan. 185

In the church below is cold in clay
The heart that would have leaped for joy —
O tender heart of truth and trust ! —
To see the coming of that day ;
In the church below the lips are dust ; 190
Dust are the hands, and dust the feet
That would have been so swift to meet
The coming of that wayward boy.

At night the front of the old château
Is a blaze of light above and below ; 195
There's a sound of wheels and hoofs in the street,
A cracking of whips, and scamper of feet,
Bells are ringing, and horns are blown,
And the Baron hath come again to his own.
The Curate is waiting in the hall, 200
Most eager and alive of all
To welcome the Baron and Baroness ;
But his mind is full of vague distress,
For he hath read in Jesuit books
Of those children of the wilderness, 205
And now, good, simple man ! he looks
To see a painted savage stride
Into the room with shoulders bare,
And eagle feathers in her hair,
And around her a robe of panther's hide. 210

Instead, he beholds with secret shame
A form of beauty undefined,
A loveliness without a name,
Not of degree, but more of kind ;
Nor bold nor shy, nor short nor tall, 215
But a new mingling of them all.

Yes, beautiful beyond belief,
 Transfigured and transfused, he sees
 The lady of the Pyrenees,
 The daughter of the Indian chief. 220
 Beneath the shadow of her hair
 The gold-bronze color of her skin
 Seems lighted by a fire within,
 As when a burst of sunlight shines
 Beneath a sombre growth of pines, — 225
 A dusky splendor in the air.
 The two small hands that now are pressed
 In his, seem made to be caressed,
 They lie so warm and soft and still,
 Like birds half hidden in a nest, 230
 Trustful, and innocent of ill.
 And ah ! he cannot believe his ears
 When her melodious voice he hears
 Speaking his native Gascon tongue ;
 The words she utters seem to be 235
 Part of some poem of Goudouli,
 They are not spoken, they are sung !
 And the Baron smiles, and says, “ You see
 I told you but the simple truth ;
 Ah, you may trust the eyes of youth ! ” 240

Down in the valley day by day
 The people gossip in their way,
 And stare to see the Baroness pass
 On Sunday morning to early Mass ;
 And when she kneeleth down to pray, 245
 They wonder, and whisper together, and say

236. *Goudouli* or *Goudelin*, as it is often spelled, was a Gascon poet of sprightly, delicate verse.

“Surely this is no heathen lass !”

And in course of time they learn to bless
The Baron and the Baroness.

And in course of time the Curate learns 250

A secret so dreadful, that by turns
He is ice and fire, he freezes and burns.

The Baron at confession hath said,

That though this woman be his wife,

He hath wed her as the Indians wed, 255

He hath bought her for a gun and a knife !

And the Curate replies : “ O profligate,

O Prodigal Son ! return once more

To the open arms and the open door

Of the Church, or ever it be too late. 260

Thank God thy father did not live

To see what he could not forgive ;

On thee, so reckless and perverse,

He left his blessing, not his curse.

But the nearer the dawn the darker the
night,

And by going wrong, all things come right ; 266

Things have been mended that were worse,

And the worse, the nearer they are to mend.

For the sake of the living and the dead,

Thou shalt be wed as Christians wed, 270

And all things come to a happy end.”

O sun, that followest the night,

In yon blue sky, serene and pure,

And pourest thine impartial light

Alike on mountain and on moor, 275

Pause for a moment in thy course,
 And bless the bridegroom and the bride !
 O Gave, that from thy hidden source
 In yon mysterious mountain-side
 Pursuest thy wandering way alone, 280
 And leaping down its steps of stone,
 Along the meadow-lands demure
 Stealest away to thy Adour,
 Pause for a moment in thy course
 To bless the bridegroom and the bride ! 285

The choir is singing the matin song,
 The doors of the church are opened wide,
 The people crowd, and press, and throng
 To see the bridegroom and the bride.
 They enter and pass along the nave ; 290
 They stand upon the father's grave ;
 The bells are ringing soft and slow ;
 The living above and the dead below
 Give their blessing on one and twain ;
 The warm wind blows from the hills of Spain, 295
 The birds are building, the leaves are green,
 And Baron Castine of St. Castine
 Hath come at last to his own again.

FINALE

“ *Nunc plaudite !* ” the Student cried,
 When he had finished ; “ now applaud,
 As Roman actors used to say
 At the conclusion of a play ; ”
 And rose, and spread his hands abroad, 5

And smiling bowed from side to side,
As one who bears the palm away.

And generous was the applause and loud,
But less for him than for the sun,
That even as the tale was done 10
Burst from its canopy of cloud,
And lit the landscape with the blaze
Of afternoon on autumn days,
And filled the room with light, and made
The fire of logs a painted shade. 15

A sudden wind from out the west
Blew all its trumpets loud and shrill ;
The windows rattled with the blast,
The oak-trees shouted as it passed,
And straight, as if by fear possessed, 20
The cloud encampment on the hill
Broke up, and fluttering flag and tent
Vanished into the firmament,
And down the valley fled amain
The rear of the retreating rain. 25

Only far up in the blue sky
A mass of clouds like drifted snow
Suffused with a faint Alpine glow,
Was heaped together, vast and high,
On which a shattered rainbow hung, 30
Not rising like the ruined arch
Of some aerial aqueduct,
But like a roseate garland plucked
From an Olympian god, and flung
Aside in his triumphal march. 35

Like prisoners from their dungeon gloom,
Like birds escaping from a snare,
Like school-boys at the hour of play,
All left at once the pent-up room,
And rushed into the open air ;
And no more tales were told that day.

PART THIRD

PRELUDE

THE evening came. The golden vane
A moment in the sunset glanced,
Then darkened, and then gleamed again,
As from the east the moon advanced
And touched it with a softer light; 5
While underneath, with flowing mane,
Upon the sign the Red Horse pranced,
And galloped forth into the night.

But brighter than the afternoon
That followed the dark day of rain, 10
And brighter than the golden vane
That glistened in the rising moon,
Within, the ruddy firelight gleamed;
And every separate window-pane,
Backed by the outer darkness, showed 15
A mirror, where the flamelets gleamed
And flickered to and fro; and seemed
A bonfire lighted in the road.

Amid the hospitable glow,
Like an old actor on the stage, 20
With the uncertain voice of age,

The singing chimney chanted low
The homely songs of long ago.

The voice that Ossian heard of yore,
When midnight winds were in his hall ; 25
A ghostly and appealing call,
A sound of days that are no more !
And dark as Ossian sat the Jew,
And listened to the sound, and knew
The passing of the airy hosts, 30
The gray and misty cloud of ghosts
In their interminable flight ;
And listening muttered in his beard,
With accent indistinct and weird,
“ Who are ye, children of the Night ? ” 35

Beholding his mysterious face,
“ Tell me,” the gay Sicilian said,
“ Why was it that in breaking bread
At supper, you bent down your head
And, musing, paused a little space, 40
As one who says a silent grace ? ”

The Jew replied, with solemn air :
“ I said the Manichæan’s prayer.
It was his faith — perhaps is mine —
That life in all its forms is one, 45
And that its secret conduits run

24. A Scotch schoolmaster, James Macpherson, published (1760–1762) several fragments of poems which he pretended were the work of Ossian, an ancient Gaelic bard. They were really written by Macpherson himself.

43. The Manichæans, or Manichees, were a sect founded by a Persian who gave himself out to be an Apostle of God and the promised Comforter.

Unseen, but in unbroken line,
 From the great fountain-head divine
 Through man and beast, through grain and grass.
 Howe'er we struggle, strive, and cry, 50
 From death there can be no escape,
 And no escape from life, alas !
 Because we cannot die, but pass
 From one into another shahe :
 It is but into life we die. 55

“ Therefore the Manichæan said
 This simple prayer on breaking bread,
 Lest he with hasty hand or knife
 Might wound the incarcerated life,
 The soul in things that we call dead : 60
 ‘ I did not reap thee, did not bind thee,
 I did not thrash thee, did not grind thee,
 Nor did I in the oven bake thee !
 It was not I, it was another
 Did these things unto thee, O brother ; 65
 I only have thee, hold thee, break thee ! ’ ”

“ That birds have souls I can concede,”
 The Poet cried, with glowing cheeks ;
 “ The flocks that from their beds of reed
 Uprising north or southward fly, 70
 And flying write upon the sky
 The biforked letter of the Greeks,

72. In a poem called *Le Alpi*, by Giovanni Rucellai, an Italian poet (1475–1525), are these lines, numbered 942–944 : —

“ Luando le Grue, tornando alle fredde alpi
 Scrivon per l'aere liquido e tranquillo
 La biforcata lettera dei Greci ; ”

which may be rendered : —

As hath been said by Rucellai ;
 All birds that sing or chirp or cry,
 Even those migratory bands, 75
 The minor poets of the air,
 The plover, peep, and sanderling,
 That hardly can be said to sing,
 But pipe along the barren sands, —
 All these have souls akin to ours ; 80
 So hath the lovely race of flowers :
 Thus much I grant, but nothing more.
 The rusty hinges of a door
 Are not alive because they creak ;
 This chimney, with its dreary roar, 85
 These rattling windows, do not speak ! ”
 “ To me they speak,” the Jew replied ;
 “ And in the sounds that sink and soar
 I hear the voices of a tide
 That breaks upon an unknown shore ! ” 90

Here the Sicilian interfered :
 “ That was your dream, then, as you dozed
 A moment since, with eyes half-closed,
 And murmured something in your beard.”
 The Hebrew smiled, and answered, “ Nay ; 95
 Not that, but something very near ;
 Like, and yet not the same, may seem
 The vision of my waking dream ;
 Before it wholly dies away,
 Listen to me, and you shall hear.” 100

When the cranes, returning, fly
 To the frigid Alpine peaks,
 They trace on calm, translucent sky
 The biforked letter of the Greeks.

The biforked letter of the Greeks is γ.

THE SPANISH JEW'S TALE

AZRAEL

KING SOLOMON, before his palace gate
At evening, on the pavement tessellate
Was walking with a stranger from the East,
Arrayed in rich attire as for a feast,
The mighty Runjeet-Sing, a learned man, 5
And Rajah of the realms of Hindostan.
And as they walked, the guest became aware
Of a white figure in the twilight air,
Gazing intent, as one who with surprise
His form and features seemed to recognize ; 10
And in a whisper to the king he said :
“ What is yon shape, that, pallid as the dead,
Is watching me, as if he sought to trace
In the dim light the features of my face ? ”

The king looked, and replied : “ I know him well ; 15
It is the Angel men call Azrael,
' T is the Death Angel ; what hast thou to fear ? ”
And the guest answered : “ Lest he should come near,
And speak to me, and take away my breath !
Save me from Azrael, save me from death ! 20
O king, that hast dominion o'er the wind,
Bid it arise and bear me hence to Ind.”

The king gazed upward at the cloudless sky,

16. “ Even *Azrael* from his deadly quiver
When flies that shaft, and fly it must,
That parts all else, shall doom forever
Our hearts to undivided dust.” *Byron.*

Whispered a word, and raised his hand on high,
 And lo! the signet-ring of chrysoprase 25
 On his uplifted finger seemed to blaze
 With hidden fire, and rushing from the west
 There came a mighty wind, and seized the guest
 And lifted him from earth, and on they passed,
 His shining garments streaming in the blast, 30
 A silken banner o'er the walls upreared,
 A purple cloud, that gleamed and disappeared.
 Then said the Angel, smiling: "If this man
 Be Rajah Runjeet-Sing of Hindostan,
 Thou hast done well in listening to his prayer; 35
 I was upon my way to seek him there."

INTERLUDE

"O EDREHI, forbear to-night
 Your ghostly legends of affright,
 And let the Talmud rest in peace;
 Spare us your dismal tales of death
 That almost take away one's breath; 5
 So doing, may your tribe increase."

Thus the Sicilian said; then went
 And on the spinet's rattling keys
 Played Marianina, like a breeze
 From Naples and the Southern seas, 10
 That brings us the delicious scent
 Of citron and of orange trees,
 And memories of soft days of ease 14
 At Capri and Amalfi spent.

6. A familiar saying among the Arabs. It occurs in the first line of Leigh Hunt's *Abou Ben Adhem*.

“Not so,” the eager Poet said ;
“At least, not so before I tell
The story of my Azrael,
An angel mortal as ourselves,
Which in an ancient tome I found
Upon a convent’s dusty shelves, 20
Chained with an iron chain, and bound
In parchment, and with clasps of brass,
Lest from its prison, some dark day,
It might be stolen or steal away,
While the good friars were singing mass. 25

“It is a tale of Charlemagne,
When like a thunder-cloud, that lowers
And sweeps from mountain-crest to coast,
With lightning flaming through its showers,
He swept across the Lombard plain, 30
Beleaguering with his warlike train
Pavia, the country’s pride and boast,
The City of the Hundred Towers.”

Thus heralded the tale began,
And thus in sober measure ran. 35

THE POET’S TALE

CHARLEMAGNE

In his diary, under date of May 12, 1872, Mr. Longfellow writes :
“Wrote a short poem on Charlemagne from an old chronicle, *De*

33. An epithet bestowed on Pavia because of its many towers. A few of these remain, the highest being a little short of two hundred feet.

Factis Caroli Magni, quoted by Cantù, *Storia degli Italiani*, II. 122.
I first heard it from Charles Perkins, in one of his lectures."

OLGER the Dane and Desiderio,
King of the Lombards, on a lofty tower
Stood gazing northward o'er the rolling plains,
League after league of harvests, to the foot
Of the snow-crested Alps, and saw approach 40
A mighty army, thronging all the roads
That led into the city. And the King
Said unto Olger, who had passed his youth
As hostage at the court of France, and knew
The Emperor's form and face: "Is Charlemagne 10
Among that host?" And Olger answered: "No."

And still the innumerable multitude
Flowed onward and increased, until the King
Cried in amazement: "Surely Charlemagne
Is coming in the midst of all these knights!" 15
And Olger answered slowly: "No; not yet;
He will not come so soon." Then, much disturbed,
King Desiderio asked: "What shall we do,
If he approach with a still greater army?"
And Olger answered: "When he shall appear, 20
You will behold what manner of man he is;
But what will then befall us I know not."

Then came the guard that never knew repose,
The Paladins of France; and at the sight
The Lombard King, o'ercome with terror, cried: 25

1. Hans Christian Andersen has an effective little tale about Olger, *Holger Danske*. The myth grew up about Olger, as about Frederick Barbarossa and others, that the warrior did not die, but slumbered, ready to awake when his country was in peril.

“ This must be Charlemagne ! ” and as before
Did Olger answer: “ No ; not yet, not yet.”

And then appeared in panoply complete
The Bishops and the Abbots and the Priests
Of the imperial chapel, and the Counts ; 30
And Desiderio could no more endure
The light of day, nor yet encounter death,
But sobbed aloud and said : “ Let us go down
And hide us in the bosom of the earth,
Far from the sight and anger of a foe 35
So terrible as this ! ” And Olger said :

“ When you behold the harvests in the fields
Shaking with fear, the Po and the Ticino
Lashing the city walls with iron waves,
Then may you know that Charlemagne is come.” 40
And even as he spake, in the northwest,
Lo ! there uprose a black and threatening cloud,
Out of whose bosom flashed the light of arms
Upon the people pent up in the city ;
A light more terrible than any darkness, 54
And Charlemagne appeared ; — a Man of Iron !

His helmet was of iron, and his gloves
Of iron, and his breastplate and his greaves
And taslets were of iron, and his shield.
In his left hand he held an iron spear, 50
In his right hand his sword invincible.
The horse he rode on had the strength of iron,
And color of iron. All who went before him,
Beside him and behind him, his whole host,
Were armed with iron, and their hearts within them
Were stronger than the armor that they wore. 56

The fields and all the roads were filled with iron,
 And points of iron glistened in the sun
 And shed a terror through the city streets.

This at a single glance Olger the Dane 60
 Saw from the tower, and turning to the king
 Exclaimed in haste: "Behold! this is the man
 You looked for with such eagerness!" and then
 Fell as one dead at Desiderio's feet.

INTERLUDE

WELL pleased all listened to the tale,
 That drew, the Student said, its pith
 And marrow from the ancient myth
 Of some one with an iron flail;
 Or that portentous Man of Brass 5
 Hephæstus made in days of yore,
 Who stalked about the Cretan shore,
 And saw the ships appear and pass,
 And threw stones at the Argonauts,
 Being filled with indiscriminate ire 10
 That tangled and perplexed his thoughts;
 But, like a hospitable host,
 When strangers landed on the coast,
 Heated himself red-hot with fire,
 And hugged them in his arms, and pressed 15
 Their bodies to his burning breast.

5. Talus, whom Hephæstus (Vulcan) made for Minos, king of Crete. Cf. Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Bk. I. The Student may recall Macaulay's famous comparison of the Puritan to Talus, in his *Essay on Milton*.

The Poet answered : “ No, not thus
The legend rose ; it sprang at first
Out of the hunger and the thirst
In all men for the marvellous. 20
And thus it filled and satisfied
The imagination of mankind,
And this ideal to the mind
Was truer than historic fact.
Fancy enlarged and multiplied 25
The terrors of the awful name
Of Charlemagne, till he became
Armipotent in every act,
And, clothed in mystery, appeared
Not what men saw, but what they feared. 30

“ Besides, unless my memory fail,
Your some one with an iron flail
Is not an ancient myth at all,
But comes much later on the scene
As Talus in the *Faerie Queene*, 35
The iron groom of Artegall,
Who threshed out falsehood and deceit,
And truth upheld, and righted wrong,
And was, as is the swallow, fleet,
And as the lion is, was strong.” 40

The Theologian said : “ Perchance
Your chronicler in writing this
Had in his mind the *Anabasis*,
Where Xenophon describes the advance
Of Artaxerxes to the fight ; 45

35. Spenser, in the *Faerie Queene*, represents Talus as an attendant on Artegall, the emblematic champion of justice.

At first the low gray cloud of dust,
 And then a blackness o'er the fields
 As of a passing thunder-gust,
 Then flash of brazen armor bright,
 And ranks of men, and spears up-thrust, 50
 Bowmen and troops with wicker shields,
 And cavalry equipped in white,
 And chariots ranged in front of these
 With scythes upon their axle-trees."

To this the Student answered: " Well, 55
 I also have a tale to tell
 Of Charlemagne ; a tale that throws
 A softer light, more tinged with rose,
 Than your grim apparition cast
 Upon the darkness of the past. 60
 Listen, and hear in English rhyme
 What the good Monk of Lauresheim
 Gives as the gossip of his time,
 In mediæval Latin prose."

THE STUDENT'S TALE

EMMA AND EGINHARD

WHEN Alcuin taught the sons of Charlemagne,
 In the free schools of Aix, how kings should reign,
 And with them taught the children of the poor

1. *Alcuin* was first a monk in the school of the monastery of York and later the master of the Palace School at the court of Charlemagne.

2. *Aix* was known as Aix-la-Chapelle after Charlemagne had built his cathedral there in 796.

How subjects should be patient and endure,
He touched the lips of some, as best befit, 5
With honey from the hives of Holy Writ ;
Others intoxicated with the wine
Of ancient history, sweet but less divine ;
Some with the wholesome fruits of grammar fed ;
Others with mysteries of the stars o'erhead, 10
That hang suspended in the vaulted sky
Like lamps in some fair palace vast and high.

In sooth, it was a pleasant sight to see
That Saxon monk, with hood and rosary,
With inkhorn at his belt, and pen and book, 15
And mingled love and reverence in his look,
Or hear the cloister and the court repeat
The measured footfalls of his sandaled feet,
Or watch him with the pupils of his school,
Gentle of speech, but absolute of rule. 20

Among them, always earliest in his place,
Was Eginhard, a youth of Frankish race,
Whose face was bright with flashes that forerun
The splendors of a yet unrisen sun.
To him all things were possible, and seemed, 25
Not what he had accomplished, but had dreamed,
And what were tasks to others were his play,
The pastime of an idle holiday.

Smaragdo, Abbot of St. Michael's, said,
With many a shrug and shaking of the head, 30
Surely some demon must possess the lad,
Who showed more wit than ever school-boy had,

And learned his Trivium thus without the rod ;
But Alcuin said it was the grace of God.

Thus he grew up, in Logic point-device, 35
Perfect in Grammar and in Rhetoric nice ;
Science of Numbers, Geometric art,
And lore of Stars, and Music knew by heart ;
A Minnesinger, long before the times
Of those who sang their love in Suabian rhymes. 40

The Emperor, when he heard this good report
Of Eginhard much buzzed about the court,
Said to himself, "This stripling seems to be
Purposely sent into the world for me ;
He shall become my scribe, and shall be schooled 45
In all the arts whereby the world is ruled."
Thus did the gentle Eginhard attain
To honor in the court of Charlemagne ;
Became the sovereign's favorite, his right hand,
So that his fame was great in all the land, 50
And all men loved him for his modest grace
And comeliness of figure and of face.
An inmate of the palace, yet recluse,
A man of books, yet sacred from abuse
Among the armed knights with spur on heel, 55
The tramp of horses and the clang of steel ;
And as the Emperor promised he was schooled

33. The term applied to what were then the three elementary subjects of literary education — logic, rhetoric, and grammar.

35. *Point-device* means precise. Cf. "You are rather *point-device* in your accoutrements." *As You Like It*, III, ii, 312.

39. For the Minnesingers, see Bayard Taylor's *Studies in German Literature*, chapter ii. The name Suabian poets was applied to them because they used almost entirely the Suabian dialect.

In all the arts by which the world is ruled.
But the one art supreme, whose law is fate,
The Emperor never dreamed of till too late. 60

Home from her convent to the palace came
The lovely Princess Emma, whose sweet name,
Whispered by seneschal or sung by bard,
Had often touched the soul of Eginhard.
He saw her from his window, as in state 65
She came, by knights attended through the gate ;
He saw her at the banquet of that day,
Fresh as the morn, and beautiful as May ;
He saw her in the garden, as she strayed
Among the flowers of summer with her maid, 70
And said to him, " O Eginhard, disclose
The meaning and the mystery of the rose ;"
And trembling he made answer : " In good sooth,
Its mystery is love, its meaning youth ! "

How can I tell the signals and the signs 75
By which one heart another heart divines ?
How can I tell the many thousand ways
By which it keeps the secret it betrays ?

O mystery of love ! O strange romance !
Among the Peers and Paladins of France, 80
Shining in steel, and prancing on gay steeds,
Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds,
The Princess Emma had no words nor looks
But for this clerk, this man of thought and books.

The summer passed, the autumn came ; the stalks 85
Of lilies blackened in the garden walks ;

The leaves fell, russet-golden and blood-red,
 Love-letters thought the poet fancy-led,
 Or Jove descending in a shower of gold
 Into the lap of Danaë of old ; 90
 For poets cherish many a strange conceit,
 And love transmutes all nature by its heat.
 No more the garden lessons, nor the dark
 And hurried meetings in the twilight park ;
 But now the studious lamp, and the delights 95
 Of firesides in the silent winter nights,
 And watching from his window hour by hour
 The light that burned in Princess Emma's tower.

At length one night, while musing by the fire,
 O'ercome at last by his insane desire, — 100
 For what will reckless love not do and dare ? —
 He crossed the court, and climbed the winding stair,
 With some feigned message in the Emperor's name ;
 But when he to the lady's presence came
 He knelt down at her feet, until she laid 105
 Her hand upon him, like a naked blade,
 And whispered in his ear : " Arise, Sir Knight,
 To my heart's level, O my heart's delight."

And there he lingered till the crowing cock,
 The Alectryon of the farmyard and the flock, 110
 Sang his aubade with lusty voice and clear,
 To tell the sleeping world that dawn was near.
 And then they parted ; but at parting, lo !
 They saw the palace courtyard white with snow,

110. *Alectryon* was stationed as a watch by Mars; but he fell asleep and Mars in anger turned him into a cock.

111. An aubade is a serenade at early dawn.

And, placid as a nun, the moon on high, 115
Gazing from cloudy cloisters of the sky.
“Alas!” he said, “how hide the fatal line
Of footprints leading from thy door to mine,
And none returning!” Ah, he little knew
What woman’s wit, when put to proof, can do! 120

That night the Emperor, sleepless with the cares
And troubles that attend on state affairs,
Had risen before the dawn, and musing gazed
Into the silent night, as one amazed
To see the calm that reigned o’er all supreme, 125
When his own reign was but a troubled dream.
The moon lit up the gables capped with snow,
And the white roofs, and half the court below,
And he beheld a form, that seemed to cower
Beneath a burden, come from Emma’s tower, — 130
A woman, who upon her shoulders bore
Clerk Eginhard to his own private door,
And then returned in haste, but still essayed
To tread the footprints she herself had made;
And as she passed across the lighted space, 135
The Emperor saw his daughter Emma’s face!

He started not; he did not speak or moan,
But seemed as one who hath been turned to stone;
And stood there like a statue, nor awoke
Out of his trance of pain, till morning broke, 140
Till the stars faded, and the moon went down,
And o’er the towers and steeples of the town
Came the gray daylight; then the sun, who took
The empire of the world with sovereign look,
Suffusing with a soft and golden glow 145

All the dead landscape in its shroud of snow,
Touching with flame the tapering chapel spires,
Windows and roofs, and smoke of household fires,
And kindling park and palace as he came ;
The stork's nest on the chimney seemed in flame. 150
And thus he stood till Eginhard appeared,
Demure and modest with his comely beard
And flowing flaxen tresses, come to ask,
As was his wont, the day's appointed task,
The Emperor looked upon him with a smile, 155
And gently said : " My son, wait yet awhile ;
This hour my council meets upon some great
And very urgent business of the state.
Come back within the hour. On thy return
The work appointed for thee shalt thou learn." 160

Having dismissed this gallant Troubadour,
He summoned straight his council, and secure
And steadfast in his purpose, from the throne
All the adventure of the night made known ;
Then asked for sentence ; and with eager breath 165
Some answered banishment, and others death.

Then spake the king : " Your sentence is not mine ;
Life is the gift of God, and is divine ;
Nor from these palace walls shall one depart
Who carries such a secret in his heart ; 170
My better judgment points another way.
Good Alcuin, I remember how one day
When my Pepino asked you, ' What are men ?'
You wrote upon his tablets with your pen,
' Guests of the grave and travellers that pass !' 175
This being true of all men, we, alas !

Being all fashioned of the selfsame dust,
Let us be merciful as well as just ;
This passing traveller, who hath stolen away
The brightest jewel of my crown to-day, 180
Shall of himself the precious gem restore ;
By giving it, I make it mine once more.
Over those fatal footprints I will throw
My ermine mantle like another snow."

Then Eginhard was summoned to the hall, 185
And entered, and in presence of them all,
The Emperor said : " My son, for thou to me
Hast been a son, and evermore shalt be,
Long hast thou served thy sovereign, and thy zeal
Pleads to me with importunate appeal, 190
While I have been forgetful to requite
Thy service and affection as was right.
But now the hour is come, when I, thy Lord,
Will crown thy love with such supreme reward,
A gift so precious, kings have striven in vain 195
To win it from the hands of Charlemagne."

Then sprang the portals of the chamber wide,
And Princess Emma entered, in the pride
Of birth and beauty, that in part o'ercame
The conscious terror and the blush of shame. 200
And the good Emperor rose up from his throne,
And taking her white hand within his own
Placed it in Eginhard's, and said : " My son,
This is the gift thy constant zeal hath won ;
Thus I repay the royal debt I owe, 205
And cover up the footprints in the snow."

INTERLUDE

THUS ran the Student's pleasant rhyme
Of Eginhard and love and youth ;
Some doubted its historic truth,
But while they doubted, ne'ertheless
Saw in it gleams of truthfulness,
And thanked the Monk of Lauresheim.

This they discussed in various mood ;
Then in the silence that ensued
Was heard a sharp and sudden sound
As of a bowstring snapped in air ; 10
And the Musician with a bound
Sprang up in terror from his chair,
And for a moment listening stood,
Then strode across the room, and found
His dear, his darling violin 15
Still lying safe asleep within
Its little cradle, like a child
That gives a sudden cry of pain,
And wakes to fall asleep again ;
And as he looked at it and smiled, 20
By the uncertain light beguiled,
Despair ! two strings were broken in twain.

While all lamented and made moan,
With many a sympathetic word
As if the loss had been their own, 25
Deeming the tones they might have heard
Sweeter than they had heard before,
They saw the Landlord at the door,

The missing man, the portly Squire !
He had not entered, but he stood 30
With both arms full of seasoned wood,
To feed the much-devouring fire,
That like a lion in a cage
Lashed its long tail and roared with rage.

The missing man ! Ah, yes, they said, 35
Missing, but whither had he fled ?
Where had he hidden himself away ?
No farther than the barn or shed ;
He had not hidden himself, nor fled ;
How should he pass the rainy day 40
But in his barn with hens and hay,
Or mending harness, cart, or sled ?
Now, having come, he needs must stay
And tell his tale as well as they.

The Landlord answered only : " These 45
Are logs from the dead apple-trees
Of the old orchard planted here
By the first Howe of Sudbury.
Nor oak nor maple has so clear
A flame, or burns so quietly, 50
Or leaves an ash so clean and white ;"
Thinking by this to put aside
The impending tale that terrified ;
When suddenly, to his delight,
The Theologian interposed, 55
Saying that when the door was closed,
And they had stopped that draft of cold,
Unpleasant night air, he proposed
To tell a tale world-wide apart

From that the Student had just told ; 60
 World-wide apart, and yet akin,
 As showing that the human heart
 Beats on forever as of old,
 As well beneath the snow-white fold
 Of Quaker kerchief, as within 65
 Sendal or silk or cloth of gold,
 And without preface would begin.

And then the clamorous clock struck eight,
 Deliberate, with sonorous chime
 Slow measuring out the march of time, 70
 Like some grave Consul of Old Rome
 In Jupiter's temple driving home
 The nails that marked the year and date.
 Thus interrupted in his rhyme,
 The Theologian needs must wait ; 75
 But quoted Horace, where he sings
 The dire necessity of things,
 That drives into the roofs sublime
 Of new-built houses of the great
 The adamantine nails of Fate. 80

When ceased the little carillon
 To herald from its wooden tower
 The important transit of the hour,
 The Theologian hastened on,
 Content to be allowed at last 85
 To sing his Idyl of the Past.

THE THEOLOGIAN'S TALE

ELIZABETH

As intimated in the *Interlude* which follows, the tale of *Elizabeth* was founded on a prose tale by Mrs. Lydia Maria Child, entitled *The Youthful Emigrant*, which fell under Mr. Longfellow's eye in a Portland paper. Besides this, he had recourse to *A Call to the Unfaithful Professors of Truth*, written by John Estaulgh in his *Life Time* and now published for General Service. So reads the title of a little book printed by Benjamin Franklin in 1744. A preface to this book, dated Haddonfield in New Jersey, the 5th 5 mo. 1743, is *Elizabeth Estaulgh's testimony to the memory of her beloved husband John Estaulgh, deceased*. Several expressions in the poem are derived from this little book. Mr. Longfellow here employed again the hexameter which he did so much to revive when he wrote *Evangeline* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish*.

I

“AH, how short are the days! How soon the night
overtakes us!
In the old country the twilight is longer; but here in
the forest
Suddenly comes the dark, with hardly a pause in its
coming,
Hardly a moment between the two lights, the day and
the lamplight;
Yet how grand is the winter! How spotless the snow
is, and perfect!”

5

Thus spake Elizabeth Haddon at nightfall to Han-
nah the housemaid,
As in the farm-house kitchen, that served for kitchen
and parlor,
By the window she sat with her work, and looked on
a landscape

Thus in praise of her servant she spake, and Hannah the housemaid
Laughed with her eyes, as she listened, but governed
her tongue, and was silent,
While her mistress went on : “ The house is far from
the village ;
We should be lonely here, were it not for Friends
that in passing
Sometimes tarry o’ernight, and make us glad by their
coming.” 45

Thereupon answered Hannah the housemaid, the
thrifty, the frugal :
“ Yea, they come and they tarry, as if thy house were
a tavern ;
Open to all are its doors, and they come and go like
the pigeons
In and out of the holes of the pigeon-house over the
hayloft,
Cooing and smoothing their feathers, and basking
themselves in the sunshine.” 50

But in meekness of spirit, and calmly, Elizabeth
answered :
“ All I have is the Lord’s, not mine to give or withhold it ;
I but distribute his gifts to the poor, and to those of
his people
Who in journeyings often surrender their lives to his
service.
His, not mine, are the gifts, and only so far can I
make them 55
Mine, as in giving I add my heart to whatever is given.

Therefore my excellent father first built this house in
the clearing ;
Though he came not himself, I came ; for the Lord
was my guidance,
Leading me here for this service. We must not
grudge, then, to others
Ever the cup of cold water, or crumbs that fall from
our table.” 60

Thus rebuked, for a season was silent the penitent
housemaid ;
And Elizabeth said in tones even sweeter and softer :
“ Dost thou remember, Hannah, the great May-Meet-
ing in London,
When I was still a child, how we sat in the silent as-
sembly,
Waiting upon the Lord in patient and passive sub-
mission ? 65
No one spake, till at length a young man, a stranger,
John Estaugh,
Moved by the Spirit, rose, as if he were John the
Apostle,
Speaking such words of power that they bowed our
hearts, as a strong wind
Bends the grass of the fields, or grain that is ripe for
the sickle.
Thoughts of him to-day have been oft borne inward
upon me, 70
Wherefore I do not know ; but strong is the feeling
within me
That once more I shall see a face I have never for-
gotten.”

II

E'en as she spake they heard the musical jangle of
sleigh-bells,
First far off, with a dreamy sound and faint in the
distance,
Then growing nearer and louder, and turning into the
farmyard, 75
Till it stopped at the door, with a sudden creaking of
runners.
Then there were voices heard as of two men talking
together,
And to herself, as she listened, upbraiding said Han-
nah the housemaid,
"It is Joseph come back, and I wonder what stranger
is with him."

Down from its nail she took and lighted the great
tin lantern, 80
Pierced with holes, and round, and roofed like the top
of a lighthouse,
And went forth to receive the coming guest at the
doorway,
Casting into the dark a network of glimmer and
shadow
Over the falling snow, the yellow sleigh, and the
horses,
And the forms of men, snow-covered, looming gigan-
tic. 85
Then giving Joseph the lantern, she entered the house
with the stranger.
Youthful he was and tall, and his cheeks aglow with
the night air ;

And as he entered, Elizabeth rose, and, going to meet him,

As if an unseen power had announced and preceded his presence,

And he had come as one whose coming had long been expected, 90

Quietly gave him her hand, and said, "Thou art welcome, John Estaugh."

And the stranger replied, with staid and quiet behavior :

"Dost thou remember me still, Elizabeth? After so many

Years have passed, it seemeth a wonderful thing that I find thee.

Surely the hand of the Lord conducted me here to thy threshold. 95

For as I journeyed along, and pondered alone and in silence

On his ways, that are past finding out, I saw in the snow-mist,

Seemingly weary with travel, a wayfarer, who by the wayside

Paused and waited. Forthwith I remembered Queen Candace's eunuch,

How on the way that goes down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, 100

Reading Esaias the Prophet, he journeyed, and spake unto Philip,

Praying him to come up and sit in his chariot with him.

So I greeted the man, and he mounted the sledge beside me,

And as we talked on the way he told me of thee and
thy homestead,
How, being led by the light of the Spirit, that never
deceiveth, 105
Full of zeal for the work of the Lord, thou hadst come
to this country.
And I remembered thy name, and thy father and
mother in England,
And on my journey have stopped to see thee, Eliza-
beth Haddon,
Wishing to strengthen thy hand in the labors of love
thou art doing."

And Elizabeth answered with confident voice, and
serenely 110
Looking into his face with her innocent eyes as she
answered,
"Surely the hand of the Lord is in it; his Spirit hath
led thee
Out of the darkness and storm to the light and peace
of my fireside."

Then, with stamping of feet the door was opened,
and Joseph
Entered, bearing the lantern, and, carefully blowing
the light out, 115
Hung it up on its nail, and all sat down to their
supper;
For underneath that roof was no distinction of per-
sons,
But one family only, one heart, one hearth, and one
household.

When the supper was ended they drew their chairs
to the fireplace,
Spacious, open-hearted, profuse of flame and of fire-
wood, 120
Lord of forests unfelled, and not a gleaner of fagots,
Spreading its arms to embrace with inexhaustible
bounty
All who fled from the cold, exultant laughing at
winter !
Only Hannah the housemaid was busy in clearing the
table,
Coming and going, and bustling about in closet and
chamber. 125

Then Elizabeth told her story again to John
Estaugh,
Going far back to the past, to the early days of her
childhood ;
How she had waited and watched, in all her doubts
and besetments,
Comforted with the extendings and holy, sweet in-
flowings
Of the spirit of love, till the voice imperative sounded,
And she obeyed the voice, and cast in her lot with her
people 131
Here in the desert land, and God would provide for
the issue.

Meanwhile Joseph sat with folded hands, and de-
murely
Listened, or seemed to listen, and in the silence that
followed

Nothing was heard for a while but the step of Hannah
the housemaid 135

Walking the floor overhead, and setting the chambers
in order.

And Elizabeth said, with a smile of compassion, "The
maiden

Hath a light heart in her breast, but her feet are
heavy and awkward."

Inwardly Joseph laughed, but governed his tongue
and was silent.

Then came the hour of sleep, death's counterfeit,
nightly rehearsal 140

Of the great Silent Assembly, the Meeting of shadows,
where no man

Speaketh, but all are still, and the peace and rest are
unbroken!

Silently over that house the blessing of slumber de-
scended.

But when the morning dawned, and the sun uprose in
his splendor,

Breaking his way through clouds that encumbered his
path in the heavens, 145

Joseph was seen with his sled and oxen breaking a
pathway

Through the drifts of snow; the horses already were
harnessed,

And John Estaugh was standing and taking leave at
the threshold,

Saying that he should return at the Meeting in May;
while above them

Hannah the housemaid, the homely, was looking out of
the attic, 150

Laughing aloud at Joseph, then suddenly closing the
casement,
As the bird in a cuckoo-clock peeps out of its window,
Then disappears again, and closes the shutter be-
hind it.

III

Now was the winter gone, and the snow; and Robin
the Redbreast
Boasted on bush and tree it was he, it was he and no
other 155
That had covered with leaves the Babes in the Wood,
and blithely
All the birds sang with him, and little cared for his
boasting,
Or for his Babes in the Wood, or the Cruel Uncle,
and only
Sang for the mates they had chosen, and cared for the
nests they were building.
With them, but more sedately and meekly, Elizabeth
Haddon 160
Sang in her inmost heart, but her lips were silent and
songless.
Thus came the lovely spring with a rush of blossoms
and music,
Flooding the earth with flowers, and the air with
melodies vernal.

Then it came to pass, one pleasant morning, that
slowly
Up the road there came a cavalcade, as of pilgrims, 165
Men and women, wending their way to the Quarterly
Meeting

In the neighboring town ; and with them came riding
John Estaugh.

At Elizabeth's door they stopped to rest, and alighting
Tasted the currant wine, and the bread of rye, and
the honey

Brought from the hives that stood by the sunny wall
of the garden ; 170

Then remounted their horses, refreshed, and continued
their journey,

And Elizabeth with them, and Joseph, and Hannah
the housemaid.

But, as they started, Elizabeth lingered a little, and
leaning

Over her horse's neck, in a whisper said to John
Estaugh :

“Tarry a while behind, for I have something to tell
thee, 175

Not to be spoken lightly, nor in the presence of others ;
Them it concerneth not, only thee and me it con-
cerneth.”

And they rode slowly along through the woods, con-
versing together.

It was a pleasure to breathe the fragrant air of the
forest ;

It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy
May morning ! 180

Then Elizabeth said, though still with a certain
reluctance,

As if impelled to reveal a secret she fain would have
guarded :

“I will no longer conceal what is laid upon me to tell
thee ;

I have received from the Lord a charge to love thee,
John Estaugh."

And John Estaugh made answer, surprised at the
words she had spoken : 185

"Pleasant to me are thy converse, thy ways, thy
meekness of spirit ;

Pleasant thy frankness of speech, and thy soul's im-
maculate whiteness,

Love without dissimulation, a holy and inward adorn-
ing.

But I have yet no light to lead me, no voice to direct
me.

When the Lord's work is done, and the toil and the
labor completed 190

He hath appointed to me, I will gather into the still-
ness

Of my own heart awhile, and listen and wait for his
guidance."

Then Elizabeth said, not troubled nor wounded in
spirit :

"So is it best, John Estaugh. We will not speak of
it further.

It hath been laid upon me to tell thee this, for to-
morrow 195

Thou art going away, across the sea, and I know not
When I shall see thee more ; but if the Lord hath
decreed it,

Thou wilt return again to seek me here and to find
me."

And they rode onward in silence, and entered the
town with the others.

IV

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in
passing, 200
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the dark-
ness ;
So on the ocean of life, we pass and speak one an-
other,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a
silence.

Now went on as of old the quiet life of the home-
stead.
Patient and unrepining Elizabeth labored, in all things
Mindful not of herself, but bearing the burdens of
others, 206
Always thoughtful and kind and untroubled ; and
Hannah the housemaid,
Diligent early and late, and rosy with washing and
scouring,
Still as of old disparaged the eminent merits of Joseph,
And was at times reproved for her light and frothy
behavior, 210
For her shy looks, and her careless words, and her evil
surmisings,
Being pressed down somewhat, like a cart with sheaves
overladen,
As she would sometimes say to Joseph, quoting the
Scriptures.

Meanwhile John Estaugh departed across the sea,
and departing
Carried hid in his heart a secret sacred and precious,

Filling its chambers with fragrance, and seeming to
him in its sweetness 216
Mary's ointment of spikenard, that filled all the house
with its odor.
O lost days of delight, that are wasted in doubting and
waiting!
O lost hours and days in which we might have been
happy!
But the light shone at last, and guided his wavering
footsteps, 220
And at last came the voice, imperative, questionless,
certain.

Then John Estaugh came back o'er the sea for the
gift that was offered,
Better than houses and lands, the gift of a woman's
affection.
And on the First-Day that followed, he rose in the
Silent Assembly,
Holding in his strong hand a hand that trembled a
little, 225
Promising to be kind and true and faithful in all things.
Such were the marriage rites of John and Elizabeth
Estaugh.

And not otherwise Joseph, the honest, the diligent
servant,
Sped in his bashful wooing with homely Hannah the
housemaid;
For when he asked her the question, she answered,
"Nay;" and then added: 230
"But thee may make believe, and see what will come
of it, Joseph."

Sayeth some proverb old and wise ;
 And Love is master of all arts,
 And puts it into human hearts 30
 The strangest things to say and do."

And here the controversy closed
 Abruptly, ere 't was well begun ;
 For the Sicilian interposed
 With, " Lordlings, listen, every one 35
 That listen may, unto a tale
 That 's merrier than the nightingale ;
 A tale that cannot boast, forsooth,
 A single rag or shred of truth ;
 That does not leave the mind in doubt 40
 As to the with it or without ;
 A naked falsehood and absurd
 As mortal ever told or heard.
 Therefore I tell it ; or, maybe,
 Simply because it pleases me." 45

THE SICILIAN'S TALE

THE MONK OF CASAL-MAGGIORE

This story follows pretty closely an Italian tale which appeared also in English in 1821, with illustrations by George Cruikshank, under the title *The Cordelier Metamorphosed, a novel attributed to M. Colombo, in Italian and English prose, and the Cordelier Cheval of M. Piron, in French and English.*

ONCE on a time, some centuries ago,
 In the hot sunshine two Franciscan friars
 Wended their weary way, with footsteps slow,
 Back to their convent, whose white walls and spires
 Gleamed on the hillside like a patch of snow ; 5

Covered with dust they were, and torn by briers,
And bore like sumpter-mules upon their backs
The badge of poverty, their beggar's sacks.

The first was Brother Anthony, a spare
And silent man, with pallid cheeks and thin, 10
Much given to vigils, penance, fasting, prayer,
Solemn and gray, and worn with discipline,
As if his body but white ashes were,
Heaped on the living coals that glowed within ;
A simple monk, like many of his day, 15
Whose instinct was to listen and obey.

A different man was Brother Timothy,
Of larger mould and of a coarser paste ;
A rubicund and stalwart monk was he,
Broad in the shoulders, broader in the waist, 20
Who often filled the dull refectory
With noise by which the convent was disgraced,
But to the mass-book gave but little heed,
By reason he had never learned to read.

Now, as they passed the outskirts of a wood, 25
They saw, with mingled pleasure and surprise,
Fast tethered to a tree an ass, that stood
Lazily winking his large, limpid eyes.
The farmer Gilbert, of that neighborhood,
His owner was, who, looking for supplies 30
Of fagots, deeper in the wood had strayed,
Leaving his beast to ponder in the shade.

As soon as Brother Timothy espied
The patient animal, he said : " Good-lack !

Thus for our needs doth Providence provide ; 35
 We'll lay our wallets on the creature's back."

This being done, he leisurely untied
 From head and neck the halter of the jack,
 And put it round his own, and to the tree
 Stood tethered fast as if the ass were he. 40

And bursting forth into a merry laugh,
 He cried to Brother Anthony : " Away !
 And drive the ass before you with your staff ;
 And when you reach the convent you may say
 You left me at a farm, half tired and half 45
 Ill with a fever, for a night and day,
 And that the farmer lent this ass to bear
 Our wallets, that are heavy with good fare."

Now Brother Anthony, who knew the pranks
 Of Brother Timothy, would not persuade 50
 Or reason with him on his quirks and cranks,
 But, being obedient, silently obeyed ;
 And, smiting with his staff the ass's flanks,
 Drove him before him over hill and glade,
 Safe with his provend to the convent gate, 55
 Leaving poor Brother Timothy to his fate.

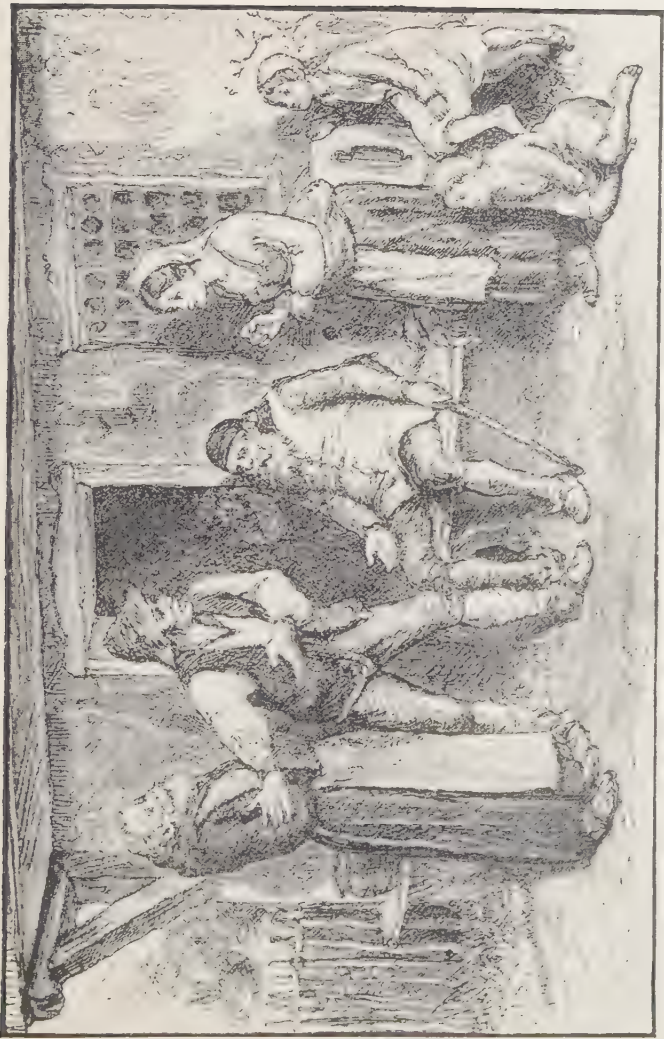
Then Gilbert, laden with fagots for his fire,
 Forth issued from the wood, and stood aghast
 To see the ponderous body of the friar
 Standing where he had left his donkey last. 60
 Trembling he stood, and dared not venture nigher,
 But stared, and gaped, and crossed himself full fast ;
 For, being credulous and of little wit,
 He thought it was some demon from the pit.

While speechless and bewildered thus he gazed, 65
And dropped his load of fagots on the ground,
Quoth Brother Timothy : " Be not amazed
That where you left a donkey should be found
A poor Franciscan friar, half-starved and crazed,
Standing demure and with a halter bound ; 70
But set me free, and hear the piteous story
Of Brother Timothy of Casal-Maggiore.

" I am a sinful man, although you see
I wear the consecrated cowl and cape ;
You never owned an ass but you owned me, 75
Changed and transformed from my own natural shape,
All for the deadly sin of gluttony,
From which I could not otherwise escape
Than by this penance, dieting on grass,
And being worked and beaten as an ass. 80

" Think of the ignominy I endured ;
Think of the miserable life I led,
The toil and blows to which I was inured,
My wretched lodging in a windy shed,
My scanty fare so grudgingly procured, 85
The damp and musty straw that formed my bed !
But, having done this penance for my sins,
My life as man and monk again begins."

The simple Gilbert, hearing words like these, 90
Was conscience-stricken, and fell down apace
Before the friar upon his bended knees,
And with a suppliant voice implored his grace ;
And the good monk, now very much at ease,
Granted him pardon with a smiling face,



*“For all believed the story, and began
To see a saint in this afflicted man.”*

Nor could refuse to be that night his guest, 95
It being late, and he in need of rest.

Upon a hill-side, where the olive thrives
With figures painted on its whitewashed walls,
The cottage stood ; and near the humming hives
Made murmurs as of far-off waterfalls ; 100
A place where those who love secluded lives
Might live content, and, free from noise and brawls,
Like Claudian's Old Man of Verona, here
Measure by fruits the slow-revolving year.

And, coming to this cottage of content, 105
They found his children, and the buxom wench
His wife, Dame Cicely, and his father, bent
With years and labor, seated on a bench,
Repeating over some obscure event
In the old wars of Milanese and French ; 110
All welcomed the Franciscan, with a sense
Of sacred awe and humble reverence.

When Gilbert told them what had come to pass,
How beyond question, cavil, or surmise,
Good Brother Timothy had been their ass, 115
You should have seen the wonder in their eyes ;
You should have heard them cry " Alas ! alas ! "
Have heard their lamentations and their sighs !
For all believed the story, and began
To see a saint in this afflicted man. 120

103. Claudian, a late Latin poet, has an epigram, *De sene Veronensi, qui suburbium nunquam egressus est*, that is, " On an old man of Verona who never left his suburban home." This old man, according to the poet, had been wont to measure time by the succession, not of consuls, but of fruits.

Forthwith there was prepared a grand repast,
To satisfy the craving of the friar
After so rigid and prolonged a fast ;
The bustling housewife stirred the kitchen fire ;
Then her two barn-yard fowls, her best and last, 125
Were put to death, at her express desire,
And served up with a salad in a bowl,
And flasks of country wine to crown the whole.

It would not be believed should I repeat
How hungry Brother Timothy appeared ; 130
It was a pleasure but to see him eat,
His white teeth flashing through his russet beard,
His face aglow and flushed with wine and meat,
His roguish eyes that rolled and laughed and leered !
Lord ! how he drank the blood-red country wine 135
As if the village vintage were divine !

And all the while he talked without surcease,
And told his merry tales with jovial glee
That never flagged, but rather did increase,
And laughed aloud as if insane were he, 140
And wagged his red beard, matted like a fleece,
And cast such glances at Dame Cicely
That Gilbert now grew angry with his guest,
And thus in words his rising wrath expressed.

“ Good father,” said he, “ easily we see 145
How needful in some persons, and how right,
Mortification of the flesh may be.
The indulgence you have given it to-night,
After long penance, clearly proves to me
Your strength against temptation is but slight, 150

And shows the dreadful peril you are in
Of a relapse into your deadly sin.

“ To-morrow morning, with the rising sun,
Go back unto your convent, nor refrain
From fasting and from scourging, for you run 155
Great danger to become an ass again,
Since monkish flesh and asinine are one ;
Therefore be wise, nor longer here remain,
Unless you wish the scourge should be applied
By other hands, that will not spare your hide.” 160

When this the monk had heard, his color fled
And then returned, like lightning in the air,
Till he was all one blush from foot to head,
And even the bald spot in his russet hair
Turned from its usual pallor to bright red ! 165
The old man was asleep upon his chair.
Then all retired, and sank into the deep
And helpless imbecility of sleep.

They slept until the dawn of day drew near,
Till the cock should have crowed, but did not
crow, 170
For they had slain the shining chanticleer
And eaten him for supper, as you know.
The monk was up betimes and of good cheer,
And, having breakfasted, made haste to go,
As if he heard the distant matin bell, 175
And had but little time to say farewell.

Fresh was the morning as the breath of kine ;
Odors of herbs commingled with the sweet

- Balsamic exhalations of the pine ;
A haze was in the air presaging heat ; 180
Uprose the sun above the Apennine,
And all the misty valleys at its feet
Were full of the delirious song of birds,
Voices of men, and bells, and low of herds.
- All this to Brother Timothy was naught ; 185
He did not care for scenery, nor here
His busy fancy found the thing it sought ;
But when he saw the convent walls appear,
And smoke from kitchen chimneys upward caught
And whirled aloft into the atmosphere, 190
He quickened his slow footsteps like a beast
That scents the stable a league off at least.
- And as he entered through the convent gate
He saw there in the court the ass, who stood
Twirling his ears about, and seemed to wait, 195
Just as he found him waiting in the wood ;
And told the Prior that, to alleviate
The daily labors of the brotherhood,
The owner, being a man of means and thrift,
Bestowed him on the convent as a gift. 200
- And thereupon the Prior for many days
Revolved this serious matter in his mind,
And turned it over many different ways,
Hoping that some safe issue he might find ;
But stood in fear of what the world might say, 205
If he accepted presents of this kind,
Employing beasts of burden for the packs
That lazy monks should carry on their backs.

Then, to avoid all scandal of the sort,
And stop the mouth of cavil, he decreed 210
That he would cut the tedious matter short,
And sell the ass with all convenient speed,
Thus saving the expense of his support,
And hoarding something for a time of need.
So he despatched him to the neighboring Fair, 215
And freed himself from cumber and from care.

It happened now by chance, as some might say,
Others perhaps would call it destiny,
Gilbert was at the Fair; and heard a bray,
And nearer came, and saw that it was he, 220
And whispered in his ear, "Ah, lackaday!
Good father, the rebellious flesh, I see,
Has changed you back into an ass again,
And all my admonitions were in vain."

The ass, who felt this breathing in his ear, 225
Did not turn round to look, but shook his head,
As if he were not pleased these words to hear,
And contradicted all that had been said.
And this made Gilbert cry in voice more clear,
"I know you well; your hair is russet-red; 230
Do not deny it; for you are the same
Franciscan friar, and Timothy by name."

The ass, though now the secret had come out,
Was obstinate, and shook his head again;
Until a crowd was gathered round about 235
To hear this dialogue between the twain;
And raised their voices in a noisy shout
When Gilbert tried to make the matter plain,

And flouted him and mocked him all day long
With laughter and with jibes and scraps of song. 240

“If this be Brother Timothy,” they cried,
“Buy him, and feed him on the tenderest grass;
Thou canst not do too much for one so tried
As to be twice transformed into an ass.”
So simple Gilbert bought him, and untied 245
His halter, and o’er mountain and morass
He led him homeward, talking as he went
Of good behavior and a mind content.

The children saw them coming, and advanced,
Shouting with joy, and hung about his neck,— 250
Not Gilbert’s, but the ass’s, — round him danced,
And wove green garlands wherewithal to deck
His sacred person; for again it chanced
Their childish feelings, without rein or check,
Could not discriminate in any way 255
A donkey from a friar of Orders Gray.

“O Brother Timothy,” the children said,
“You have come back to us just as before;
We were afraid, and thought that you were dead,
And we should never see you any more.” 260
And then they kissed the white star on his head,
That like a birthmark or a badge he wore,
And patted him upon the neck and face,
And said a thousand things with childish grace.

Thenceforward and forever he was known 265
As Brother Timothy, and led away
A life of luxury, till he had grown

Ungrateful, being stuffed with corn and hay,
And very vicious. Then in angry tone,
Rousing himself, poor Gilbert said one day, 270
“When simple kindness is misunderstood
A little flagellation may do good.”

His many vices need not here be told ;
Among them was a habit that he had
Of flinging up his heels at young and old, 275
Breaking his halter, running off like mad
O'er pasture-lands and meadow, wood and wold,
And other misdemeanors quite as bad ;
But worst of all was breaking from his shed
At night, and ravaging the cabbage-bed. 280

So Brother Timothy went back once more
To his old life of labor and distress ;
Was beaten worse than he had been before ;
And now, instead of comfort and caress,
Came labors manifold and trials sore ; 285
And as his toils increased his food grew less,
Until at last the great consoler, Death,
Ended his many sufferings with his breath.

Great was the lamentation when he died ;
And mainly that he died impenitent ; 290
Dame Cicely bewailed, the children cried,
The old man still remembered the event
In the French war, and Gilbert magnified
His many virtues, as he came and went,
And said : “Heaven pardon Brother Timothy, 295
And keep us from the sin of gluttony.”

INTERLUDE

“SIGNOR LUIGI,” said the Jew,
When the Sicilian’s tale was told,
“The were-wolf is a legend old,
But the were-ass is something new,
And yet for one I think it true. 5
The days of wonder have not ceased :
If there are beasts in forms of men,
As sure it happens now and then,
Why may not man become a beast,
In way of punishment at least ? 10

“But this I will not now discuss ;
I leave the theme, that we may thus
Remain within the realm of song.
The story that I told before,
Though not acceptable to all, 15
At least you did not find too long.
I beg you, let me try again,
With something in a different vein,
Before you bid the curtain fall.
Meanwhile keep watch upon the door, 20
Nor let the Landlord leave his chair,
Lest he should vanish into air,
And so elude our search once more.”

Thus saying, from his lips he blew
A little cloud of perfumed breath, 25
And then, as if it were a clue
To lead his footsteps safely through,
Began his tale as followeth.

THE SPANISH JEW'S SECOND TALE

SCANDERBEG

George Castriota (1406-1467), Prince of Albania, the patriot chief of Epirus, was called by the Turks Scanderbeg, or Iskander Beg, *i.e.*, Alexander the chief.

THE battle is fought and won
 By King Ladislaus, the Hun,
 In fire of hell and death's frost,
 On the day of Pentecost.
 And in rout before his path 5
 From the field of battle red
 Flee all that are not dead
 Of the army of Amurath.

In the darkness of the night
 Iskander, the pride and boast 10
 Of that mighty Othman host,
 With his routed Turks, takes flight
 From the battle fought and lost
 On the day of Pentecost;
 Leaving behind him dead 15
 The army of Amurath,
 The vanguard as it led,
 The rearguard as it fled,
 Mown down in the bloody swath
 Of the battle's aftermath. 20

But he cared not for Hospodars,
 Nor for Baron or Voivode,

21. *Hospodar* is the Slav term for prince or governor.

22. *Voivode*, the Slav word for military commander or governor, will be found in the English dictionary as *Waywode*.

As on through the night he rode
And gazed at the fateful stars
That were shining overhead ; 25
But smote his steed with his staff,
And smiled to himself, and said :
“ This is the time to laugh.”

In the middle of the night,
In a halt of the hurrying flight, 30
There came a Scribe of the King
Wearing his signet ring,
And said in a voice severe :
“ This is the first dark blot
On thy name, George Castriot ! 35
Alas ! why art thou here,
And the army of Amurath slain,
And left on the battle plain ? ”

And Iskander answered and said :
“ They lie on the bloody sod
By the hoofs of horses trod ; 41
But this was the decree
Of the watchers overhead ;
For the war belonged to God,
And in the battle who are we, 45
Who are we, that shall withstand
The wind of His lifted hand ? ”

Then he bade them bind with chains
This man of books and brains ;
And the Scribe said : “ What misdeed 50
Have I done, that, without need,
Thou doest me this thing ? ”

And Iskander answering
Said unto him : “ Not one
Misdeed to me hast thou done ;
But for fear that thou shouldst run
And hide thyself from me
Have I done this unto thee. 55

“ Now write me a writing, O Scribe,
And a blessing be on thy tribe !
A writing sealed with thy ring,
To King Amurath’s Pasha
In the city of Croia,
The city moated and walled,
That he surrender the same
In the name of my master, the King ;
For what is writ in his name
Can never be recalled.” 65

And the Scribe bowed low in dread,
And unto Iskander said :
“ Allah is great and just,
But we are as ashes and dust ;
How shall I do this thing,
When I know that my guilty head
Will be forfeit to the King ? ” 75

Then swift as a shooting star
The curved and shining blade
Of Iskander’s scimitar
From its sheath, with jewels bright,
Shot, as he thundered : “ Write ! ”
And the trembling Scribe obeyed,
And wrote in the fitful glare 80

Of the bivouac fire apart,
With the chill of the midnight air
On his forehead white and bare, 85
And the chill of death in his heart.

Then again Iskander cried :
“ Now follow whither I ride,
For here thou must not stay.
Thou shalt be as my dearest friend, 90
And honors without end
Shall surround thee on every side,
And attend thee night and day.”
But the sullen Scribe replied :
“ Our pathways here divide ; 95
Mine leadeth not thy way.”

And even as he spoke
Fell a sudden scimitar stroke,
When no one else was near ;
And the Scribe sank to the ground, 100
As a stone, pushed from the brink
Of a black pool, might sink
With a sob and disappear ;
And no one saw the deed ;
And in the stillness around 105
No sound was heard but the sound
Of the hoofs of Iskander's steed,
As forward he sprang with a bound.

Then onward he rode and afar,
With scarce three hundred men, 110
Through river and forest and fen,
O'er the mountains of Argentar ;

And his heart was merry within,
When he crossed the river Drin,
And saw in the gleam of the morn 115
The White Castle Ak-Hissar,
The city Croia called,
The city moated and walled,
The city where he was born, —
And above it the morning star. 120

Then his trumpeters in the van
On their silver bugles blew,
And in crowds about him ran
Albanian and Turkoman,
That the sound together drew. 125
And he feasted with his friends,
And when they were warm with wine,
He said : “ O friends of mine,
Behold what fortune sends,
And what the fates design ! 130
King Amurath commands
That my father’s wide domain,
This city and all its lands,
Shall be given to me again.”

Then to the Castle White 135
He rode in regal state,
And entered in at the gate
In all his arms bedight,
And gave to the Pasha
Who ruled in Croia 140
The writing of the King,
Sealed with his signet ring.
And the Pasha bowed his head,

And after a silence said :
“ Allah is just and great !
I yield to the will divine :
The city and lands are thine ;
Who shall contend with fate ? ”

145

Anon from the castle walls
The crescent banner falls,
And the crowd beholds instead,
Like a portent in the sky,
Iskander's banner fly,
The Black Eagle with double head ;
And a shout ascends on high,
For men's souls are tired of the Turks,
And their wicked ways and works,
That have made of Ak-Hissar
A city of the plague ;
And the loud, exultant cry
That echoes wide and far
Is : “ Long live Scanderbeg ! ”

150

155

160

It was thus Iskander came
Once more unto his own ;
And the tidings, like the flame
Of a conflagration blown
By the winds of summer, ran,
Till the land was in a blaze,
And the cities far and near,
Sayeth Ben Joshua Ben Meir,
In his Book of the Words of the Days,
“ Were taken as a man
Would take the tip of his ear.”

165

170

INTERLUDE

“Now that is after my own heart,”
The Poet cried ; “one understands
Your swarthy hero Scanderbeg,
Gauntlet on hand and boot on leg,
And skilled in every warlike art, 5
Riding through his Albanian lands,
And following the auspicious star
That shone for him o’er Ak-Hissar.”

The Theologian added here
His word of praise not less sincere, 10
Although he ended with a jibe ;
“The hero of romance and song
Was born,” he said, “to right the wrong ;
And I approve ; but all the same
That bit of treason with the Scribe 15
Adds nothing to your hero’s fame.”

The Student praised the good old times,
And liked the canter of the rhymes,
That had a hoofbeat in their sound ;
But longed some further word to hear 20
Of the old chronicler Ben Meir,
And where his volume might be found.

The tall Musician walked the room
With folded arms and gleaming eyes,
As if he saw the Vikings rise, 25
Gigantic shadows in the gloom ;
And much he talked of their emprise,

And meteors seen in Northern skies,
And Heimdall's horn, and day of doom.

But the Sicilian laughed again ; 30
 " This is the time to laugh," he said,
 For the whole story he well knew
 Was an invention of the Jew,
 Spun from the cobwebs in his brain,
 And of the same bright scarlet thread 35
 As was the Tale of Kambalu.

Only the Landlord spake no word ;
 'T was doubtful whether he had heard
 The tale at all, so full of care
 Was he of his impending fate, 40
 That, like the sword of Damocles,
 Above his head hung blank and bare
 Suspended by a single hair,
 So that he could not sit at ease,
 But sighed and looked disconsolate, 45
 And shifted restless in his chair,
 Revolving how he might evade
 The blow of the descending blade.

The Student came to his relief
 By saying in his easy way 50

29. Heimdall was the heavenly watchman in the Scandinavian mythology. He had a horn called Gjallar-horn, to blow at the day of judgment.

41. Damocles was a courtier at the court of Dionysius of Syracuse. He said so much in the praise of royalty that Dionysius gave him a hint of the uneasiness which kings suffered, by inviting him to a banquet, where a sword hung above the table suspended by a single hair.

To the Musician : "Calm your grief,
My fair Apollo of the North,
Balder the Beautiful, and so forth ;
Although your magic lyre or lute
With broken strings is lying mute, 55
Still you can tell some doleful tale
Of shipwreck in a midnight gale,
Or something of the kind to suit
The mood that we are in to-night
For what is marvellous and strange ; 60
So give your nimble fancy range,
And we will follow in its flight."

But the Musician shook his head ;
"No tale I tell to-night," he said,
"While my poor instrument lies there, 65
Even as a child with vacant stare
Lies in its little coffin dead."

Yet, being urged, he said at last :
"There comes to me out of the Past
A voice, whose tones are sweet and wild, 70
Singing a song almost divine,
And with a tear in every line ;
An ancient ballad, that my nurse
Sang to me when I was a child,
In accents tender as the verse ; 75
And sometimes wept, and sometimes smiled
While singing it, to see arise

53. Balder, the god of the summer sunlight, answered in Scandinavian mythology to Apollo in the Greek. He is a favorite subject with poets, among whom Matthew Arnold in his *Balder Dead* should be noted as making fine use of the myth.

The look of wonder in my eyes,
 And feel my heart with terror beat.
 This simple ballad I retain
 Clearly imprinted on my brain,
 And as a tale will now repeat."

80

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

THE MOTHER'S GHOST

A Danish ballad, to be found in Grundtvig's *Danmark's gamle Folkeviser*, II, 478, was the basis of this poem.

SVEND DYRING he rideth adown the glade ;
I myself was young !
 There he hath wooed him so winsome a maid ;
Fair words gladden so many a heart.

Together were they for seven years,
 And together children six were theirs.

5

Then came Death abroad through the land,
 And blighted the beautiful lily-wand.

Svend Dyring he rideth adown the glade,
 And again hath he wooed him another maid.

10

He hath wooed him a maid and brought home a bride,
 But she was bitter and full of pride.

When she came driving into the yard,
 There stood the six children weeping so hard ;

2. For a full discussion of such a refrain or recurrent line in the old ballad the student is referred to the Introduction of *English and Scottish Ballads* by Sargent and Kittredge.

There stood the small children with sorrowful heart ;
From before her feet she thrust them apart. 16

She gave to them neither ale nor bread ;
“ Ye shall suffer hunger and hate,” she said.

She took from them their quilts of blue,
And said : “ Ye shall lie on the straw we strew.” 20

She took from them the great waxlight :
“ Now ye shall lie in the dark at night.”

In the evening late they cried with cold ;
The mother heard it under the mould.

The woman heard it the earth below : 25
“ To my little children I must go.”

She standeth before the Lord of all :
“ And may I go to my children small ? ”

She prayed Him so long, and would not cease,
Until he bade her depart in peace. 30

“ At cock-crow thou shalt return again ;
Longer thou shalt not there remain ! ”

She girded up her sorrowful bones,
And rifted the walls and the marble stones.

As through the village she flitted by, 35
The watch-dogs howled aloud to the sky.

When she came to the castle gate,
There stood her eldest daughter in wait.

“Why standest thou here, dear daughter mine?
How fares it with brothers and sisters thine?” 40

“Never art thou mother of mine,
For my mother was both fair and fine.

“My mother was white, with cheeks of red,
But thou art pale, and like to the dead.”

“How should I be fair and fine?
I have been dead; pale cheeks are mine. 45

“How should I be white and red,
So long, so long have I been dead?”

When she came in at the chamber-door,
There stood the small children weeping sore. 50

One she braided, another she brushed,
The third she lifted, the fourth she hushed.

The fifth she took on her lap and pressed,
As if she would suckle it at her breast.

Then to her eldest daughter said she, 55
“Do thou bid Svend Dyring come hither to me.”

Into the chamber when he came
She spake to him in anger and shame.

" I left behind me both ale and bread ;
My children hunger and are not fed. 60

" I left behind me quilts of blue ;
My children lie on the straw ye strew.

" I left behind me the great waxlight ;
My children lie in the dark at night.

" If I come again unto your hall,
As cruel fate shall you befall ! 65

" Now crows the cock with feathers red ;
Back to the earth must all the dead.

" Now crows the cock with feathers swart ;
The gates of heaven fly wide apart. 70

" Now crows the cock with feathers white ;
I can abide no longer to-night."

Whenever they heard the watch-dogs wail,
They gave the children bread and ale.

Whenever they heard the watch-dogs bay, 75
They feared lest the dead were on their way.

Whenever they heard the watch-dogs bark,
I myself was young !
They feared the dead out there in the dark.
Fair words gladden so many a heart.

INTERLUDE

TOUCHED by the pathos of these rhymes,
The Theologian said: "All praise
Be to the ballads of old times
And to the bards of simple ways,
Who walked with nature hand in hand, 5
Whose country was their Holy Land,
Whose singing robes were homespun brown
From looms of their own native town,
Which they were not ashamed to wear,
And not of silk or sandal gay, 10
Nor decked with fanciful array
Of cockle-shells from Outre-Mer."

To whom the Student answered; "Yes;
All praise and honor! I confess
That bread and ale, home-baked, home-brewed, 15
Are wholesome and nutritious food,
But not enough for all our needs;
Poets — the best of them — are birds
Of passage; where their instinct leads
They range abroad for thoughts and words, 20
And from all climes bring home the seeds
That germinate in flowers or weeds.
They are not fowls in barnyards born
To cackle o'er a grain of corn;
And, if you shut the horizon down 25
To the small limits of their town,
What do you but degrade your bard
Till he at last becomes as one
Who thinks the all-encircling sun
Rises and sets in his back yard?" 30

The Theologian said again :

“ It may be so ; yet I maintain
That what is native still is best,
And little care I for the rest.
’T is a long story ; time would fail 35
To tell it and the hour is late ;
We will not waste it in debate,
But listen to our Landlord’s tale.”

And thus the sword of Damocles
Descending not by slow degrees, 40
But suddenly, on the Landlord fell,
Who blushing, and with much demur
And many vain apologies,
Plucking up heart, began to tell
The Rhyme of one Sir Christopher. 45

THE LANDLORD’S TALE

THE RHYME OF SIR CHRISTOPHER

A careful study of Sir Christopher Gardiner by Charles Francis Adams will be found in *Harper’s Monthly* for March, 1883. The same, in a less popular form and with citation of authorities, is to be found in *Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society*, xx, 60-88.

It was Sir Christopher Gardiner,
Knight of the Holy Sepulchre,
From Merry England over the sea,
Who stepped upon this continent
As if his august presence lent 5
A glory to the colony.

3. *Merry* originally meant pleasant, delightful in aspect or conditions; then, full of animated enjoyment, joyous.

You should have seen him in the street
Of the little Boston of Winthrop's time,
His rapier dangling at his feet,
Doublet and hose and boots complete, 10
Prince Rupert hat with ostrich plume,
Gloves that exhaled a faint perfume,
Luxuriant curls and air sublime,
And superior manners now obsolete!

He had a way of saying things 15
That made one think of courts and kings,
And lords and ladies of high degree;
So that not having been at court
Seemed something very little short
Of treason or lese-majesty, 20
Such an accomplished knight was he.

His dwelling was just beyond the town,
At what he called his country-seat;
For, careless of Fortune's smile or frown,
And weary grown of the world and its ways, 25
He wished to pass the rest of his days
In a private life and a calm retreat.

But a double life was the life he led,
And, while professing to be in search
Of a godly course, and willing, he said, 30
Nay, anxious to join the Puritan church,
He made of all this but small account,
And passed his idle hours instead
With roistering Morton of Merry Mount,

8. John Winthrop was governor of Massachusetts Bay Colony four times between 1631 and 1649.

That pettifogger from Furnival's Inn, 35
 Lord of misrule and riot and sin,
 Who looked on the wine when it was red.

This country-seat was little more
 Than a cabin of logs ; but in front of the door
 A modest flower-bed thickly sown 40
 With sweet alyssum and columbine
 Made those who saw it at once divine
 The touch of some other hand than his own.
 And first it was whispered, and then it was known,
 That he in secret was harboring there 45
 A little lady with golden hair,
 Whom he called his cousin, but whom he had wed
 In the Italian manner, as men said,
 And great was the scandal everywhere.

But worse than this was the vague surmise, 50
 Though none could vouch for it or aver,
 That the Knight of the Holy Sepulchre
 Was only a Papist in disguise ;
 And the more to imbitter their bitter lives,
 And the more to trouble the public mind, 55
 Came letters from England, from two other wives,
 Whom he had carelessly left behind ;
 Both of them letters of such a kind
 As made the governor hold his breath ;
 The one imploring him straight to send 60
 The husband home, that he might amend ;

34. Motley, the historian, wrote in his early days a novel called *Merrymount*, in which Morton's pranks are made the basis of the history. Furnival's Inn was the name of lawyers' chambers in Holborn, London.

The other asking his instant death,
As the only way to make an end.

The wary governor deemed it right,
When all this wickedness was revealed, 65
To send his warrant signed and sealed,
And take the body of the knight.
Armed with this mighty instrument,
The marshal, mounting his gallant steed,
Rode forth from town at the top of his speed, 70
And followed by all his bailiffs bold,
As if on high achievement bent,
To storm some castle or stronghold,
Challenge the warders on the wall,
And seize in his ancestral hall 75
A robber-baron grim and old.

But when through all the dust and heat
He came to Sir Christopher's country-seat,
No knight he found, nor warder there,
But the little lady with golden hair, 80
Who was gathering in the bright sunshine
The sweet alyssum and columbine ;
While gallant Sir Christopher, all so gay,
Being forewarned, through the postern gate
Of his castle wall had tripped away, 85
And was keeping a little holiday
In the forests that bounded his estate.

Then as a trusty squire and true
The marshal searched the castle through,
Not crediting what the lady said ; 90
Searched from cellar to garret in vain,

And, finding no knight, came out again
And arrested the golden damsel instead,
And bore her in triumph into the town,
While from her eyes the tears rolled down 95
On the sweet alyssum and columbine,
That she held in her fingers white and fine.

The governor's heart was moved to see
So fair a creature caught within
The snares of Satan and of sin, 100
And he read her a little homily
On the folly and wickedness of the lives
Of women half cousins and half wives;
But, seeing that naught his words availed,
He sent her away in a ship that sailed 105
For Merry England over the sea,
To the other two wives in the old countree,
To search her further, since he had failed
To come at the heart of the mystery.

Meanwhile Sir Christopher wandered away 110
Through pathless woods for a month and a day,
Shooting pigeons, and sleeping at night
With the noble savage, who took delight
In his feathered hat and his velvet vest,
His gun and his rapier and the rest. 115
But as soon as the noble savage heard
That a bounty was offered for this gay bird,
He wanted to slay him out of hand,
And bring in his beautiful scalp for a show,
Like the glossy head of a kite or crow, 120
Until he was made to understand
They wanted the bird alive, not dead;

Then he followed him withersoever he fled,
Through forest and field, and hunted him down,
And brought him prisoner into town. 125

Alas ! it was a rueful sight
To see this melancholy knight
In such a dismal and hapless case ;
His hat deformed by stain and dent,
His plumage broken, his doublet rent, 130
His beard and flowing locks forlorn,
Matted, dishevelled, and unshorn,
His boots with dust and mire besprent ;
But dignified in his disgrace,
And wearing an unblushing face. 135
And thus before the magistrate
He stood to hear the doom of fate.
In vain he strove with wonted ease
To modify and extenuate
His evil deeds in church and state, 140
For gone was now his power to please ;
And his pompous words had no more weight
Than feathers flying in the breeze.

With suavity equal to his own
The governor lent a patient ear 145
To the speech evasive and high-flown,
In which he endeavored to make clear
That colonial laws were too severe
When applied to a gallant cavalier,
A gentleman born, and so well known, 150
And accustomed to move in a higher sphere.
All this the Puritan governor heard,
And deigned in answer never a word ;

But in summary manner shipped away,
 In a vessel that sailed from Salem bay, 155
 This splendid and famous cavalier,
 With his Rupert hat and his popery,
 To Merry England over the sea,
 As being ummeet to inhabit here.

Thus endeth the Rhyme of Sir Christopher, 160
 Knight of the Holy Sepulchre,
 The first who furnished this barren land
 With apples of Sodom and ropes of sand.

FINALE

THESE are the tales of those merry guests
 Told to each other, well or ill;
 Like summer birds that lift their crests
 Above the borders of their nests
 And twitter, and again are still. 5
 These are the tales, or new or old,
 In idle moments idly told;
 Flowers of the field with petals thin,
 Lilies that neither toil nor spin
 And tufts of wayside weeds and gorse 10
 Hung in the parlor of the inn
 Beneath the sign of the Red Horse.

And still, reluctant to retire,
 The friends sat talking by the fire
 And watched the smouldering embers burn 15

163. The term *apples of Sodom* was explained by the ancients as a fruit externally tempting, but dissolving into dust and ashes when plucked: a synonymous term is *Dead Sea Apples*.

To ashes, and flash up again
Into a momentary glow,
Lingering like them when forced to go,
And going when they would remain ;
For on the morrow they must turn 20
Their faces homeward, and the pain
Of parting touched with its unrest
A tender nerve in every breast.

But sleep at last the victory won ;
They must be stirring with the sun ; 25
And drowsily good night they said,
And went still gossiping to bed,
And left the parlor wrapped in gloom.
The only live thing in the room
Was the old clock, that in its pace 30
Kept time with the revolving spheres
And constellations in their flight,
And struck with its uplifted mace
The dark, unconscious hours of night,
To senseless and unlistening ears. 35

Uprose the sun ; and every guest,
Uprisen, was soon equipped and dressed
For journeying home and city-ward ;
The old stage-coach was at the door,
With horses harnessed, long before 40
The sunshine reached the withered sward
Beneath the oaks, whose branches hoar
Murmured : " Farewell forevermore."

" Farewell ! " the portly Landlord cried ;
" Farewell ! " the parting guests replied, 45

But little thought that nevermore
 Their feet would pass that threshold o'er;
 That nevermore together there
 Would they assemble, free from care,
 To hear the oaks' mysterious roar, 50
 And breathe the wholesome country air.

Where are they now? What lands and skies
 Paint pictures in their friendly eyes?
 What hope deludes, what promise cheers,
 What pleasant voices fill their ears? 55
 Two are beyond the salt sea waves,
 And three already in their graves.
 Perchance the living still may look
 Into the pages of this book,
 And see the days of long ago 60
 Floating and fleeting to and fro.
 As in the well-remembered brook
 They saw the inverted landscape gleam,
 And their own faces like a dream
 Look up upon them from below. 65

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

The diacritical marks given are those found in the latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary.

EXPLANATION OF MARKS

A Dash (ˉ) above the vowel denotes the long sound.

A Curve (˘) above the vowel denotes the short sound.

A Circumflex Accent (ˆ) above the vowel o denotes the sound of o in *hörn* ; above the vowel u denotes the sound of u in *bûrr* ; above the vowel a denotes the sound of a in *câre*.

A Dot (˙) above the vowel a denotes the sound of a in *pâst*.

A Double Dot (¨) above the vowel a denotes the sound of a in *stâr*.

A Double Dot (¨) below the vowel a denotes the sound of a in *ball*.

A Dot (.) below the vowel u denotes the sound of u in *full*.

A Double Dot (..) below the vowel u denotes the sound of u in *ryde*.

A Wave (˜) above the vowel e denotes the sound of e in *hêr*.

α (italic) sounds like *a* in *final*.

e (italic) sounds like *e* in *revel*.

â, ê, ô, are similar in sound to ā, ē, ō, but are not pronounced so long.

æ, æ̃, œ have the obscure sound, similar to short u.

ġ is hard, as in *get*.

ĝ is soft, as in *gem*.

ç sounds like *s*.

c unmarked sounds like *k*.

g sounds like *z*.

th sounds like *th* in *this*.

ōō sounds like *oo* in *rōot*,

ōŏ sounds like *oo* in *bōok*.

äbä'tê

Abbé Raynal (áb bâ' rá nál')

Abruzzio (ä brööt'sō)

Abou Ben Adhem (ä'bōō bën
ä'dēm)

Acadie (ä kä dē')

Äd Förtū'nəm

Ädirōn'däc

Adour (äd oor')

adumbration (äd ūm brū'shūn)

æolian (ê ō'lian)

aerial (ä ē'rī al)

Äf'têrmáth

Aix (äks)

Äk-Hissár'

Ä'lāū

Älbā'nīä

Äl'bəný

alchemy (äl'kê mī)

Alcuin (äl'kwīn)

Alectryon (ä lëk'trī ōn)

Alemanni (ä lë män'né)

Alicant (ä'lë kánt)

Äl'läh

Äl'lemāine

Allogia (äl lō'jī ä)

Älmí'rá

Äl'pīne (or Äl'pīn)

Alsatian (ăl sǎ'shŭn)	Běr'gĕn
Altafiord (ăl'tá fyôrd)	Běr'sērks
Amalfi (ă mǎl'fē)	Bē'vis
Amarath (ă mōō răt')	Biorn (byĕrn)
Amati, Andrea (ăn dră' ä ä mǎ'-tē)	Blanchefleur (blānsh flĕr')
Ăng'basīs	Boccaccio (bòk kăt'chō)
Angelica (ăn jĕl'i ká)	Bòm'bá
Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariae (ăn' gā lōōs dō'mē nē nōōn tē ä'wīt mǎ rē'ī)	Bordeaux (bôr dō')
Ăp'ĕnnīne	Börk
Apocalypse (á pők'á lĭps)	Borough (bŭr'rō)
Apŏl'lō	Breda (brā dǎ')
Ăr'ăbic	brŭ'mal
Ăr'gĕntār	Brŭnhĭl'dá
Ăr'gōnauts	Bŭr'gômăstĕr
Ariosto (ă rē ōs'tō)	Bŭ'rĭsláf
Ăr'nō	Caedmon (kĕd'mŏn or kăd'mŏn)
Aroundight (á'rŭn dĭt)	Cagliostro (kăl yōs'trō)
Artaxerxes (ăr tă gĕrk'sĕs)	çal'dron
Ăr'tĕgall	Căl'vĭn
Ărthŭr'ĭan	Căn'daqĕ
As'trĭd	Cantù (kăn tōō')
Athanasian (ăth à nǎ'zhan)	Çanŭte'
Ăthĕ'nĭ an	çapăr'isŏned
Atri (ă'trē)	Capri (kă'prē)
Aubade (ō bád')	Căr'mĭlhăn
Aug'vǎlds-nĕss	Casal-Maggiore (kă sǎl' mǎd jŏ'-rā)
aurō'ral	Căssăn'drá
Ave Maria (ă'vā mǎ rē'á)	Castine (kăs tĕn')
Ăz'răel	Căs'triŏt
	Çăstriŏ'tá
Băb'ylŏn	Căthăy'
Băldăc'că	Că'zŭ of Hămădăn'
Băl'dĕr	Celebes (sĕl'q bĕz)
Băl'tic	Cento Nouvelle Antiche (chĕn'tō nō vĕl'lq ăn tĕe'kĕ)
Bărbărŏs'sá	Cervantes (sĕr vǎn'tĕz) (Sp. pron. thĕr vǎn'tĕz)
Bartholomew (băr thŏl'ô mŭ)	Chăn'tĕcleer
Baudas (bŏ'dás)	Charlemagne (shăr'lq mǎn)
Bechstein, Ludwig (lŏŏt'wĕg bĕk'-stĭn)	Çaŭçĕr
Belknap, Jeremy (jĕr' ĕ-mĭ bĕl'-năp)	Çaŭçĕ rĭan
Belphegor (bĕl'fĕ gŏr)	chevron argent (shĕv' rŭn ăr-zhânt')
Bĕn Jŏsh'ŭă Bĕn Mĕir	Christus (krĭs'tŭs)
bĕrgámŏt	chrysopraxe (krĭs'ô prăz)

Chrysostom (k'is' ős tòm or kris- ős'tòm)	Divina Commedia (dĩ vë' nà kòm- mã'dê á)
Cicely (sis'ĩ lĩ)	Dömenëd'diõ
Cid (sid; Sp. pron. Thëd)	Dow'dən
Claudian (klạ'dĩ ạn)	Drin (drën)
Colada (kō lă'thă)	Drontheim fiord (drönt' hĩm fyôrd)
Côlëm'bô	Drött'ning
Côn'sũl	Dụ'rindăle
Contes et Nouvelles (könt ā nōo- vël')	Eberhard (ă' bër hărt or eb' ər hărt)
Cordelier Cheval of M. Piron (kôr- dę lyă' shě vâl' of M. Pë'rông')	Ĕd'dă
Cordelier' Mëtâmô'rphôsed	Edrehi (ĕd'rê ĩ)
Cordonan (kôr'doõ ạn)	Ĕg'inhărd
Côrĩn'thiăng	Eglamour (ĕg'lă mōor)
Corpus Christi (kôr'pũs kris'tĩ)	Egyptians (ĕ jĩp'shạn)
Crēmō'nă	Einar Tamberskelder (ĩ'năr tăm'- bër skĕl vër)
Crē'tạn	Ĕlīvă'găr
Crēte	Elysian (ĕ lĩzh'ạn)
Croia (krō'yă)	ĕmprĩse'
Cruikshank (krōók'shănk)	Ĕngĕl'ădũs
Cysille (sis'ĩ lĩ)	Ĕn'dôr
Dăm'ôelĕs	Ephesus (ĕf'ĕ sũs)
Danae (dăn'ă ĕ)	Ĕpl'rũs
Dă'nĩsh	E'ric
Danmark's gamle Folkeriser (dăn'mărk's găm'lę fōl kę rē'- zęr)	Ĕrse
Dăn'tĕ	Esaias (ĕ ză'as)
Dăn'ũbe	Estaugh (ĕs'tạ)
D'Aubigné (dō bĕn'yă)	Ĕsthō'nĩạn
Dęcăm'ęrạn	Ĕt'nă
De Castro (dă kăs'trō)	Eulenspiegel (oi lĕn spĕ'gĕl)
Deccan (dĕk'kạn)	eunuch (ũ'nũk)
De Factis Caroli Magni (dă făk'- tĕs kă'rō lĕ măg'nĕ)	Euphrates (ũ fră'tĕz)
Dĕlft	Ĕxcăl'ibăr
Demesne (dę mĕn')	Eyvind Kallda (ĩ'vĩnd kăl'dă)
Deposuit potentes de sede, et ex- altative humiles (dă pō' sōõ ĕt pōtăn'tăs dă să'dă ĕt ĕx ăl tă' wĩt hōō'mĕ lăs)	Eyvind Skaldaspiller (ĩ'vĩnd skăl'- dă spĩl lĕr)
Dĕsidĕ'rĩō	Făe'riĕ Quĕĕne
Devereux (dĕv'ę rōō)	falcon (fạ'kạn)
Dĩ'ạn	făn'făęs
Dionysius (dĩ ô nĩsh'ĩ ũs)	Federigo (fă dă rĕ'gō)
	Fĕr'ũmbrăs
	Fiametta (fĕ ă mĕt'tă)
	Fierabras (fĕ ă rá bră')

Fiesole (fyēs'ō lā)	Hauff, Wilhelm (wīl'hēlm howf)
Fin'gal	Hä'vāmāl
Finisterre (fin is târ')	Hebel (hā'bel)
Fīn'land	Hēb'ridēs
flagellation (flāj ēl lā'shūn)	Heimdal (hīn'dāl)
Flō'rēs	Heīms'krīnglā
Fō'gelsäng	Hephæstus (hē fēs'tūs)
Franciscan (frān sīs'kən)	Hēr'qd Agrip'pā
Frere (frâr)	Hēr'qd'qtūs
Frönde	Hidalgo (hé dāl'gō)
Fûr'nīval	Hīndöstān'
	Hō'bômōk
Ġālilē'ān	Hōl'gēr Dän'skē
Ġāl'ilēe	Horace (hōr'ēs)
Ġāl'lic	Hornelen (hōr nā'lēn)
Gascon (gās'kōn)	Hōs'pōdārş
Gave (gā'və)	Hūn
Gawain (gā'wān)	Hus-Ting (hōos'tīng)
Ġā zā	Hȳ'blā
Gelling (jēl'ling)	Hymen (hē'mēr)
Ġemā'rá	Hȳpē'riqn
gerfalcon (jēr fə'kqn)	
Gēstā Rōmānō'rūm	I'dyl
Giovanni (jō vān'nēe)	Ī'lēx
Gjallea-horn (yāl'lēr hōrn)	Isaiah (ī zā'ā)
Godoe (gō'thē)	īs'ēgrīm
Ġōrm	Īskān'dēr Bēg
Ġōrm'son	Īspāhān'
Goudouli (gōō'dōō lē)	Īs'rāēl Ēd'rē ī
Griswolds (grīz'wōldz)	Ītāl'ian
Grundtvig (grōōnt'vīg)	Īt'ālȳ
Gualteruzzi (gwāl tē rōōt'zī)	
Guarnerius, Giuseppe (jōō sēp'pā	Jarls (yārļs)
gwār nā'rī ūs)	Jern Skjaegge (yern skyāg'gē)
Ġūdrūn'	Jesuit (jēz'ū īt)
gūles	Jōve
Ġūlīstān'	Jōvīn'ian
Ġun'hīld	Joyeuse (zhwā yēz')
	Jū'dāh Rāv
	Jū'līet
Hagenau (hā'gē now)	
Hā'kqnār'mal	Kāb'ālā
Hā'kqn gām'lə	Kā'līf
Hakon Jarl (hā'kqn yārļ)	Kām'balu
Hāl'frēd	Kamper (kēm'pēr)
Hāmmonās'sēt	Kāndāhār'
Hans Holbein (hānz hōl'bīn)	Kār of Grȳ'tīng
hauberk (hā'bērk)	

Kär'kär	Má'thër Cõt'ton
Kät'tegät	Mazarin (măz'á rën) (Fr. pron. mǎ- zǎ rán')
Kälät'	Mäck'lënbûrg
Kën'ilworth	Medici, De (dǎ mǎd'ę chēe)
Khan (kǎn)	Meli, Giovanni (jō vǎn'nēe mǎ'lē)
Khorasan (kō rās ǎn')	mēre
Kil'lingworth	Mēr'lin
Klábō'tërmǎn	Mid'dlesēx
Kō'böld	Milānēsē'
Kolbiorn (kōl'byërn)	Millet, Jean François (zhǎn frǎn- swǎ' mē yǎ')
Lade (lǎ'dè)	Milt'adēs
Ladislaus (lǎd'is lās)	Mín'ņesingērs
La Fontaine (lǎ fōn tǎn')	Mí'ņos
Laing (lāng)	Miolner (myērl'nōr)
Lalla Rookh (lǎl'lá rōok)	Mōgg Megōne'
Lǎnĭēr, Sid'ney	Mōhǎm'mǎd
lansquenet (lǎnz'kę nǎt)	Mōl'dę
Launcelot (lǎn'sę lōt)	Molineaux (mōl'ī nō)
Lǎu'rēsheim	Moluccas (mō lūk'kās)
Lǎvgdǎn'	Monna Giovanni (mōn'nǎ jō vǎn'nē)
Lě Al' pǐ	Monti, Luigi (lōō ē'jē mōn'tē)
Le Faucon (lē fǎ'kōn)	moralité (mō rǎl'ī tǎ')
legends (lēj'ëndę)	Morgadour (mōr gǎ dōōr')
Lě vǎnt'	Mort d'Arthure (mōrt d'ǎr'thër)
Lombard (lōm'bǎrd)	Mōr'tęn
L'Orgueil et Presumption de	Munkholm (mũnk'hōm)
l'Empereur Jovinian (l'ôr gǎ'yę	Mys'tic
ǎ prǎ sũm'siōn dē lōmp rēr' jō-	
vĩn'ĩ ǎn)	Nĭd
Lōr rǎine'	Nidarholm (nē'dǎr hōm)
Lų'çifër	Nidaros (nē'dǎ rōs)
	Nifl'heim
Machiavelli (mǎk kē ǎ vǎl'lēe)	Nōr'rōwǎy
Mǎdō'cǎwǎn'dō	Nōrse
Māgnif'icǎt	Nōrse'mǎn
Magnificat anima mea Dominum	Nōr'wǎy
(mǎg nē' fē kǎt ǎ'nē mǎ mǎ'ǎ	Norwegian (nōr wē'jǐ ǎn)
dō'mē nũm)	Nōv'ōgōrōd
Malherbe (mǎl ěrb')	nunc plaudite (nōōnk plow dē'tǎ)
Manichæans (mǎn'ī kē'ǎnz)	Nũ'rëmbûrg
Mañichees (mǎn'ĩ kēz)	
Mǎr'ǎthōn	Ôdēs'sǎ
Marbore (mǎr bō rǎ')	Ô'dĩn
Mǎr'co Pō'lō	Olaf (ō lǎf')
Mar'ianina (mǎ rē ǎn ē'nǎ)	Ole (ō'lē)
Mǎ'ri Mǎg'nō	

Oleron (ō lă rôn')	Răb'bi Běn Lē'vī
öl'gēr	Ră'jah
olŷm'pī ăn	Raphael (ráf'ă ăl)
Oriflamb (ör'ī flăm)	Raud (rowd)
Or'kádăle	Regenbogen (ră'gēn bō gēn)
ôrlăn'dō	Re Giovanni (ră jō văn'nē)
Orm of Lŷ'rá	Rēg'nároček
Ossian (ôsh'ăn)	Reynard (ră'něrd or rěn'ěrd)
Ostfiord (öst'fyôrd)	Rimol (rē'möl)
Othmăn'	Rō'mēō
Outre-Mer (ōō trę măr')	Rōth'ērhithe
	Rucellai, Giovanni (jō văn'nēe rū-sěl lī')
Păl'ădīng	Rügen (rōō gēn')
Pălēr'mō	Rūn'jēet-Sing
Păl'estīne	Rupert (rŷ'pěrt)
Palmieri (păl mē ă'rě)	Russia (rūsh'ă)
Pandăean (păn dē'ăn)	
Pă'pist	Saadi of Shiraz (să'dē of shē'răz)
Păshă'	Sachs, Hans (hănz zăks)
patriarch (pă'trī ărk)	Să'gă
Pavia (pă vē'ă)	Săg'ămōre
Pēg'ăsūs	Sălēr'nō
Pē'kīn	Salten Fiord (săl'tęn fyôrd)
Pēnhăl'lōws	Sămărcănd'
Pēn'tęcōst	Săndăbăr'
Pepino (pēp ē'nō)	Săns'krīt
Pēp'pērēls	Să'tăn
Persian (pēr'zhăn)	Sătŷr'nīăn
Phantasiasts (făn tă'zī ăsts)	Săul
Phăr'isēe	Săuld
Philothea (fil ō thē'ă)	Scăn'dərbēg
Pierre Alphonse (pē âr' ăl fōns')	Scăndīnă'vīăn
Pierre du Gast (pē âr' dŷ găst')	Scherb, Emmanuel Vitalis (ēm-măn'ū ěl vē tă'lēs shăr'b)
Pilpay (pīl'pī)	Scilly (sīl'ī)
Pisa (pē'ză)	scimitar (sīm'ī tēr)
Plă'tō	seneschal (sēn'ę shal)
Pleiades (plē'ă dēz)	sepulchre (sēp'ŷl kēr)
Plutarch (plŷ'tărk)	Seville (sēv'īl or sē vīl')
Pōmęră'nīă	Sicilian (sī sīl'ī ăn)
Prī'ôr	Sicily (sīs'ī lī)
Protestantes Españolas (prō tēs-tăn'tăs ęs păn yō'lăs)	Sī'dŷ
Prussia (prūsh'ă)	Signor Luigi (sēn yōr' lōō ę'jē)
Psalter (săl'tēr)	Sīg'rīd
pursuivant (pēr'swē vănt)	Sigurd (sē'gōörd)
Pŷręnē'ăn	Sīg'văld
Pŷr'ęnēęs	

- Skager-rack (skäg'ēr rāk)
 Skēr'ry
 Smal'sor Hôrn
 Smäräg'dō
 Snorre Sturleson (snör'ä stōor'lä-sqn)
 Söd'qm
 Somerset (süm'ēr sēt)
 Spike'närd
 Stët-Hä'ven
 Stettin (stët tēn')
 Storia degli Italiani (stō'rē ä dä'-glē ē täl ē ä'nē)
 Storthing (stôr'ting)
 Stradivarius, Antonius (än tō' nī-ūs sträd ī vā'rī ūs)
 Stralsund (sträl'sūont)
 Sträp'aröle
 Strömkarl (strēm'kär'l)
 Suabian (swā'bī an)
 Sudbury (sūd'berī)
 Sväld
 Svënd Dyr'ring
 Swē'den
 sŷn'dic
 Sŷr'acūse

 Täl'müd
 Täl'lūs
 Tär'gūm
 Tarratines (tär'rä tēnz)
 Tär'tärş
 Tët'zel
 Thames (tēnz)
 Thānes
 Thäng'bränd (or täng'bränd)
 Themis'toclēs
 Thēoc'rītūs
 theologian (thē ō lō'jī an)
 Thôr (or tōr)
 Thora (tō'rä)
 Thoralf Skolinson (tō'räl'f skō'lin-sqn)
 Thorberg Skafting (tôr'bērg skäf'-ting)
 Thorvald Veile (tôr'völd vī'lē)
- Thrand Rame of Thelemark (tränd rä'mē of täl'ē märk)
 Throndhjem (trōnd'yēm)
 Thŷ'rī
 Ticino (tē chē'nō)
 Torquemada (tôr kă mä'dä)
 Triv'iūm
 troubadours (trōō'bä dōōrs)
 Tryggve (trīg've)
 Tryggvesson, Olaf (ō'lä'f trīg'ves-sqn)
 Tûrk'ômän
 Tuscan (tūs'kan)
 Týrölēan

 ûlf
 ūr'ban
 ūrbāne'

 Val d' Arno (vāl d'är'nō)
 Vål'demär
 Valladolid (väl yä dō lēed')
 Vål'mönd
 Vënd
 Vënd'land
 Venice (vën'is)
 Vērō'nä
 Veterlid (vā'tēr lith)
 Vī'crām Mähärä'jäh
 Vī'kings
 Vincent de St. Castine (Fr. pron. vān sän'dē sän kă stēn'; Eng. pron. vīn'sēnt dē sânt kās tēn')
 Voi'vōde
 Voss (föss)

 Wamba (wöm'bä)
 Warwickshire (wör'ik shēr)
 Was-hael (wös'häl)
 wassail-bowl (wös'sil bōl)
 Wŷ'vern

 Xenophon (zēn'ō fōn)

 Yriar (ē'rē är)

